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WAR!

War talk is in the air. If war comes, will the United States fight? Two important articles discuss the situation in the

May Scribner's

How the United States Can Keep Out of a New World War
by Lothrop Stoddard

Why We Will Go to War
by C. Hartley Grattan

ANOTHER FEATURE

STEPHEN BONSAL,
newspaper man extraordinary, in the first of two articles which tell of two great careers ended in the same week, writes the story of how he covered John L. Sullivan in Europe, including the tale of a great scoop which he scored by being late.

OTHER FEATURES

Obscenity and Censorship
by Ben Ray Redman

The American Revolutionary Tradition
by V. F. Calverton

Eliminating Parents
by Louise M. Field

I Drank My Way to Psychiatry
Anonymous

Western Mining Camp
by Waino Nyland

Stories by Thomas Wolfe and Langston Hughes

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A ROMANCE OF THE '80'S . . . BY JAMES BOYD AUTHOR of DRUMS BEGINS in the MAY NUMBER

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Books for your Library

SAMUEL JOHNSON, BY HUGH KINGSMILL. *Viking.* $2.75.—Mr. Kingsmill does the needed job of showing Johnson, that most legendary object in English literature, as a person you might meet on the next block. For about the first time, Johnson is given a babyhood and a boyhood and a young manhood, along with a pontifical and unearthly age. Mr. Kingsmill takes off the 150-year-old wig of him who wrote a dictionary singlehanded and argued mightily in London 18th century nights. Boswell remains, surely, but the "New Biography" is here unmistakably justified.

PARCHED EARTH, BY ARNOLD B. ARMSTRONG. *Macmillan.* $2.50.—A novel of the fruit-growing valleys of California, brilliantly characterized and suffering only from a too melodramatic climax, which, perhaps, could not be helped. In it the downtrodden fruit pickers finally, through what might be termed an Act of God, get the upper hand of the grove-owners.

MURDER IN THE CALAIS COACH, BY AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Dodd, Mead.* $2.—M. Hercule Poirot performs a triumphant deduction on a badly mixed assemblage of trans-European passengers, one of whom is a profusely murdered cadaver. Very good stuff.

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD, VILLAGE WOOING, AND ON THE ROCKS. THREE PLAYS, BY BERNARD SHAW. *Dodd, Mead.* $2.50.—There are still pleasant, stinging little whips to Shaw's prose. He is tired, yes, and he has slowed up, yes; but Lord, how much sweet devilish energy is still in the mischievous old duffer, hellbent, while he lives, on not letting the 1934 universe get too far ahead of him. For strict prose—and one can now forget The Theater and Berlin and Moscow—see the speech of the Patient starting on page 85 and that keen and flexible tirade about Christ on page 189. The plays themselves aren't *Candidas* by a sight; but Shaw, even now, has some sizable points over such cultural heroes of the day as the elegant Noel Coward and the inelegant D. H. Lawrence and the smartly-selling James Joyce.

FOOLS RUSH IN, BY ANNE GREEN. *Dutton.* $2.50.—A romantic adventure tale with, surprisingly enough, no love story. Told with carefree whimsicality by the heroine herself, a young lady completely unworldly though irresistibly attractive and entertaining in her comments. The locale is Europe, particularly France, which Anne Green knows and describes so well. For idle, cheerful moments.

FIRST OVER EVEREST! *Robert McBride.* $3.50.—The photographs are the thing in this matter-of-fact account of the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition of 1933. The writers, even a Noble Lord, tell a rather uninspired story. The pictures, which "bleed" off the page, will take the average reader higher in the air than he may ever expect to get, and the thrill of crossing the top of Mount Everest even in a photograph is worth the price of the book.

LAUREN GILFILLAN

WALTER DURANTY

WAR AND SOLDIER-PLUNDERERS

War Unless. By Sisley Huddleston. Lippincott. $2.

Can We Limit War? By Hoffman Nickerson. Stokes. $2.75.

Soldiers, What Next! By Katherine Mayo. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3.50.

The multiplication of books about war continues almost unabated but it has, in recent months, taken a new tack. Instead of more novels dealing with the experiences of individuals actually fighting, the new writers are publicists and thinkers concerned about the prospects of a new World War which may break out in Europe or the Far East in the predictable future. A good deal of what these men and women have to say is so rooted in the ideology they cultivate that their facts and prognostications are of secondary importance. The convergence of diverse minds on the conclusion that a new war is inevitable, however, certainly increases the force of the dire prediction.

Sisley Huddleston is the European editorial correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* and in that capacity has taken a large part in building up an optimism about the prospects of avoiding war through conferences, pacts, mutual agreements, etc., which have been characteristic since 1919. He now precipitately abandons that position, arguing that the conference has been perverted to base ends and is no longer capable of being used to avoid war. Moreover he brands the

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Books for your Library

written documents issuing from the conferences as worthless since they are always based upon the minimum rather than the maximum restraint required. If this method of working for peace continues we shall have war, since through it peace cannot be guaranteed. Huddleston therefore argues close collaboration between the United States and Great Britain to force a revision of the Treaty of Versailles on Europe that all the necessary rearrangements may be made without recourse to conflict. A fantastic proposal. . . .

Mr. Nickerson belongs to that miscellaneous group of thinkers assembled by Seward Collins in *The American Review*, acknowledging as masters both Irving Babbitt and Hilaire Belloc. He scoffs at the notion that war can be eliminated entirely, argues that it is limited by the economic, technical, political, and moral concepts of each age and expects to escape our current passion for wildly destructive war by the development of a universal morality under a reunited Catholic Church. Mr. Nickerson is that rare phenomenon, a cultured reactionary who writes of military tactics as an expert, peppering his copy with quotations from the classics and his style by free use of invective against his opponents.

Miss Mayo is the lady who dished up the dirt about India some seven years ago. She quite rightly lambastes the American soldiers for their blind greediness, brands them organized plunderers, a special privilege group, and shows how much better the question of what to do with retired warriors has been handled in Europe, both from the standpoint of government and that of the individual recipient of aid. The only trouble is that she is hysterically anti-radical and full of maudlin sentiment for such fascists as Mussolini and the leader of the German Steel Helmets, Seldte, now Hitler's Minister of Labor.

C. Hartley Grattan.

IRELAND DURING "THE TROUBLE"

Shake Hands With the Devil. By Rearden Conner. Morrow. $2.50.

Kerry Sutton, son of an English father and an Irish mother, is a medical student in Dublin, in the period of the Sinn Fein rebellion. Sheerly by chance he is drawn into the conflict, and is forced to join the Irish Republican

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Army. He plays a passive part in a series of terroristic gunnings and bombings, and later is appointed custodian of a beautiful aristocrat, Lady Moira, who is being held as hostage for Mrs. Moore-Hegarthy, a Sinn Fein hunger striker. They love, "madly." Mrs. Moore-Hegarthy dies, Lady Moira is executed, Kerry goes berserk and betrays the Republicans, and is himself dissolved by the Black and Tans. Mr. Conner's characterizations are too hasty to be convincing, and his effort to render an impartial account of "the trouble" comes to little more than the observation that there was good and bad on both sides. But the raids, ambushes and assassinations come off with crackling speed, the blood spouts prodigiously, and readers who are able to look upon the struggle for Irish independence as simply a sort of Al Capone in Chicago episode will find it an exciting adventure story.

BYRON DEXTER.

HISTORY AS GOSSIP

The Robber Barons. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $3.

Biography, at its best, is a very fine art. But it is not history. Yet its popularity this last decade is no doubt largely due to the fact that the average man, who is forced to an increasing interest in the world about him, is either too untrained or too lazy or both to delve into history proper. In short, biography with us has become a sort of sociological aspirin to avoid the headaches of a more disciplined and less romantic appreciation of social forces.

There is almost no epoch which has been combed biographically more finely than the Reconstruction period, the twenty years which followed the Civil War. A surprising number of these biographies have been not only competent but excellent, especially if we include under "biography" the story of those institutions built by the genius of an outstanding personality. But historically this period has been largely misunderstood, especially of late, due to the romantic misconceptions of that age by the Beards, by James Truslow Adams, Claude Bowers, Schlesinger, and other such "social historians," to whom America is not a cultural polity but an "adventure." Our misconception of the Reconstruction period is evident in its very misnomer. It was not an age of "reconstruction" but of social revolution, of which the Civil War was the revolutionary crest. It did not last merely some twenty years, but began in the 1850's and wound up in the first decade of this century. It was the revolution of Northern industrial capitalism, first against the Southern plantocracy and then against primitive competitive mercantilism. And the significant carriers of this revolution were naturally the great industrialists and financiers and their political allies; such "captains of industry," "robber barons," "buccaneers" as Cornelius Vanderbilt, the elder Rockefeller and Morgan, Carnegie, Harriman, Gould, Frick, Huntington and their political allies such as Grant, Cleveland, Mark Hanna, McKinley and the first Roosevelt.

Being powerful, unscrupulous, tough and colorful these men naturally caught the imagination of the biographers, who in the earlier days were historians as well, for in the '80's and '90's the revolutionary rôle of these men was not quite understood. The three-volume *History of the Great American Fortunes* by Gustavus Myers, a largely biographical study, will forever remain an invaluable source book. *The House of Morgan* by Lewis Corey is an almost perfect performance. *The History of the Standard Oil Company* by Ida Tarbell, later on reinforced by John T. Flynn's life of the elder Rockefeller, is superb. And even the full *Life of Andrew Carnegie* by J. B. Hendrick is almost definitive.

Mr. Josephson avowedly wrote a history of the Reconstruction period and as such we must review it. But there really is no history to his story. He merely rewrote and fitted together about a dozen biographical volumes, especially those mentioned. His volume is admittedly a composite epitome, admittedly of no original research, definitely with no new integration. He omits all real discussion of American labor, agriculture, government policy, international financing. In short, the history of American monopoly capitalism still remains to be done. But even so, one may indifferently agree, Mr. Josephson performed what is usually called a valuable service. He writes well, which most of the original researchers didn't. His animus is sound. And the popularization of his good and limited intentions can do no harm. The main point is that *Robber Barons* is not, as the author constantly implies, American history. It is high-class economic gossip; all true and nothing new.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

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Books for your Library

A GOOD GUY

The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Studs Lonigan hates Jews and Niggers. Studs Lonigan socks the guys who try to "make" his sisters. Studs Lonigan has a fearful respect for the Catholic Church and its representatives, and keeps a revolver in his bureau drawer.

In other words, Studs is a big-city hundred per center, chuck-full of patriotism, bad gin, and boredom. His growth in Chicago is admirably and sympathetically traced by Mr. Farrell. Studs is a youth with the raw qualities of leadership. He is just a little stronger, a little more energetic, a little more imaginative than his fellows. He might have gone into ward politics, but the old man's building business was more profitable and handier. He might have gone into something genteel, but he hates books and fancy boys who spout poetry or speak correct English. If he had not been Catholic, and had been correctly approached, he undoubtedly would have become a leader of something like the Silver Shirts.

Studs fails of leadership, but has a good time with his own crowd; boozing; wenching; fighting; and bull-dozing pushcart peddlers, Niggers, and Jews. Withal he is a little bored, and begins to think of marriage as the book closes on an admirable note: the invasion of Stud's Irish district by the colored hordes. Mr. Farrell winds up his vital case study with the picture of a young Negro boy soliloquizing about good times in the same manner indulged in by the younger Studs.

It is the City that is triumphant over Studs the Animal, and Studs the Man. The City warps his mind and polishes his wits like a swift grindstone.

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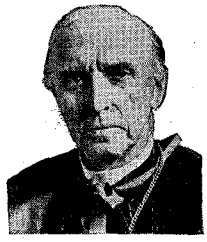

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RUSSIA BY DURANTY AND OTHERS

DURANTY REPORTS RUSSIA. Selected and arranged by Gustavus Tuckerman, Jr. Viking. $2.75.

Moscow 1911–1933. By Allan Monkhouse. Little, Brown. $3.50.

MY RUSSIAN NEIGHBORS. By Alexander Wicksteed. Whittlesey House. $1.75.

NATIONALISM IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Hans Kohn. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

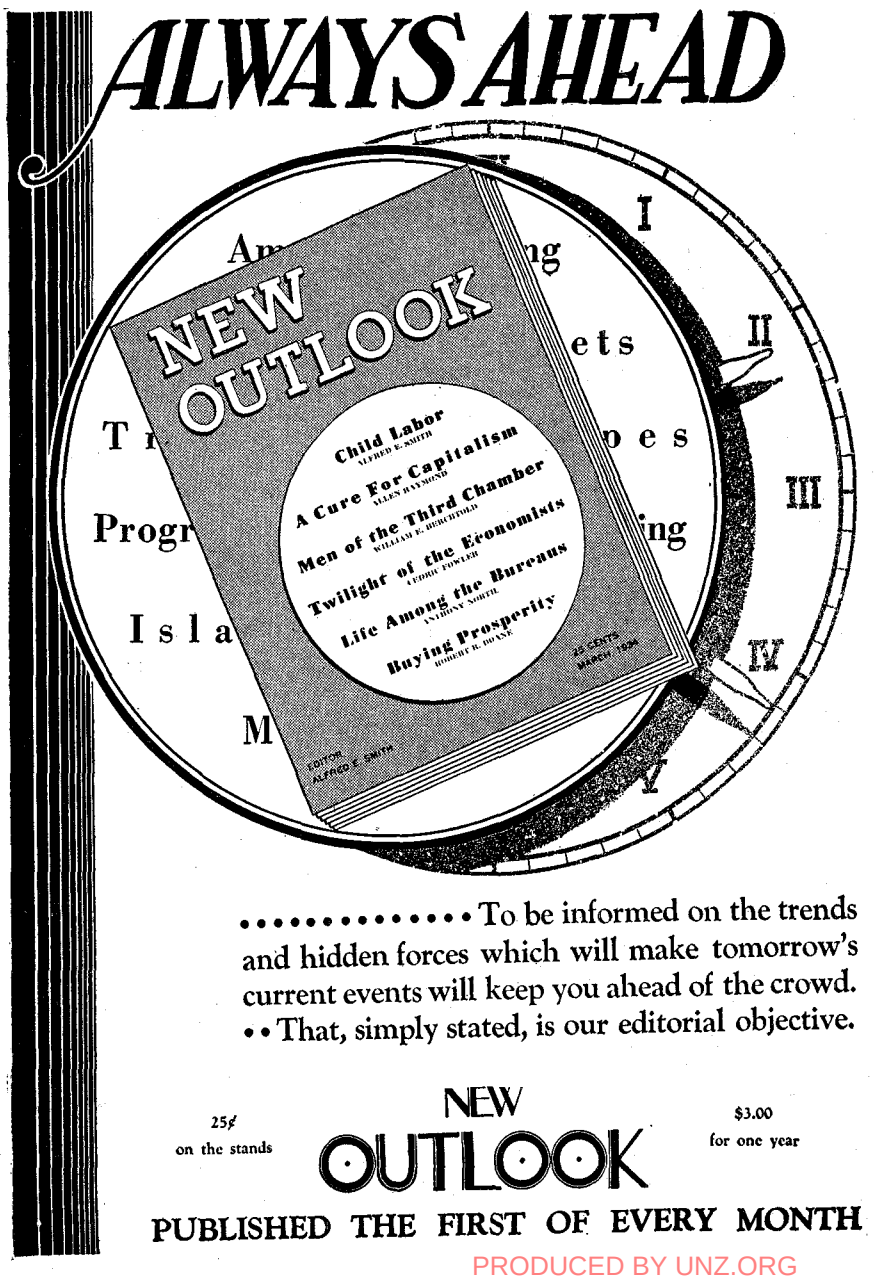
This excellent collection of Duranty's daily stories and Sunday articles about Russia proves the fallibility of the publishing superstition that collected short pieces never make a book. In this instance they do—and a valuable book, too. Nothing could be more readable, or alive. The drama of developing Russia is conveyed with a vigor that journalism of the highest quality always possesses. These articles and stories do not date. Instead they seem to exemplify the most suitable method for describing history in the making. The whole complex and dynamic record is retrieved with ease, authenticity, and scope. Mr. Tuckerman can be proud. And Duranty should be grateful. As should the reading public.

Mr. Monkhouse, the British engineer tried last April for espionage and sabotage, utters a cry of "frame-up." It is especially hollow because he has turned the vital chapters of his book into a commercial apologia for the *Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd.* Born in New Zealand, Mr. Monkhouse has a naïve and irritating veneration for British "good form" which renders some of his aspersions of Russia alternately ridiculous and offensive. His efforts to appear fair, especially when speaking of the OGPU, dissolve into guile when contrasted with a surprising variety of innate prejudices consciously and unconsciously revealed throughout the book. Mr. Monkhouse has a factual mind and some of the early chapters are readable and informing. His book would have been better if he had forgotten both "the proper thing" and the Vickers company.

Mr. Wicksteed is an Englishman teaching school in Russia. With a facetious levity known on the English lecture platform as humor, he relates homely incidents of life in Moscow today. He doesn't do it especially well, and the general idea of his book was executed with more humor and significance by William C. White several years ago in his *These Russians.*

Mr. Kohn's little book is an exceptionally interesting monograph on the specialized subject of the liquidation of nationalities within the Soviet Union. Lenin's policy of liquidation through the long process of education, which Stalin has continued, is now being attacked by the "deviation" on the ground that it offends the internationalism which is such an essential part of world revolution. Lenin and Stalin retorted that impetuosity in the matter is nothing other than that old bugaboo, pan-Russian chauvinism. The row is still going on and Mr. Kohn's book gives the background and the current tittle-tattle.

HENRY HART.



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Young Walter Haight, weak-minded and perverse hero of the story, is an employee in a cloth-finishing mill. When a swindling mill owner named Tasker decides to set Walter at the head of a rival finishing mill whose operations will inevitably ruin the men who have employed Walter and his father for years, the poor boy's wits are so bedazzled that he agrees to everything, falls in with Tasker's schemes, and waxes rich as his partner. For a time he lives well, and marries above his station, but he and the swindler crash together when their falsely prosperous company collapses into the hands of the law, dragging down with them many innocent relatives and friends. In the end you feel glad that the whole shoddy business has gone to its doom, and only a little sorry for the ignorant workmen whose misguided strikes and protests form a background for the sordid doings of their employers.

The story is peopled with lay figures and told in a flat colorless style that never once becomes alive or interesting. It might have been written by a denatured and painless Hardy, and belongs with the body of proletarian literature recommended to those who

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MINING TOWN

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE By Lauren Gilfillan. Viking Press. $2.50.

What, you will be asking, is this Pit College, and how should attendance at it signify, if at all? Briefly, the thing is a gag. Miss Gilfillan was graduated from a sufficiently reverend college, all right; but that is over and past mending, and what she means to say here is that at the age of twenty-two she took a few dollars and some old clothes and (rather obviously) a typewriter and went alone into a mining "patch" outside Pittsburgh, to be educated in the life of those who sweat and suffer and starve that no personal good may come of it—"the college with the black gates. It's a gag, see." She went barefoot and hungry and unbathed, to strike meetings, demonstrations, trials, and weddings; she went into a mine and on the picket; she begged. She did the work so thoroughly and with such persistence, in fact, that there hangs on the thing a faint suggestion of—well—slumming. Yet the wisp of a girl is so earnest, so stoical under privation, that the book she has made of it does not read like a stunt, somehow. It is a frank and thoughtful and friendly record of what the mining town did to her heart and mind—not powerful and not, I feel, definitive in its statement of conditions, but in the personal content of such passages as that of her day in the mine, becoming a rather lovely thing.

OTIS C. FERGUSON.

ANGRY NOVEL

THE OPPERMANNS. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking Press. $2.50.

"Man can hold on to the ephemeral, he can change it into a tangible thing; into the written word, cut it into stone, make it eternal." Mr. Feuchtwanger has not cut it into stone, but he has changed it into a lot of written words—four hundred and six pages of them—and while it may sound rash to express the belief that a man could rush into print to the tune of four hundred and six pages of closely-written narrative, Mr. Feuchtwanger seems to have done it, for this long novel that relates vividly and occasionally movingly the idiotic persecution of a Jewish family in Nazi Germany, must necessarily have been conceived and written in considerably less than a year. It reveals marks of haste, but still more important, its stature as a work of art is seriously lessened by the attitude that gave it birth. Justifiable resentment and even hatred are salutary emotions, and this book had to be written, if only for its striking picture of conditions we

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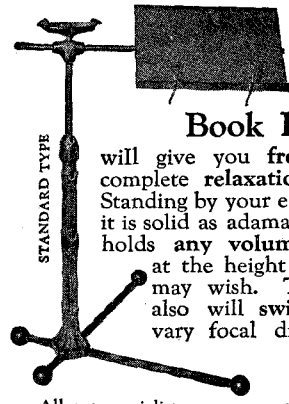

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can have little conception of, but in the hands of any author short of the greatest, these emotions have a tendency to produce a result that displays every earmark of the concocted, the temporal, and the second-rate. Conceived in hatred, however justifiable, and executed with vindictive passion, *The Oppermanns* is an intensely readable, if decidedly minor, novel.

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

CABELL SMIRTNESS

SMIRT. By Branch Cabell. McBride. $2.50.

An excellent idea—that of depicting an adult dream as Lewis Carroll treated a child's dream in *Alice*. In execution, *Smirt* seems considerably milder than one would have wished, possibly because Mr. Cabell has been dreaming through all his books. The Arachne for whom Smirt seeks to create a legend is the spider-woman of all Cabell's imaginings. The urbane author continues to write sequels. *Smirt* is amusing, pleasant, a good evening's entertainment, especially for Cabell fans.

ALFRED DASHIELL.

ILLUSION

WEYMOUTH SANDS. By John Cowper Powys. Simon & Schuster. $3.

Found dead of boredom on Weymouth sands. That is the coroner's verdict on at least one conscientious reader of this hulking, sprawling novel in which John Cowper Powys (hypnotic lecturer, whose rapt gaze and trailing scholar's gown have ensorcelled numberless female audiences) exhibits anew his passion for freakish folk and cloudy psychological mysteries. But it is not enough for a reviewer to say that he is bored; he must attempt to explain why. So.

Mr. Powys has tried to tell so many stories, as nearly simultaneously as possible, that none commands our interest. He lists twenty "Leading Characters" in the front of his book, and his determination to write a fat part for each and every one of them, combined with his inability to resist the attractions of characters who are not even "leading," results in a fatal diffusion of energy by the author and a ruinous dissipation of attention by the reader. If he did not try to integrate the elements of his multiple novel; if he were content to use the technique of "Manhattan Transfer" or of "Grand Hotel" or of "Men of Good Will," it would be another matter. But he does struggle toward integration, and we struggle with him, and with him we fail. Add to this that many of Mr. Powys's characters exist at various removes from what we generally agree is normality, and that, despite his earnest essays in explanation, they practically elude our understanding to the last; add further that the novel is marred by much pseudo-philosophy and by writing that is both clumsy and pretentious, and the justification for boredom is fairly stated.

The kind of fiction which Mr. Powys chooses to write depends entirely upon the maintenance of illusion; to an extraordinary degree it requires a willing suspension of disbelief upon the part of the reader. Once the veil of illusion is rent, once disbelief enters like a serpent into Mr. Powys's fantastic world, the whole becomes absurd and intolerable. There is, for such an author, no habitable middle ground between brilliant success and rank failure.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH ON ART

REVIEWED BY THOMAS CRAVEN

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN GRAPHIC HUMOR. By William Murrell. Whitney Museum. $5.

A chronological account of the pictorial drolleries of our forefathers from the earliest times to the end of the Civil War. The illustrations, in the light of modern satirical humor, are only moderately provocative, but the text is a model of thoroughness and lively scholarship. The first of two volumes and an important contribution to the social history of America.

ART NOW. By Herbert Read. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

A scholarly attempt to explain the philosophical background of the latest tendencies in art. Professor Read summarizes the development of painting from the dissolution of the classical tradition to the unintelligible exhibits of the modern School of Paris. He works hard to make a case for the modernists, but his argument collapses when he attributes profound meanings to little cults which are devoted exclusively to mechanical problems.

ARTIST AMONG THE BANKERS. By Will Dyson. Dutton. $2.

Once more the cry of the artist rings out against the hard-headed man of affairs. With

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touching sincerity and fine invective, Dyson attacks the bankers, the insolent "realists" whose ideals of power and dictatorial control have destroyed not only the productive instruments of the artist but all human values—all that is civilized and ennobling. The verbal cry runs into sentimentality, but the drawings are trenchant and convincing.

KARL MARX'S "CAPITAL" IN LITHOGRAPHS. By Hugo Gellert. Long and Smith. $3.

Das Kapital of Marx abridged to sixty pages for popular consumption, with interpretative lithographs by one of the workers. The book, apart from the text, admirably illustrates the limitations of the propaganda artists. The pictures, despite the savage conviction behind them, are compounded of the conventions and insignia of Communism; instead of driving home the ideas of Marx, they are, for the most part, only decorative symbols.

ART AND PEOPLE. By Lockie Parker. John Day. $1.75.

This so-called "personal interpretation" is a prolonged sigh in behalf of the spiritual blessings of art. The author is headed in the right direction, but her interpretations, when divested of scholastic garniture, are no more than unsubstantial yearnings.

LOWES ON CHAUCER

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS GENIUS. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50.

This is not "just another book about Chaucer," but a profoundly informed study of the springs of Chaucer's poetry, and an excitingly informing aid to an appreciation of his genius. Professor Lowes, breathing easily in the Chaucerian climate of ideas, helps us to breathe there. Having read the poet in the light of the poet's own reading, he is able to display the "Arachne's web of interwoven reminiscences" from which Chaucer constantly drew modes and materials of expression; and, with equal knowledge, he opens to us that actual fourteenth-century world of men and women wherein Chaucer lived, and upon which, no less than upon written words, his genius fed. The fruits of deep and wide scholarship are here. Once again, in writing of literature, Professor Lowes has produced literature.

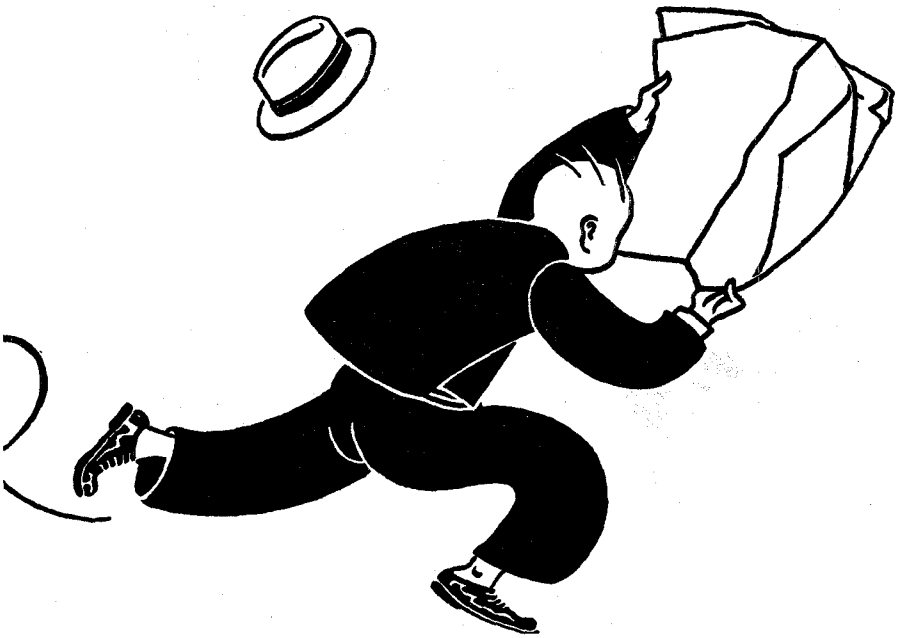
BEN RAY REDMAN.

HONEST SCHOOL NOVEL

BLOODY MARY'S. By Geoffrey Dennis. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

"Glory is what we seek," writes Geoffrey Dennis, and then in the leisurely manner of the Victorians unfolds the story of Queen Mary's School, founded under the patronage of Mary Tudor, and fated to live "more than a thousand terms" to quote its headmaster, Doctor

(*Books—continued on page 23 Rear Advertising Section*)



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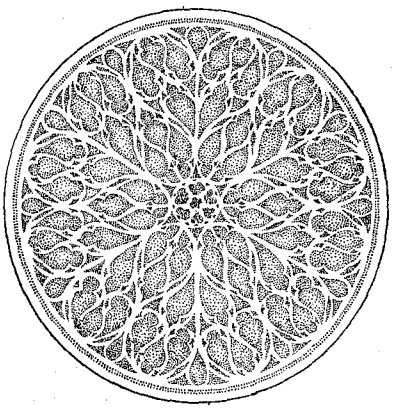

The Decline of Religion

By Christian Gauss

The considerable body of public opinion which holds that the church should not interfere in the practical affairs of today or express a social philosophy reveals the diminished influence of religion. Dean Gauss penetrates beneath casual assumptions and analyses the forces which have caused the church's decline

Not long ago I listened to a preacher who attacked eloquently and earnestly certain phases of capitalism. On leaving the church I met a highly successful business man, deeply devoted to religion, who contributes liberally toward its support. To my question as to how he liked the sermon, he shook his head. "That's not my idea of religion. I go to church to hear good doctrine and not doubtful economics. I wish X would stick to his last."

My friend's view is not unusual. It assumes that religion proper in the past has had nothing to do with social philosophy and that certain modern preachers are trying to revive interest in it by introducing controversial economic problems which do not now have, and never have had, any place in a pulpit. This, as we shall see, is a grievous error. What we must explain today is not why preachers should seek to develop a social philosophy, but how we ever reached the odd conclusion that religion could be sound and significant without one.

It is one of the signs of our time that we now study everything, even religion, by statistical and "scientific" methods. The inquiring reader who consults recent statistical studies on the status of religion can hardly escape the conclusion that "God's in His heaven" and, religiously speaking at least, "All's right with the world." Now it may be that this complacency of so many scientific students of our problem springs from the fact that we have confined God altogether too exclusively to His heaven and that in comparison with our forefathers of the Age of Faith we no longer expect Him or any one in His behalf to take any effective part in the governance of our mundane affairs. Religion and politics, religion and business, religion and science, religion and education, we may find later, are perhaps now kept to a far higher degree than most of us realize, in separate, non-communicating, water-tight compartments. This may have made it easier to settle, or at least to dispose of, many once troublesome issues, but it may also be that these same changes have had less happy consequences. It will be our purpose later to examine the cause of some of these less gratifying results and to see whether we are warranted in speaking of religion's healthy growth, or whether now, however much we may dislike to do so, we must use the distressing phrase, the decline of religion.

II

Many earnest men and women are telling us today that what our age needs is more religion or a new religion. Few questions are more important than this. It is certainly true that there have been epochs in the past

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when religion provided the central motivating force of a civilization, as it did for Islam and as it did for Mediæval Christianity. Why should it not do so again? Before we can answer this question, we must examine carefully whether religion is still a sufficiently vital force in the life of modern man; and if it is not, we must consider the causes which have brought about this decline. Social scientists, as we have indicated, have repeatedly attacked this problem and have emerged from under their statistics with reassuring conclusions. One of the most important of these studies is that by C. Luther Fry, a member of President Hoover's Commission which made the study of Recent Social Trends. After reading his study one would conclude that there is no cause for worry. He finds that the church membership in the United States has been growing at virtually the same rate as the population, and he tells us in addition that not only has church wealth not declined, it has actually increased. The yearly expenditures of local churches rose from $329,000,000 in 1916 to $817,000,000 in 1926. This is an increase of 149 per cent, whereas the total realized income of the United States in the same years is computed to have risen from $43,000,000,000 to $85,000,000,000, or 98 per cent.

How much do these figures really signify? In attempting to answer this question, every student must admit with Mr. Fry that spiritual forces cannot be altogether measured in material terms; but as he has given us statistics on church wealth, we shall also deal with the relative wealth and income of the church in earlier periods and then turn to a discussion of whether religion has or has not lost ground as an influence upon other phases of man's activity, such as art, science, education, economics, and politics.

If we regard the history of the church over any long period, there is no doubt that there has been a distressing shrinkage in the percentage of the total wealth under its control. Far back in Merovingian times, for instance, the church held one-third of the land of France and controlled perhaps one-third of the total income. In the same country before the Revolution, it is reputed to have held one-fifth of the land. At the time of the abolition of the monasteries in England, the lowest estimate placed upon their annual income was £131,607. Hume's estimate was £161,100, or one-twentieth of a total national income of £3,000,000. In our country the church receives 1 per cent of the national income, whereas the percentage which England allotted to the monasteries alone was five times as large, and the percentage that went to the church in France, at the end of the eighteenth century, was about twenty times as large. Our generosity to the church, therefore, as the historian sees it, is not a matter for congratulation, for it has been a steadily weakening generosity. Modern man has evidently found other uses for his money. We are sometimes told that this means that he values the church more as a spiritual agency than his forefathers did, but it may conceivably mean that we cherish more highly other agencies which minister to quite other and less spiritual needs. Let us consider this.

In the way of another slightly less material index of the church's importance, we may consider for a moment religious edifices of today as compared to those of earlier eras, and their relative position in the city. If we enter a European town which dates from the Middle Ages the cathedral still occupies what was then and usually is still the most central and valuable site. In the character of its architecture, as in size, it surpasses all other buildings. In our own modern urban centres, the church has been crowded out of its central position and is invariably overtopped by the skyscraper which houses our business men and lawyers. They have built themselves the higher and the statelier mansions. Many of our modern industrial towns are built around a dominating factory and owe their existence to it. The drain which the building of a mediæval cathedral exercised upon the resources in money and energies of its community was incomparably greater than we would dream of submitting to for any ecclesiastical structure today. Methods of lifting and transportation were far more primitive and costly. So were many of the raw materials. Iron, for instance, in the thirteenth century in Europe and England, cost £27 a ton and a pound was then easily three times as much money as it was in pre-war days when three or four pounds of our much cheaper money would have bought the same amount of metal. In other words, iron was about twenty-seven times as expensive. Much of the quality of that earlier building and art depends also upon the immensely larger amount of human labor that went into it. On the doors of the Baptistry at Florence, Ghiberti is reported to have spent forty years, and in the same Baptistry and upon the altars of Saint James at Pistoia, artists were working continuously for one hundred and fifty years. The church building, therefore, received a far larger contribution in human effort and energy than we are willing to give to today.

The differences between the spirit of the older and the more recent epoch are also apparent if we compare the Cathedral of Chartres or Notre Dame of Paris with our impressive Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York. It is evident that those who wrought at Chartres, for instance, were not stone masons or stone cutters primarily, but cathedral builders. This primary impulse was so strong that even when they turned to build a lay structure, like the Cloth Hall at Ypres, they could not help making it somewhat ecclesiastic. They served God through their handiwork as did the Jongleur of Notre Dame. We must not assume that these men were disinterested; they were not. But their inter-

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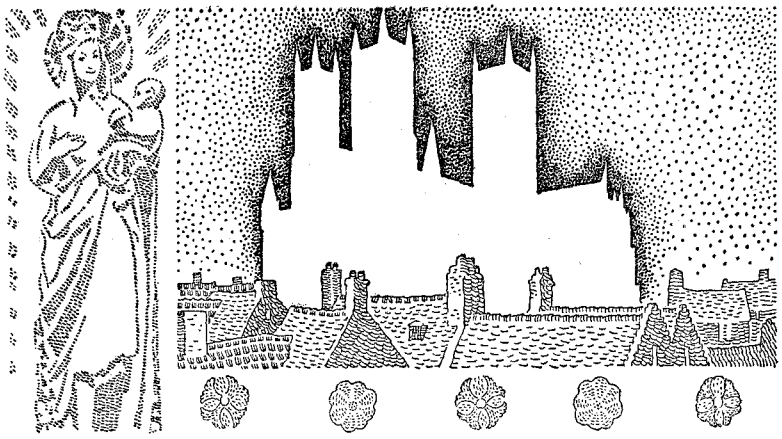

est, to put it so, did not lie in themselves. To a far higher degree than today it lay outside themselves in what they were creating. In the shaping of Saint John the Divine, the workers were builders, stone masons called in to help out upon an ecclesiastical structure. In modern parlance, the average stone cutter at work upon such a building is not interested in what there is in it for Saint John the Divine, but, in what there is in it for him. The finished structure represents the building technique of the twentieth century and the wealth of our city; but somehow it no longer represents to the same degree the compelling power of religion upon human life.

III

Let us turn now to a less materialistic criterion, the relative importance of religion to the arts. Nowhere is the decline of her influence more clearly in evidence than in the history of painting and sculpture and drama. These arts were once the handmaids of religion. It provided the artist with his field of activity and his subject. To how great a degree this was true we may judge from the fact that the painting of straight landscape, for instance, which probably provides the majority of modern subjects, did not even exist until after the Reformation. These arts have become thoroughly secularized and this cannot be explained as some scholars have imagined, on the basis of Puritan hostility to art, for the process has been about as far-reaching in the nations which have remained within the fold of the Roman Catholic Church as in those which have seceded from it. French painters of the last century, for instance, from Corot and Rousseau through Manet and Monet to Cezanne and Picasso, owe very little, if any, of their inspiration and very few of their commissions, to religion, and their development has been the result of a shift of aim, the desire to extend the resources of the technique of painting to allow it to keep pace with our more modern scientific method of studying "the true and the real." The truths of religion have become of such minor significance that they have dropped almost completely out of the reckoning of our contemporary painters and sculptors.

When we read the studies even of contemporary critics and scholars who have dealt with the nineteenth-century poets as religious thinkers, we are likely to conclude that in this realm at least, religion has not lost ground. If, however, we set our modern poets into historical perspective, we shall notice that here too there has been a change. Any one who conscientiously weighs the values involved will find a weakening of conviction as he passes from Luther's "Ein' Feste Burg" to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and much the same change will be evident as he contrasts a mediæval evensong like the "Te lucis ante terminum" sung by the pilgrims in Dante to Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light."

The most characteristic and popular art form of a somewhat earlier period was the life of the saint, of the type collected by Jacques Voragine in the *Golden Legend;* and the student who is interested in tracing the stages by which we reached our present attitude should study this shift of interest and the transformation of the saint's life into our modern novel and modern lay biography. How important that traditional interest was is evident when we remember that the most famous literary masterpiece of the last two centuries, Goethe's *Faust,* is based upon the *Faustbuch,* which, with its miracles, is the life of a perverted saint. Goethe was forced to make important modifications in his story, just because salvation to us no longer means what it meant a few centuries before. The psychological needs of our modern world are quite different.

We must remember that lives of the saints were once popular reading for the same reason that the life of a secular poet like Shelley, or a scientist like Pasteur, or a statesman like Lincoln or Washington, or a captain of industry like Ford, is popular today. Psychologically, that reason is a simple one, but it goes deep into our problem. The life of the saint represented to the reader of a few centuries back the highest and most significant type of success in life. The overwhelming testimony offered by our best sellers, by our publishers' announcements, and by our library catalogues, proves that this type of success has almost totally lost its power of attraction. The lives of Jeanne d'Arc by Anatole France, and of Saint Francis by Sabatier are written from a totally different point of view. Even Sabatier's primary interest lies in making us understand what might be called the lay psychology of Saint Francis far more than in giving us a record of the miracles he performed. In our time, as we shall see elsewhere, we have lost interest not only in miracles, but in saints as well.

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We have seen that the decline of religion and the weakening of its influence upon art and letters have been quite as pronounced, perhaps more pronounced in Protestant than in Catholic countries. To complete our survey we should, therefore, trace briefly what has happened to religion first in science, then in business, and then in politics.

By developing the conception of "pure science" and persuading his contemporaries to accept and respect it, the scientist has emancipated himself from the church and found freedom to pursue lines of research, as Darwin did for instance, which led to conclusions diametrically opposed to traditional religious beliefs on such subjects as the creation of the world and of man. Considerations of good and bad, moral considerations in other words, mean nothing to the physicist, chemist, or biologist. He disregards them, and he is no less a scientist in good standing if he is working on a deadlier poison gas or more violent explosive than if he is seeking a cure for cancer. Many earnest scientists, and among them there are men of sincere religious temper, often tell us that there is no antagonism between science and religion. In such statements they forget a fact which is of considerable importance. The Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches were both based on a belief in miracles: the creation of Adam, the fall of man, the virgin birth of Christ and the resurrection of the body. If we are using the term religion in the traditional sense, it has certainly suffered serious damage; for by the gradual extension of scientific inquiry, the scientist has now pretty well excluded the possibility of miracles from all domains and he might, with little presumption, say with a distressed nineteenth-century thinker, "The case against miracles is closed, they do not happen."

With regard to business and capitalistic enterprise, the case stands somewhat differently, but the result is much the same. This field too has been taken out of what was once the domain of the church. The processes and stages by which this transformation occurred have been made the subject of a number of significant studies which have appeared since 1905. Here, we can only say that the modern business man, ably seconded by our modern economists, developed highly interesting theories from which the individual man was eliminated and into which considerations of the humanly good and bad would find it quite as difficult to force an entrance as they would into the closed domain of the physicist and chemist and astronomer. The exchange of goods takes place in our modern world not according to moral principles, but according to principles of business or economics. The individual must bow to these higher laws of supply and demand, which are assumed to be natural laws and which, we are told by the classical economists, are beneficent laws not to be interfered with. The laissez-faire policy which assumed that the ways of business are righteous and self-correcting, was not alone the creation of Adam Smith, but of the Puritan merchants and business men who enthusiastically accepted them. When some of these laws were called into question, the economists had recourse not to moral principles, but to accounting and mathematics which are equally impervious to them, and developed the statistical method, the law of averages, trends, and the theory of business cycles.

The trouble with such principles as the law of supply and demand is that they are abstract, they assume that goods rush to the buyer as iron filings are attracted to the magnet. They effectively dehumanize and thus demoralize the processes with which they deal. They fail to take cognizance of a central fact; they do not explain what happens to farmer Tom Jones when he lays $250 on the line and buys a second-hand Chevrolet. Farmer Jones in his innocence has no notion that he is obeying this great law. To him buying or refraining from buying is a matter of considerable moral significance. If, after lying awake nights, he refuses to buy because he feels he must use the money to help his boy through the business college in town, and this same car is then bought by a neighbor who is still owing him $50 for last year's hay, it will not altogether console farmer Jones to know that nothing was thereby changed and that the inexorable law of supply and demand had worked just the same. Economists will tell us that they are not interested in the moral problems of individuals like farmer Jones. As such, they are not interested in morals at all, and under the dominance of our economic theorists and our bureaus of business statistics, acts of buying and selling, of barter and exchange, which never were and are not yet automatic, have lost all semblance of religious or even of moral acts. They were however of such high significance to primitive man that he surrounded them with the ritual of the potlatch.

As we have seen, farmer Jones's decision is made only after much hesitation and innumerable difficulties; and the older religion was quite right when it held that buying and selling were definite concrete acts for which individuals were responsible and which affected their moral welfare. All religious theories of society, except curiously enough the Puritan, necessarily regarded with suspicion all doctrines which claimed a large space for the unfettered play of economic self-interest or for economic laws. To the economist and to our modern salesman, or big business man, the end of all human activity is buying and selling—the satisfaction of desires, while to the church or to the religious man, the felicity of man consists in the discharge of obligations. To the orthodox, these obligations are imposed by God; to the unorthodox they are imposed by conscience. From modern business practice and economic theory, God, the individual and his conscience have largely disappeared. That this is peculiar to our modern age will be evi-

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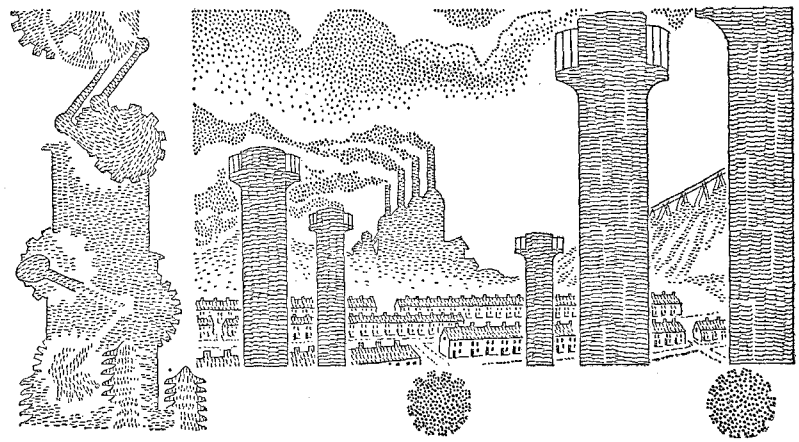
dent to any one who recalls that until the sixteenth century economics was only a branch of ethics, and ethics of theology.



IV

In the domain of politics, it is not generally recognized that this same change has been going on apace, for the conquest here has been carried out more insidiously and with *ruses de guerre,* whose eventual aim was carefully masked and camouflaged.

An able modern student of politics, J. N. Figgis, some years ago made what seemed to many a rather startling pronouncement. He held that the most momentous of the intellectual or cultural changes which ushered in our modern world was the secularization of political theory. The only difficulty with this statement is that it is not sufficiently far-reaching. This process of secularization, of removing domain after domain from under the control of religion, or of the church, has been taking place everywhere. It is not confined to political theory merely, but it has been actively exemplified in the practice of politics in nationalistic states. Every one will admit that to be told that George V is king by the grace of God, *Dei gratia rex,* no longer in any way strengthens his title to the throne. The right to political power must today be justified by other than religious sanctions. With the disappearance of these religious sanctions, kings themselves have quite generally disappeared. A man like Hitler, even in a country which twenty years ago was still ruled by William II by virtue of the divine-right clause, can now, if he will persuade the electors that he is devoted to the state, take his place at the controls. This is possible now only because the relation between the church and state which had existed during the Age of Faith has been completely reversed. In the Middle Ages the church had been the ultimate authority on questions of public and private morality. There were of course abuses then as now, but religion determined the economic and the social system. There was no marriage, any more than there was any salvation, outside of the church. It decided on which days man should labor and on which he should rest; and these church holidays were, in certain countries and times, so numerous that it is doubtful whether a working man today, under the NRA conditions, really works fewer hours in the course of the year than did the working man then, thanks to the church's intervention. The church councils consistently ruled against usury and taking of interest; and this ruling was accepted by English civil law until 1545, and by French law until 1789. The church insisted, as in Thomas Aquinas, upon the *pretium justum,* the just price; it set, in other words, a moral concept at the heart of the economic system. Some enterprising believer in progress should offer a prize to any promising young economist who can discover any such principle there today.

How important all this was to that civilization is plain when we consider what church statutes against usury included. They not only prohibited the taking of interest on loans, but the raising of prices by monopolistic methods, the beating down of prices by a keen bargainer, rack renting of land, or subletting by a tenant at a higher rate than he paid, cutting wages, paying wages in truck, refusal of discount to a tardy debtor, or insistence on unreasonable security. The power of the church was sufficient to delay the development of capitalism for at least some centuries, and capitalism has not even yet reached, in countries and populations of Catholic tradition, the degree of development which it has attained in other lands. We have now changed all that by making the state so much more powerful than the church that a nineteenth-century statesman could crush a clerical reformer with the seemingly unanswerable protest that "Things have come to a pretty pass if religion is going to interfere with private life."

It has long been the habit in certain circles to regard the Reformation as the period in which the abuses in the Church of Rome had become intolerable and in which religion was somehow purified and sublimated. One of the ablest recent American Protestant historians, Preserved Smith, admits that this is an error. The abuses in the church were in the beginning of the sixteenth century no more serious than they had been, and though there were then, especially among the wealthy and the privileged, unworthy prelates, the vast majority lived decent, God-fearing lives, and many of the earlier evils had been corrected. We have already seen how widespread was the interest in devotional literature. It is perhaps nearer the truth to see in the Reformation that period in which the state finally assumed dominance over religion and the church, and incidentally over education. This was to be the first step toward intransigeant modern nationalism. How far we have

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proceeded along that line is made plain as we watch Hitler attempting to shape Protestant sects whose watchword was once liberty of conscience, into a subservient governmental tool; or the Russian soviets reducing a once powerful church to the position of a mere antiquarian curiosity. The state itself, in Hobbes's language, has become Leviathan. It dominates its subjects, but is itself subject to no domination. The older time when the volunteer knights equipped themselves in their own wars at their own expense, and defended their king, has passed. From now on, the state will drill its companies of men, deprive them of their individuality, and dress them up in uniforms in the name of liberty.

This then will be the first step. The second will be taken when our modern science, non-ethical, unphilosophical, largely mensurational and statistical, will effect, in the eighteenth century, a juncture with the forces of capitalism (which had previously been held in check by the church), and create the so-called industrial revolution in which the formerly independent craftsman will lose his individuality as well. Tired of outworn religious restraints, it would almost seem as though modern men had substituted amoral agencies—the nation, laissez-faire capitalism and free science—for the God their forefathers had worshipped.

How far this movement for emancipation from religious considerations and absolute independence for the state has gone in the practice of modern politics has generally passed unrecognized. We shall here call attention to only a few of its characteristic accomplishments. The student who looks about him will see everywhere that the movement for "the separation of church and state" has now been accomplished throughout western Europe and America. This was not made necessary, as is sometimes naïvely stated, because of the need of toleration, for it has been carried out in Catholic lands like Spain and Italy where dissenting creeds are not a problem. It has sometimes been described by grandiloquent liberals as a move to spiritualize the church, to take it out of politics. The momentum of the movement has been in another direction; it has been in the interest of liberating the state from any form of religious control. For there are many straws to show which way the stream has been flowing. This cultural current is all the more pervasive because it has gone on below the conscious level and has been instinctively extended by many, not only against the church but against individual churchmen of all forms of belief.

The student who looks about him will be struck, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, by the almost total absence of priests or Protestant ministers from all the cabinets of Europe or the United States. The days when a Cardinal Wolsey, or a Richelieu or a Fleury or Dubois would be called in to guide a great state have passed. The American will realize the instinctive offishness of modern politics toward the church if we will take a census of his own Congress. If there is one profession almost totally unrepresented in Washington, it is the clergy. It does not occur to either Protestant or Catholic electors to nominate for state or national office, their minister or priest, in spite of his social status and eminent respectability. How far this elimination of churchmen has gone will be plain to any one who considers what has happened in the English House of Lords over the past few centuries. In the time of Henry VIII the spiritual peers outnumbered the temporal. Today there are only twenty-six ecclesiastical lords out of a total of 740 in that stronghold of aristocratic conservatism. In France until the Revolution, churchmen still constituted one of the political estates and not the least powerful of the three. Not so in the twentieth century. In his political activity, the modern man distrusts the church. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

William James once said that whatever else God may be, He is no gentleman, by which he meant of course, no gentleman of leisure. There is too much "dirty" work to be done in the world. The defeat of religious interests has been all the more successful because it has not proceeded by frontal attack, but by a process of long-continued sniping. Insidiously and almost unnoticed, modern civilization has taken away one domain after another. It is by this process that we have created that free future which now we cannot shape toward any humanly desirable ends, since such human or moral ends have long since dropped out of our computations. There are many earnest men who cling to their old faith, who strive to make it strong enough to weather our modern storms. There are those who tell us that to cure the discontents of our modern age what we need is religion. If this is true, and I believe it is, our predicament is serious. We have no place to put it. It is like having to move a concert grand piano into an eight by ten New York apartment. We must move out to get it in.

A religion which has been excluded from politics, from business, from science, and from public education, from all those fields which mean most to modern man, has naturally lost power and influence. It has become what God was for Laplace, a useless hypothesis. Before we can remedy our disease, we must visualize the dilemma into which we have placed ourselves and recognize that we have reduced Him who was once the Almighty almost to that hapless state which Grover Cleveland once described as "innocuous desuetude." Before a new religion can make headway we must somehow open these closed doors and somewhere introduce the notion of man's responsibility, if not to God, at least to man.

See also in this number: "Economic Morals for a New Age," by Bernard Iddings Bell.

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The White Man's Exit

By Paul Hutchinson

War talk is rife. Is the white stake in the control of Asia worth fighting for? Mr. Hutchinson replies with an emphatic "No." Next month SCRIBNER'S *will present two articles on our participation in a new World War, one presenting a plan for staying out, one insisting that we shall be dragged in*

DESPITE the furor which Herr Hitler has managed to stir up in Europe, and the frenzied interchange of notes on armament now going on between the members of the Big Four, the most important question before the international house today is this: Are Japan and Russia going to fight? Europe may be heading as straight toward war as most of the political observers seem to think. But the danger of an immediate outbreak of hostilities is not large. Five years from now the Nazis—if their plans have carried through—may conceivably be ready to fight somebody. But tomorrow? Barring the possession of secret air or gas weapons, there is really not much chance. Herr Hitler's ten-year peace pact with Poland is proof enough that, for all his bellicosity, the Nazi messiah is not yet ready for war.

In the Far East, however, it takes no feverish imagination to see war breaking out within the next six months. It may not come. The diplomats are busy telling the world that it will not come. But Comrade Stalin is making speeches about "swinish snouts" in the "Soviet potato patch." And Comrade Voroshilov, war commissar, recently lashed out publicly at Comrade Andreev, communications and transport commissar, for being so slow about completing the double-tracking of the Trans-Siberian railway. And Tokyo let it be known last week that the centre of operations for "bandit chasing" in Manchukuo had been shifted almost up to the Siberian border. The diplomats may be right; war may be avoided. But most observers in eastern Asia don't believe that it will be.

Now the question as to whether Japan and Russia are going to fight is not only important in itself. It is doubly important because of the questions that go along with it. There is, for example, the question as to who will win. Can Japan, as her army staff expects, drive Russia back to the line of Lake Baikal? If she does, can she hold her there? If the war drags out over more than a few months, how will it be financed? Will other nations be drawn in? And, specifically, will the United States become involved?

It is that latter question that needs far more general and open discussion in this country than it has so far received. There are millions of Americans—probably a large majority of all Americans—who do not realize that such a question is likely to require an answer in the near future. Absorbed in the struggle to restore the nation's internal well-being, they do not dream that there is a real possibility of being called on to contribute sons or money to a war on the other side of the globe. Yet on the other hand, plenty of the best-informed students of international affairs believe that if war breaks out between Japan and Russia it will not be long before the United States will be drawn in.

President Roosevelt has let it be known that he has no intention of allowing this to happen. These observers give full credit to the President's sincerity. But they do not believe that the present American policy will permit him to maintain American neutrality, provided war comes. They recall another President who was elected one November on the slogan, "He kept us out of war," and the following April led the nation to battle overseas. They talk of the loans, the credits that had so much to do with shaping the war policy of 1917, and they believe that there are understandings which will similarly endanger credits if the threatened Far-Eastern war breaks out.

What is the real meaning of the recognition of Russia by the United States? these observers ask. Then they answer themselves: The real meaning is notice, served on Japan, that in case of hostilities between the two nations Russia can rely on ample credits from American financial resources. And the gambling of American credits on the Russian side will, they believe, as surely lead to the employment of American troops and battleships as it did seventeen years ago.

This may be sheer delusion. The United States may not contemplate granting Russia any support of any kind in her dealings with Japan. Certainly nothing has reached the public from the conversations between Mr. Roosevelt and Comrade Litvinov to suggest any such commitments. But observers of Far-Eastern affairs—the majority of them, I believe—do not interpret what went on in Washington during the visit of the Soviet

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commissar in this fashion. They read Stalin's "swinish snouts" speech; they point to the formation flight of bombers from San Francisco to Honolulu, to the development of navy yards on the Pacific coast, to the naval surveys along the coast of the Aleutian Islands. And the sum total of that exercise in political arithmetic, they hold, adds up to American support for Russia in a coming war.

I do not question that American sympathy, in the event of a new Russo-Japanese war, would be on the Russian side. But would Russia be fighting for any cause important enough to justify the expenditure of American lives? Ask that, and about the only answer which those who favor American intervention can make consists of vague phrases about the white stake in the future control of Asia. But can that stake be maintained? There are such things in history as lost causes. A great section of the United States has had bitter experience with one "lost cause." There is a certain romantic flavor in talking about a lost cause seventy years after the fighting ceases. But for those who go through the fiery reality of conflict, and then are forced to acknowledge not only that the cause for which they have sacrificed was lost, but that it was lost even before a shot was fired or a life laid down, there is not much romance about it. It may be hard for the white man, with his stiff pride of race, to bring himself to the point where he will admit that the cause of white domination over Asia is already lost. But what else is the meaning of the developments of recent years on that continent?

It took the whites approximately a century to absorb most of Asia. Indeed, if the process be regarded as having extended from the beginning of the subjugation of Siberia by the Muscovites, in the middle of the fourteenth century, to the end of the American conquest of the Philippine Islands, at the opening of the twentieth, it may be said to have taken between five and six hundred years to bring that continent under white control. It is not going to take any five hundred years to reverse the process. No, nor any one hundred. The whites are on their way out all over Asia today, although a great many of them apparently haven't sense enough to know it. The red lights marking the exits for white rulers have been set up all over the Asiatic map. The Japanese, with their truculence, simply happen to be the Asiatics who, on the eastern side of the continent, insist on pushing the whites so close to the red lights that even white self-esteem can no longer conceal the fact that the exit signs are there. Turkey stands ready to perform the same task on the other flank of the continent.

Let's take a look at a few Asiatic actualities.

The significance of modern Japan as a gesture of defiance against the white domination of Asia has been pointed out so often that there is no need to do it again here. But not so much has been said about Japan as the prophet of a rising continental consciousness. And that is far more important. When Japan talks about a "Japanese Monroe Doctrine" or fosters a Pan-Asiatic convention in Tokyo, our press is inclined to dismiss it as so much stage-play, or sloganeering resorted to in an effort to cover over deeper and more malign designs. It is nothing of the sort. It is a genuine expression of a vital sentiment in Japan, and a sentiment which Japan desires to see extended throughout the East.

It is at precisely this point, in fact, that the main difficulty arises between Japan and China. It will be hard to make Westerners believe, I suppose, but the Japanese have almost no ill-will toward China. I have never met a Japanese who seemed to regard China as an *enemy*. On the contrary, the typical Japanese attitude toward China has been that of an advanced toward a retarded people—a combination of condescension and irritation, irritation that the Chinese should be so slow to realize that the disciplinary measures being inflicted on them are for their own ultimate good. Your average Japanese talks about this incomprehensible (to him) lack of co-operation on the part of the Chinese in much the way that, a half-century ago, settlers in our own West were accustomed to talk about the slowness of the red man to appreciate the civilizing processes of the whites. The final outcome of the spreading across the prairies of railways, title deeds, and cities seemed so obviously desirable that the white settlers felt the Indians to be guilty of a sort of irrational perversity in showing resentment against the way in which the "civilizing" process had been brought to pass.

In much the same way, Japan sees itself today as leading in the setting up of a new era of "Asia for Asiatics," and Japanese are irritated that the Chinese should be so slow about joining up in the new crusade. It may be disturbing, and may even involve some loss of face, for China to see Japan occupy Manchuria, seize the line of the Great Wall, build a great garrison centre in Shanghai, and show readiness, if need arises, to occupy the Yangtze Valley and a series of port cities. But why, ask the Japanese, do the Chinese fail to see that this is necessary if Russia is to be manœuvred out of Manchuria and Mongolia, if Great Britain is to be nudged out of the Yangtze Valley, and if British and French footholds are to be loosed from South China and Yunnan? Since China is obviously incapable of doing these things herself, why does she hold back when this neighboring champion of the yellow races shows her readiness to do them? Why do not the Chinese see that it would be far better for China, in the long run, to let Japan run out the whites and whip the present Chinese chaos into some kind of order rather than to let things drift along as they have been going, with China edging yearly closer to disintegration?

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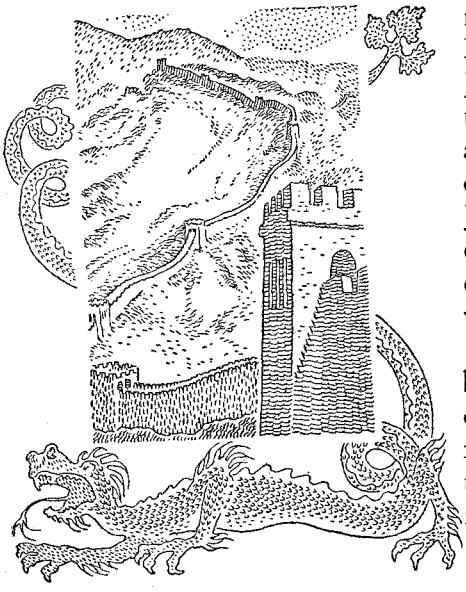

Hand in hand with this readiness on Japan's part to assume the political leadership of Asia in asserting freedom from white interference goes the belief of Japanese business in the ability of Eastern industry, also under Japanese leadership, to attain virtual economic independence. This economic campaign has, for the time being, been slowed up by the Chinese boycott, and the truth is that Japanese business interests, however necessary they felt the acquisition of the iron and coal supplies of Manchuria to be, never have been overenthusiastic about the army's method of gaining those industrial requisites. (Hence, the assassinations of Baron Dan and other leading industrialists.) But here again, while balked for the moment in China, Japanese exporters have turned to other parts of the East, and the agitation of British interests is sufficient testimony to the extent to which they have already raided the markets of India. A good deal is being said about the discovery that during 1933 Japan passed Great Britain as a producer of cotton piece goods. But this fact, important as it is, is surpassed in importance by the fact that the major part of the Japanese gain has come in southeastern Asia, and particularly in India.

Figures recently cited in Parliament show an increase in cotton piece goods imported into India from Japan of from 24,000,000 square yards in 1930 to 50,000,000 square yards in 1932, and the 1933 figures, when available, will show even more startling returns. Mr. Upton Close reports that Japan has, during this period, acquired 30 per cent of the imports of India, 90 per cent of the imports of the Dutch East Indies, and 15 per cent of those of the Philippines. During cataclysmic 1932, while Western nations watched their foreign trade shrink to next to nothing, Japan saw her exports go up 51 per cent and her imports 24 per cent!

No wonder that a panicky British Empire, having vainly tried to keep Japanese goods out of the Indian market by precipitously raising tariffs, has felt forced to conclude a sort of economic truce. But the British are fighting a losing battle, and they know it. When they threaten an embargo in India, Japan retaliates with a threatened embargo against Indian raw cotton. And since Japan has hitherto taken half the Indian cotton crop, and the textile factories of the rest of the world (England included) are not equipped to handle such cotton as India grows, exclusion of the Indian product from Japan would simply mean starvation for more Indians, with immediate repercussions on the Indian nationalist movement. Not a pretty prospect for the British negotiators was it, especially with Manchuria and China lying right at Japan's disposal, as promising territories for cotton-raising as the world affords? No wonder they finally accepted, with minor exceptions, the Japanese terms regarding India, and despite demands from Lancashire are doing nothing to force the issue elsewhere.

Several impressive studies have been made to prove that Japan's recent course has headed her straight for economic ruin. That, surely, was the implication of the Moulton-Junichi Ko report put out by the Brookings Institution just before the Japanese army jumped off at Mukden. I find it echoed again in an article on the "Economic Consequences of Japan's Asiatic Policy," by Professor John E. Orchard of Columbia University in the October, 1933, number of *Foreign Affairs*. I have believed and written much the same thing myself. And it is still possible that the aggressive course pursued by the Japanese will bring a financial and industrial crash, although now that it is reported that they have induced French finance to gamble a billion francs in Manchukuo this looks less likely than ever. (The Marxians should get a great kick out of this latest evidence of capital's inability to refrain from snatching at a prospective profit, even when it involves its own ultimate undoing.) Speculation aside, however, this much is clear—Japan's industrial policy has not yet ruined her. And though certain factors may make some of her present gains turn out to be illusory in the long run—currency manipulation, subsidies permitting the reduction of labor costs below world levels, dumping, to name a few—there is little in the Far-Eastern situation *so far* to convince either the Japanese capitalist or the Japanese worker that the present attempt to establish Japan in political and economic dominance over Eastern Asia cannot succeed.

So noisy is Japan in its pursuit of continental leadership that Westerners are in danger of not noticing some equally significant developments elsewhere in the East. As, for instance, in China. We regard China as I have already described her, a recalcitrant but almost helpless compound of conflict and chaos in the hands of her aggressive neighbor. Such, to a large degree, she is. But it is important to note to how large an extent even China, despite her near-anarchy, has managed to free herself from Western control during these last few years. As an illustration of what I have in mind, look at what has happened with regard to tariffs, government finance, and extraterritoriality.

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The financing of such government as China has had has been, for years past, a choice morsel for the powers who, through the string of semi-official banks maintained in the Far East, have floated endless loans that have dripped gravy all over the landscape. A few years ago this sort of financing ended, partly because the big European banks were afraid of the nationalistic tinge of the new Nanking government and partly because the world money market was drying up. The virtue, in other words, if virtue there was, in the ending of China's subservience to outside banking interests did not wholly belong to China. If Nanking could have gone on borrowing from the foreign banks it undoubtedly would have done so. But it couldn't. As a result, such financing as the Chinese government is now getting, aside from direct revenues, comes from Chinese banking houses.

Even more indicative of the trend is China's regaining of customs control. Ever since the rise of the nationalistic movement, customs autonomy has been a watchword in China. The powers, whose nationals enjoyed the privilege of shipping their goods into China at a tariff rate that was not even nominally more than 5 per cent, and actually worked out in most cases at between 2 and 3 per cent, assured China again and again of their desire to see this situation straightened out. But at the international conference in Peking in 1925 an elaborate set of conditions was laid down which, it was stated, China would have to meet to the satisfaction of the powers before tariff autonomy could be granted. So what has happened? China, bedeviled as she has been internally, simply announced that on January 1, 1929, tariff autonomy would go into effect, and that she would, from that date, fix what tariffs she pleased without regard to the feelings of the foreign importing firms. There was a howl from the treaty ports, naturally, and such a declaration left the international conference looking pretty silly. But the Chinese government, which is unable to collect taxes from most of China's own provinces, has unchallenged tariff autonomy in dealing with the outside world today!

Not quite so clear legally, but equally clear in its political implication, is the thing that has happened to the extraterritorial status of foreigners in China. Concerning this there have been the same sort of solemn international conferences, and the same solemn setting down of conditions to be met by China before foreigners within her borders could be brought under her judicial control. Once more, China resorted to a unilateral declaration, and although the end of extraterritoriality has still to be recognized by most of the powers, there isn't one of them that would think of making it an issue for the sort of gunboat action which, a decade ago, was so familiar an aspect of China's international relations.

A few years ago Nathaniel Peffer wrote a book on *The White Man's Dilemma* in which he argued that in the business of running a colony there is ultimately no choice between an iron-handed despotism and an eventual withdrawal. "If the writer were to be summoned by President Coolidge [this was in 1927] and offered the post of governor-general of the Philippine Islands with instructions so to act as to relieve the present tension," he wrote, "he would accept on one condition only, the condition that he could go to Manila and within ninety days do one of two things: appoint American bureaucrats to every post, clap a czarist censorship on the Islands, forbid freedom of speech, and take Quezon, Osmena, Roxas, and other Independencista leaders, put them against a wall and shoot them—or else run down the American flag and clear out the American occupation, root and branch."

This is, if you insist, a bit extravagant in expression, but it is fundamentally sound in its analysis of the problem confronting white nations trying to govern Asiatic peoples since the germ of nationalism began to get in its work. It is not only the problem in the Philippines; it is the problem in the Dutch East Indies; in French Indo-China; in Macao—everywhere in the East. The Dutch have shown fair success in mixing sternness with flexibility in dealing with their Malay subjects, but the recent mutiny in their fleet was an indication of the storm that is brewing in that island empire. Not a politician at the Hague but speculates as to how much longer Holland can retain her gold mine in the Far East.

Yet these illustrations of the white man's difficulties sink into small importance when put alongside the state of affairs in India. Here the deflection of white traffic toward the exit signs can be seen in terms of the greatest empire ever ruled by a white state. In London, Winston Churchill and Lord Lloyd are annoying all but the die-hard Tories with their demands that Britain give up its attempts to placate the Indian nationalists and return to the policies of the Curzon days. Yet Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd are right in their contention that there is no outcome for Britain in any policy of conciliation except an eventual surrender, since each concession made to the nationalists merely whets their appetite for larger concessions, while feeding their sense of power.

Most thoughtful Britishers see this. Why, then, is even the Tory party unwilling to follow the Churchill advice? Simply because the price of "governing" a colony of India's size in the old imperialistic fashion is today too steep to contemplate. So England must go ahead, making one concession after another, hoping always that the next relinquishment will prove to be the one that will finally satisfy the Indian desire for power, but knowing always, in her inmost heart, that these hopes are doomed to disappointment. "Govern or get out," said Theodore Roosevelt at the Guildhall twenty-four years ago, after he had seen British imperialism fumbling to hold its grip in Egypt. Well, if that is the al-

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ternative, there can only be one outcome. Governing is not worth the cost.

And so, if there were space, I could trace the spread of the Asiatic revolt against Western dominance all over that continent. What happened to the "progressive" Amir of Afghanistan who tried to introduce derby hats and a virtual British protectorate into his mountain fastnesses? What has become of the former subservience of Persia in the presence of British and Russian diplomats? How far can Britain control the course of its own creation, Irak, even when that fledgling indulges its fondness for massacring Nestorian Christians? What European power would dream today of trying, as at the close of the world war, to dictate to Mustapha Kemal? Note also that in every case this quickening political self-consciousness is being accompanied by a development of economic resources. It is American sugar interests which are most anxious to see the Philippines set free.

What about Russia in Asia? This is the obvious question with which to challenge this claim of a white retreat. On the surface, the expansion of the U. S. S. R. until it now controls more territory in Asia than was included in the whole empire of the czars would seem to prove that one sort of white influence is growing rather than decreasing in the Far East. But this fails to take into account the fact that the secret of Soviet expansion has lain in Moscow's readiness to grant autonomy to the Asiatics. It is all very well for other whites to deride the reality of the "independence" of the Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic of Kazak, or of the Turkoman republic, of the Uzbek republic, of the Tadzhik republic, of the Kirghiz republic, of the Yakutsk A. S. S. R., or of the Mongolo-Burkat territory. But the peoples of these vast Asiatic stretches take the idea of autonomy within a union devoted to opposition to the older European imperialisms with the utmost seriousness. Their very readiness to come under the banner of Moscow, therefore, represents another step toward running the white man—or at least the white capitalist—out of Asia.

Is not the meaning of all this clear? Not only politically, but as a ruler in the world of trade, is not the white man headed for retreat all over Asia? And for Americans, most of whom have come to feel that the sooner we can find a way out of our single adventure in Asiatic imperialism the better, doesn't this state of affairs suggest that the dream that our export business may recover in the Far East what it has lost in Europe is just a dream? The East will industrialize slowly in spots (against the Japanese rush toward a factory civilization there is to be balanced India's adoption of *khaddar* and the Gandhi loom) but there is no part of it in which control from the white world will longer be accepted without resistance. China is not the only Oriental country that is going to build up its tariff walls; as the agitation for political power bears fruit tariff walls will go up higher and higher all over the Asiatic map.

The white man, accordingly, has no choice but to look around now for the nearest exit. And the United States, specifically, should begin at once to rid itself of all its commitments west of Hawaii. What sense is there in continuing to run risks for the sake of an Open Door in China, when China is herself taking steps to see that the Open Door is not worth fighting for? We took the Philippines because our imperialists assured us that they were the key to the China market. Time has proved that they haven't the slightest relation to the China market, but it is clear that they are a growing problem in our own. And what in the world is gained by maintaining "strategic" bases in the islands of the South Pacific, except in relation to the strategy of a perfectly useless war?

Can this new world of the Pacific and of Western Asia, with the white man gradually slipping from control, be a world of peace? No one can foresee, although it must be admitted that the signs are not propitious. A war between Japan and Russia would be as essentially an Asiatic civil war as has been the Japanese fighting in China. But this much is sure: there will be no peace if the white man tries to maintain his old position indefinitely. And for any of the Western nations, except possibly Britain and Holland, what would there be in the attempt to maintain the old order worth a day's war costs? If Britain and Holland want to fight this out, let them. (They won't, as the refusal of the British Tories to follow Churchill shows.) For the other Western states to take risks to preserve such minor stakes as they have in the Asiatic future would be senseless. It is quite likely that Asiatic affairs are going to be in a good deal of a mess for the next fifty or a hundred years. But the white state that allows itself to become involved in this condition of affairs will have nothing to show, at the end of this period of transition, but its own losses.

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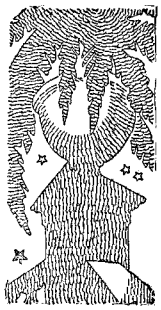


Tender Is the Night

Conclusion of the Novel

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

PART FOUR

X

FRAU KAETHE GREGOROVIUS overtook her husband on the path of their villa.

"How was Nicole?" she asked mildly; but she spoke out of breath, giving away the fact that she had held the question in her mind during her run.

Franz looked at her in surprise.

"Nicole's not sick. What makes you ask, dearest one?"

"You see her so much—I thought she must be sick."

"We will talk of this in the house."

Kaethe agreed meekly. His study was over in the administration building and the children were with their tutor in the living-room; they went up to the bedroom.

"Excuse me, Franz," said Kaethe before he could speak. "Excuse me, dearest one, I had no right to say that. I know my obligations and I am proud of them. But there is bad feeling between Nicole and me."

"Birds in their little nests agree," Franz thundered. Finding the tone inappropriate to the sentiment he repeated his command in the spaced and considered rhythm with which his old master, Doctor Dohmler, could cast significance on the tritest platitude. "Birds—in—their—little—nests—a*gree!*"

"I realize that. You haven't seen me fail in courtesy toward Nicole."

"I see you failing in common sense. Nicole is half a patient—she will possibly remain something of a patient all her life. In the absence of Dick I am responsible." He hesitated; sometimes as a quiet joke he tried to keep news from Kaethe who trod so close upon his heels.

"There was a cable from Rome this morning. Dick has had grippe and is starting home tomorrow."

Relieved, Kaethe pursued her course in a less personal tone:

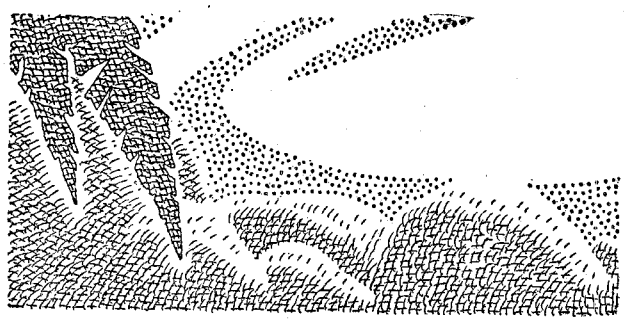
"I think Nicole is less sick than any one thinks—she only cherishes her illness now, as an instrument of power. She ought to be in the cinema, like your Norma Talmadge—that's where all American women would be happy."

"Are you jealous of Norma Talmadge, on a film?"

"I don't like Americans. They're selfish, *self*ish!"

"You like Dick?"

"I like him," she admitted. "He's different, he thinks of others."



—And so does Norma Talmadge, Franz said to himself. Norma Talmadge must be a fine, noble woman beyond her loveliness. They must compel her to play foolish rôles; Norma Talmadge must be a woman whom it would be a great privilege to know.

Kaethe had forgotten Norma Talmadge, a vivid shadow that she had fretted bitterly about one night as they were driving home from the movies in Zurich.

"—Dick married Nicole for her money," she said. "That was his weakness—you hinted as much yourself one night."

"You're being malicious."

"I shouldn't have said that," she retracted. "We must all live together like birds, as you say. But it's difficult when Nicole acts as—when Nicole pulls herself back a little, as if she were holding her breath—as if I *smelt* bad!"

Kaethe had touched a material truth. She did most of her work herself and frugally she bought few clothes. An American shop-girl, laundering two changes of underwear every night, would have noticed a hint of yesterday's reawakened sweat about Kaethe's person, less a smell than an ammoniacal reminder of the eternity of toil and decay. To Franz this was as natural as the thick dark scent of Kaethe's hair, and he would have missed it equally; but to Nicole, born hating the smell of a nurse's fingers dressing her, it was an offense only to be endured.

"And the children," Kaethe continued. "She doesn't like them to play with our children—" but Franz had heard enough:

"Hold your tongue—that kind of talk can hurt me professionally, since we owe this clinic to Nicole's money. Let us have lunch."

Kaethe realized that her outburst had been ill-advised, but Franz's last remark reminded her that other Americans had money, and a week later she put her dislike of Nicole into new words.

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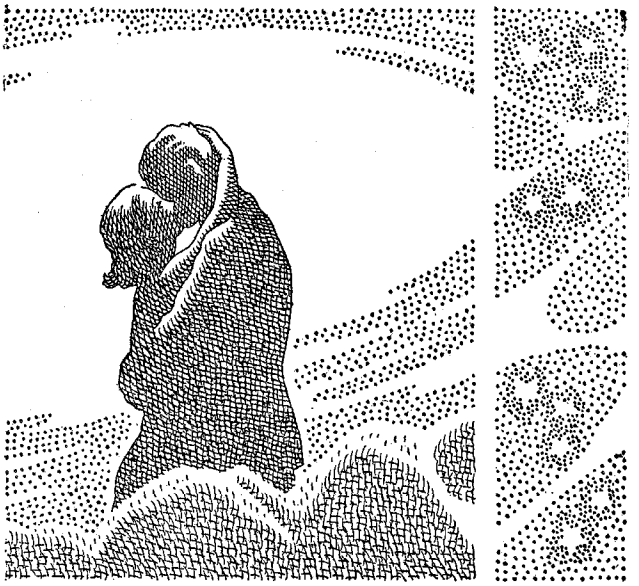


The occasion was the dinner they tendered the Divers upon Dick's return. Hardly had their footfalls ceased on the dirt path when she shut the door and said to Franz:

"Did you see around his eyes? He's been on a debauch!"

"Go gently," Franz requested. "Dick told me about that as soon as he came home. He was boxing on the trans-Atlantic ship. The American passengers box a lot on these trans-Atlantic ships."

"I believe that?" she scoffed. "It hurts him to move one of his arms and he has an unhealed scar on his temple—you can see where the hair's been cut away."

Franz had not noticed these details.

"But what?" Kaethe demanded. "Do you think that sort of thing does the Clinic any good? The liquor I smelt on him tonight, and several other times since he's been back."

She slowed her voice to fit the gravity of what she was about to say: "Dick is no longer a serious man."

Franz rocked his shoulders up the stairs, shaking off her persistence. In their bedroom he turned on her:

"He most certainly is a serious man and a brilliant man. Of all the men who have recently taken their degrees in neuro-pathology in Zurich, Dick has been regarded as the most brilliant—more brilliant than I could ever be."

"For shame!"

"It's the truth—the shame would be not to admit it. I turn to Dick when cases are highly involved. His publications are still standard in their line—go in a medical library and ask. Most students think he's an Englishman—they don't believe that such thoroughness could come out of America." He groaned domestically, taking his pajamas from under the pillow. "I can't understand why you talk this way, Kaethe—I thought you liked him."

"For shame!" Kaethe said. "You're the solid one, you do the work. It's a case of hare and tortoise—and in my opinion the hare's race is almost done."

"Tch! Tch!"

"Very well, then. It's true."

With his open hand he pushed down air briskly.

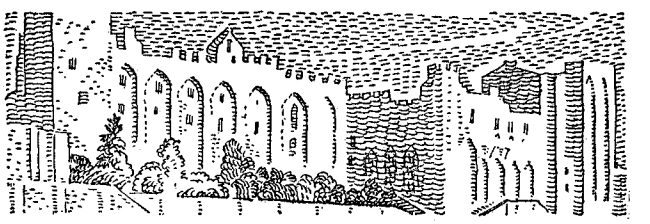
"Stop!"

The upshot was that they had exchanged view-points like debaters. Kaethe admitted to herself that she had been too hard on Dick, whom she admired and of whom she stood in awe, who had been so appreciative and understanding of herself. As for Franz, once Kaethe's idea had had time to sink in, he never after believed that Dick was a serious person. And as time went on he convinced himself that he had never thought so.

Dick told Nicole an expurgated version of the catastrophe in Rome—in his version he had gone philanthropically to the rescue of a drunken friend. He could trust Baby Warren to hold her tongue, since he had painted the disastrous effect of the truth upon Nicole. All this, however, was a low hurdle compared to the lingering effect of the episode upon him.

In reaction he took himself for an intensified beating in his work, so that Franz, trying to break with him, could find no basis on which to begin a disagreement. No friendship worth the name was ever destroyed in an hour without some painful flesh being torn from him; so Franz let himself believe with ever increasing conviction that Dick travelled intellectually and emotionally at such a rate of speed that the vibrations jarred him—this was a contrast that had previously been considered a virtue in their relation. So, for the shoddiness of need are shoes made out of last year's hide.

Yet it was May before Franz found an opportunity to insert the first wedge. Dick came into his office white and tired one noon and sat down, saying:



"Well, she's gone."

"She's dead?"

"The heart quit."

Dick sat exhausted in the chair nearest the door. During all the time he had remained three nights with her, three nights for three years, formally to portion out the adrenalin, but really to throw as much wan light as he could into the darkness ahead of the scabbed anonymous woman-artist he had loved.

Appreciating his feeling Franz travelled quickly over his opinion:

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"It was neuro-syphilis. All the Wassermans we took won't tell me differently. The spinal fluid——"

"Never mind," said Dick. "Oh, God, never mind! If she cared enough about her secret to take it away with her, let it go at that."

"You better lay off for a day."

"Don't worry, I'm going to."

Franz had his wedge; looking up from the telegram that he was writing to the woman's brother he inquired: "Want to take a little trip?"

"Not now."

"I don't mean a vacation. There's a case in Lausanne. I've been on the phone with a Chilian all morning——"

"She was so damn brave," said Dick. "And it took her so long." Franz shook his head sympathetically and Dick got himself together. "Excuse me for interrupting you."

"This is just a change—the situation is a father's problem with his son—the father can't get the son up here. He wants somebody to come down there."

"What is it? Alcoholism? Homosexuality? When you say Lausanne——"

"A little of everything."

"I'll go down. Is there any money in it?"

"Quite a lot, I'd say. Count on staying two or three days, and get the boy up here if he needs to be watched. In any case take your time, take your ease; combine business with pleasure."

After two hours' train sleep, practically on the bosom of a formidable, friendly Englishwoman, Dick felt renewed, and he approached the interview with Señor Pardo y Cuidad Real in good spirits.

These interviews were much of a type. Often the sheer hysteria of the family representative was as interesting psychologically as the condition of the patient. This one was no exception: Señor Pardo y Cuidad Real, a handsome iron-gray Spaniard, noble of carriage, with all the appurtenances of wealth and power, raged up and down his suite in the Hôtel des Trois Mondes and told the story of his son with no more self-control than a drunken woman.

. . . Two hours later Dick had given up the hopeless case of congenital homosexuality. But as he sat on the veranda with young Francisco and talked on automatically about the social aspects of his problem, a ghost of the past swam into his ken: a tall, singularly swaying male detached himself from the shrubbery and approached Dick and Francisco with feeble resolution. For a moment he formed such an apologetic part of the vibrant landscape of Lake Geneva that Dick scarcely remarked him—then Dick got to his feet, and shook hands with an abstracted air, thinking, "My God, I've stirred up a nest!" and tried to recollect the man's name.

"This is Doctor Diver, isn't it?"

"Well, well—Mr. Dumphry, isn't it?"

"Royal Dumphry. I had the pleasure of having dinner one night in that lovely garden of yours."

Trying to dampen Mr. Dumphry's enthusiasm, Dick went into impersonal chronology. "It was in nineteen-twenty-four—or twenty-five——"

He had remained standing but Royal Dumphry, shy as he had seemed at first, was no laggard with his pick and spade; he spoke to Francisco in a flip intimate manner, but the latter, ashamed of him, joined Dick in trying to freeze him away. It was too late: as if by a prearranged signal, similar types swarmed from the shrubbery, from the door of the bar, from the dining salon, from the canoe quays, even, so it seemed to Dick, out of the lake itself, so that presently he was surrounded by a group of a dozen. It was uncomfortable—Dick retired, to be followed by Royal Dumphry, who had gone into a condition that could only be described as emotional.

"Doctor Diver—one thing I want to say before you go. I've never forgotten that evening in your garden—how nice you and your wife were. To me it's one of the finest memories in my life, one of the happiest ones. I've always thought of it as the most civilized gathering of people that I have ever known."

Dick continued his crab-like retreat toward the nearest door of the hotel.

"I'm glad you remembered it so pleasantly. Now I've got to see——"

"I understand," Royal Dumphry pursued sympathetically. "I hear he's dying."

"Who's dying?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that—but we have the same physician."

Dick paused, regarding him in astonishment. "Who are you talking about?"

"Why, your wife's father—perhaps I——"

"My—*what?*"

"I suppose—you mean I'm the first person——"

"You mean my wife's father is here in Lausanne?"

"Why, I thought you knew—I thought that was why you were here."

"What doctor is taking care of him?"

He scrawled the name in a note book, excused himself, and hurried to a telephone booth.

It was convenient for Doctor Dangeu to see Doctor Diver at his house immediately.

Doctor Dangeu was a young Génevois; for a moment he was afraid that he was going to lose a profitable patient, but when Dick reassured him he divulged the fact that Mr. Warren was dying.

"He is only fifty but the liver has stopped restoring itself; the precipitating factor is alcoholism."

"Doesn't respond?"

"The man can take nothing except liquids—I give him three days, or at most, a week."

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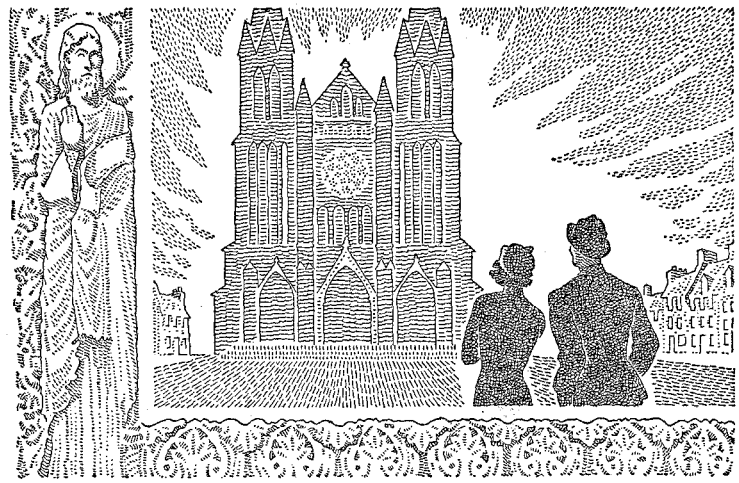

"Does his elder daughter, Miss Warren, know his condition?"

"By his own wish no one knows except the man-servant. It was only this morning I felt I had to tell him—he took it excitedly, although he has been in a very religious and resigned mood from the beginning of his illness."

Dick considered: "Well—" he decided slowly, "in any case I'll take care of the family angle. But I imagine they would want a consultation."

"As you like."

"I know I speak for them when I ask you to call in one of the best-known medicine men around the lake—Herbrugge, from Geneva?"

"I was thinking of Herbrugge."

"Meanwhile I'm here and I'll keep in touch with you." That evening Dick went to Señor Pardo y Cuidad Real and they talked.

"We have large estates in Chili—" said the old man. "My son could well be taking care of them. Or I can get him in any one of a dozen enterprises in Paris—" He shook his head and paced across the windows against a spring rain so cheerful that it did not even drive the swans to cover. "My only son! Can't you take him with you?"

The Spaniard knelt suddenly at Dick's feet.

"Can you cure my only son? I believe in you—you can take him with you, cure him."

"It's impossible to commit a person on such grounds. I wouldn't if I could."

The Spaniard got up from his knees.

"I have been hasty—I have been driven——"

Descending to the lobby Dick met Doctor Dangeu in the elevator.

"I was about to call your room," said the latter. "Can we speak out on the terrace?"

"Is Mr. Warren dead?" Dick demanded.

"He is the same—the consultation is in the morning. Meanwhile he wants to see his daughter—your wife—with the greatest fervor. It seems there was some quarrel——"

"I know all about that."

The doctors looked at each other, thinking.

"Why don't you talk to him before you make up your mind?" Dangeu suggested. "His death will be graceful—merely a weakening and sinking."

With an effort Dick consented.

"All right."

The suite in which Charles Warren was gracefully weakening and sinking was of the same size as that of the Señor Pardo y Cuidad Real—throughout this hotel there were many chambers wherein rich ruins, fugitives from justice, claimants to the thrones of mediatized principalities, lived on the derivatives of opium or barbitol listening eternally as to an unescapable radio, to the coarse melodies of old sins. This corner of Europe does not so much draw people as accept them without inconvenient questions. Routes cross here—people bound for private sanitariums or tuberculosis resorts in the mountains, people who are no longer *persona grata* in France or Italy.

The chambers of Señor Pardo y Cuidad Real had been light—this suite was darkened. A nun with a holy face was nursing the man, whose emaciated fingers stirred a rosary on the white sheet. He was still handsome and his voice summoned up a thick burr of individuality as he spoke to Dick, after Dangeu had left them together.

"We get a lot of understanding at the end of life. Only now, Doctor Diver, do I realize what it was all about."

Dick waited.

"I've been a bad man. You must know how little right I have to see Nicole again, yet a Greater Man than either of us says to forgive and to pity." The rosary slipped from his weak hands and slid off the smooth bed covers. Dick picked it up for him. "If I could see Nicole for ten minutes I would go happy out of the world."

"It's not a decision I can make for myself," said Dick. "Nicole is not strong." He made his decision but pretended to hesitate. "I can put it up to my professional associate."

"What your associate says goes with me—very well, Doctor. Let me tell you my debt to you is so large——"

Dick stood up quickly.

"I'll let you know the result through Doctor Dangeu."

In his room he called the clinic on the Züggersee. After a long time Kaethe answered from her own house.

"I want to get in touch with Franz."

"Franz is up on the Zügerberg. I'm going up myself—is it something I can tell him, Dick?"

"It's about Nicole—her father is dying here in Lausanne. Tell Franz that, to show him it's important; and ask him to phone me from up there."

"Oh, I will," said Kaethe.

"Tell him I'll be in my room at the hotel from three

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to four, and again from seven to eight, and after that to page me in the dining-room."

In plotting these hours he forgot to add that Nicole was not to be told; when he remembered it he was talking into a dead telephone. Certainly Kaethe would realize that.

. . . Kaethe, riding up to the Zügerberg, had no exact intention of telling Nicole about the call. The Zügerberg was a deserted hill of mountain wild flowers and secret winds where the patients were taken to ski in winter and to climb in spring. Getting off the train, Kaethe saw Nicole shepherding the children through some organized romp. Approaching, she drew her arm gently along Nicole's shoulder, saying: "You are clever with children —you must teach them more about swimming in the summer."

In the play they had grown hot, and Nicole's reflex in drawing away from Kaethe's arm was automatic to the point of rudeness. Kaethe's hand fell awkwardly into space, and then she too reacted, verbally, and deplorably.

"Did you think I was going to embrace you?" she demanded sharply. "It was only about Dick, I talked on the phone to him and I was sorry——"

"Is anything the matter with Dick?"

Kaethe suddenly realized her error, but she had taken a tactless course and there was no choice but to answer as Nicole pursued her with reiterated questions: ". . . then *why* were you sorry?"

"Nothing about Dick. I must talk to Franz."

"It *is* about Dick."

There was terror in her face and collaborating alarm in the faces of the Diver children, near at hand. Kaethe collapsed with: "Your father is ill in Lausanne—Dick wants to talk to Franz about it."

"Is he very sick?" Nicole demanded—just as Franz came up with his hearty hospital manner. Gratefully Kaethe passed the remnant of the buck to him—but the damage was done.

"I'm going to Lausanne," announced Nicole.

"One minute," said Franz. "I'm not sure it's advisable. I must first talk on the phone to Dick."

"Then I'll miss the train down," Nicole protested, "and then I'll miss the three o'clock from Zurich! If my father is dying I must—" She left this in the air, afraid to formulate it. "I *must* go. I'll have to run for the train." She was running even as she spoke toward the sequence of flat cars that crowned the bare hill with bursting steam and sound. Over her shoulder she called back, "If you phone Dick tell him I'm coming, Franz!" . . .

. . . Dick was in his own room in the hotel reading The New York Herald when the swallow-like nun rushed in—simultaneously the phone rang.

"Is he dead?" Dick demanded of the nun, hopefully.

"Monsieur, il est parti—he has gone way."

"*Comment?*"

"Il est parti—his man and his baggage have gone away too!"

It was incredible. A man in that condition to arise and depart.

Dick answered the phone-call from Franz. "You shouldn't have told Nicole," he protested.

"Kaethe told her, very unwisely."

"I suppose it was my fault. Never tell a thing to a woman till it's done. However, I'll meet Nicole . . . say, Franz, the damnedest thing has happened down here—the old bastard took up his bed and walked . . ."

"At what? What did you say?"

"I say he walked, old Warren—he walked!"

"But why not?"

"He was supposed to be dying of general collapse . . . he got up and walked away, back to Chicago, I guess . . . I don't know, the nurse is here now . . . I don't know, Franz—I've just heard about it . . . Call me later."

He spent the better part of two hours tracing Warren's movements. The patient had found an opportunity between the change of day and night nurses to resort to the bar where he had gulped down four whiskeys; he paid his hotel bill with a thousand-dollar note, instructing the desk that the change should be sent after him, and departed, presumably for America. A last-minute dash by Dick and Dangeu to overtake him at the station resulted only in Dick's failing to meet Nicole; when they did meet in the lobby of the hotel she seemed suddenly tired, and there was a tight purse to her lips that disquieted him.

"How's father?" she demanded.

"He's much better. He seemed to have a good deal of reserve energy after all." He hesitated, breaking it to her easy. "In fact he got up and went away."

Wanting a drink, for the chase had occupied the dinner hour, he led her, puzzled, toward the grill, and continued as they occupied two leather easy-chairs and ordered a high-ball and a glass of beer: "The man who was taking care of him made a wrong prognosis or something—wait a minute, I've hardly had time to think the damn thing out myself."

"He's *gone?*"

"He got the evening train for Paris."

They sat silent, Nicole in a blank, Dick trying to guess whether fear of the encounter with Nicole had provoked this false spurt of energy, or whether Dangeu had been mistaken all along. A phonograph was playing in the grill and momentarily the grotesque event blended with the unreality of "The Wedding of the Painted Doll."

A week later occurred an incident at the clinic. Stopping at the desk one morning for his mail, Dick became aware of some extra commotion outside: Patient Von

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Cohn Morris was going away. His parents, Australians, were putting his baggage vehemently into a large limousine, and beside them stood Doctor Lladislau protesting with ineffectual attitudes against the violent gesturings of Morris senior. The young man was regarding his debarkation with aloof cynicism as Doctor Diver approached.

"Isn't this a little sudden, Mr. Morris?"

Mr. Morris started as he saw Dick—his florid face and the large checks on his suit seemed to turn off and on like electric lights. He approached Dick as though to strike him.

"High time we left, we and those who have come with us," he began, and paused for breath. "It is high time, Doctor Diver. High time."

"Will you come into my office?" Dick suggested.

"Not I! I'll talk to you, but I'm washing my hands of you and your place."

"I'm sorry about that."

He shook his finger at Dick. "I was just telling this doctor here. We've wasted our time and our money."

Doctor Lladislau stirred in a feeble negative, signalling up a vague slavic evasiveness. Dick had never liked Lladislau. He managed to walk the excited Australian along the path in the direction of his office, trying to persuade him to enter; but the man shook his head.

"It's *you,* Doctor Diver, *you,* the very man. I went to Doctor Lladislau because you were not to be found, Doctor Diver, and because Doctor Gregorovius is not expected until the night-fall, and I would not wait. No, sir! I would not wait a minute after my son told me the truth."

He came up menacingly to Dick, who kept his hands loose enough to drop him if it seemed necessary; the man continued: "My son is here for alcoholism, and he told us he smelled liquor on your breath. Yes, sir!" He made a quick, apparently unsuccessful sniff at his own nasal problems. "Not once, but twice Von Cohn says he has smelled liquor on your breath. I and my lady have never touched a drop of it in our lives. We hand Von Cohn over to you to be cured, and within a month he twice smells liquor on your breath! What kind of cure is that there?"

Dick hesitated; Mr. Morris was quite capable of making a scene on the clinic drive.

"After all, Mr. Morris, some people are not going to give up what they regard as food because of your son——"

"But you're a doctor, man!" cried Morris furiously. "When the workmen drink their beer that's bad 'cess to them—but you're here supposing to cure——"

"This has gone too far. Your son came to us because of kleptomania."

"What was behind it?" The man was almost shrieking now. "Drink—black drink. Do you know what color black is? It's black! My own uncle was hung by the neck because of it, you hear! My son comes to a sanitarium, and a doctor reeks of it!"

"I must ask you to leave."

"You *ask* me! We *are* leaving!"

"If you could be a little temperate we could tell you the results of the treatment to date. Naturally, since you feel as you do, we would not want your son as a patient——"

"You dare to use the word temperate to me?"

Dick called to Doctor Lladislau and as he approached, said: "Will you represent us in saying good-bye to the patient and to his family?"

He bowed slightly to Morris and went into his office, and stood rigid for a moment just inside the door. With apprehension he watched until they drove away, the gross parents, the bland, degenerate offspring: it was easy to prophesy the family's swing around Europe, bullying their betters with hard ignorance and hard money. But what absorbed Dick after the disappearance of the caravansary was the question as to what extent he had provoked this. He drank claret with each meal, took a night-cap, generally in the form of hot rum, and sometimes he tippled with gin in the afternoons—gin was the most difficult to detect on the breath. He was averaging a half-pint of alcohol a day, too much for his system to burn up.

Dismissing a tendency to justify himself, he sat down at his desk and wrote out, like a prescription, a regime that would cut his liquor in half. Doctors, chauffeurs, and Protestant clergymen could never smell of liquor, as could painters, brokers, cavalry leaders; Dick blamed himself only for indiscretion. But the matter was by no means clarified half an hour later when Franz, revivified by an Alpine fortnight, rolled up the drive, so eager to resume work that he was plunged in it before he reached his office. Dick met him there.

"How was Mount Everest?"

"We could very well have done Mount Everest the

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rate we were doing. We thought of it. How goes it all? How is my Kaethe, how is your Nicole?"

"All goes smooth domestically. But my God, Franz, we had a rotten scene this morning."

"How? What was it?"

Dick walked around the room while Franz got in touch with his villa. After the family exchange was over Dick said: "The Morris boy was taken away—there was a row."

Franz's buoyant face fell.

"I knew he'd left. I met Lladislau on the veranda."

"What did Lladislau say?"

"Just that young Morris had gone—that you'd tell me about it. What about it?"

"The usual incoherent reasons."

"He was a devil, that boy."

"He was a case for anesthesia," Dick agreed. "Anyhow, the father had beaten Lladislau into a colonial subject by the time I came along. What about Lladislau? Do we keep him? I say no—he's not much of a man, he can't cope with anything." Dick hesitated on the verge of the truth, swung away to give himself space within which to recapitulate. Franz perched on the edge of a desk, still in his linen duster and travelling gloves. Dick said:

"One of the remarks the boy made to his father was that your distinguished collaborator was a drunkard. The man is a fanatic, and the descendant seems to have caught traces of vin-du-pays on me."

Franz sat down, musing on his lower lip. "You can tell me at length," he said finally.

"Why not now?" Dick suggested. "This is the sort of case where Lladislau isn't any use—he must know I'm the last man to abuse liquor." His eyes and Franz's glinted on each other, pair on pair. "He let the man get so worked up that I was on the defensive. It might have happened in front of patients, and you can imagine how hard it could be to defend yourself in a situation like that!"

Franz took off his gloves and coat. He went to the door and told the secretary, "Don't disturb us." Coming back into the room he flung himself at the long table and fooled with his mail, reasoning as little as is characteristic of people in such postures, rather summoning up a suitable mask for what he had to say.

"Dick, I know well that you are a temperate, well-balanced man, even though we do not entirely agree on the subject of alcohol. But a time has come—Dick, I must say frankly that I have been aware several times that you have had a drink when it was not the moment to have one. There is some reason. Why not try another leave of abstinence?"

"Absence," Dick corrected him. "Where's your English? Anyhow it's no solution for me to go away."

They were both chafed, Franz at having his return marred and blurred.

"Sometimes you don't use your common sense, Dick."

"I never understood what common sense meant applied to complicated problems—unless it means that a general practitioner can perform a better operation than a specialist."

He was seized by an overwhelming disgust for the situation. To explain, to patch—these were not natural functions at their age—better to go on with the cracked echo of an old truth in the ears.

"This is no go," he said suddenly.

"Well, that's occurred to me," Franz admitted. "Your heart isn't in this project any more, Dick."

"I know. I want to leave—we could strike some arrangement about taking Nicole's money out gradually."

"I have thought about that too, Dick—I have seen this coming. I am able to arrange other backing, and it will be possible to take all your money out by the end of the year."

Dick had not intended to come to a decision so quickly, nor was he prepared for Franz's so ready acquiescence in the break, yet he was relieved. Not without desperation he had long felt the ethics of his profession dissolving into a lifeless mass.

XI

The Divers would return to the Riviera, which was home. The Villa Diana had long been rented for the summer, so they divided the intervening time between German spas and half a dozen French cathedral towns where they were always happy for a few days. Dick wrote a little with no particular method; it was one of those parts of life that is an awaiting; not upon Nicole's health, which seemed to thrive on travel, nor upon the work, but simply an awaiting. The factor that gave purposefulness to the period was the children.

Dick's interest in them increased with their ages, eleven and nine. He managed to reach them over the heads of employees on the principle that both the forcing of children and the fear of forcing them were inadequate substitutes for the long, careful watchfulness, the checking and balancing and reckoning of accounts, to the end that there should be no slip below a certain level of duty. This had been a hard climb ever since the break between generations after the war.

Dick came to know the children better than Nicole did, and in expansive moods over the wines of many countries he talked and played with them at length. They had that wistful charm, almost a sadness, peculiar to children who have learned early not to cry or laugh with abandon; they were apparently moved to no extremes of emotion, but content with a simple regimentation and the simple pleasures allowed them. They lived on the even tenor found advisable in the

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Little White Girl

A STORY

By Sara Haardt

SUSIE TARLETON spread out her skirts, sat down on a patch of Bermuda grass under the big oak tree, and started digging rapidly in the damp ground in front of her. When she had scooped out a triangular hole about the size of the piece of broken window glass she was using as a trowel, she laid the glass down and rested her chin on her knees. For a moment it came to her, with a twinge of guilt, that she shouldn't be here digging in the dirt in her fresh afternoon clothes—she should be out on the front veranda, or stringing four o'clocks in the garden, like a good little girl. But she hated playing by herself when there was Pinky to play with.

Pinky was Aunt Hester's little girl, born the month before Susie, and they had played on the same pallet spread under the big oak tree when they were babies, for Aunt Hester was Susie's mammy. Now that she was eight years old Susie didn't need a mammy any more, except to help her dress in the afternoon, but she hadn't missed a day playing with Pinky—and she never would!

"Pinky, Pinky," she called in her high treble. "Here I am under the oak tree!"

There was a scurrying, as of a frantic little animal, along the path from Aunt Hester's cabin, and with a winged leap Pinky was there. She wasn't very black—her satiny yellow skin merely looked as if she had a good tan—and Aunt Hester had trained her stiff black hair to lie flat to her head. Susie loved the feel of Pinky's skin, and the smell of the magnolia balm that Aunt Hester greased her hair with, and the fresh starchy smell of Pinky's calico dresses. She loved everything about Pinky with all her heart.

"You can pick the roses while I'm finishing the nest for them," she told Pinky now, and Pinky ran as fast as her skinny legs could carry her to the garden.

Susie continued digging in the damp ground with the triangular piece of glass, and when she had finished she leaned her head against the trunk of the big oak tree. She closed her eyes and sniffed in the sweetly saturated afternoon air. It was nice, she told herself, to play with Pinky.

Even on the hottest day the big oak tree with its mauve cool shade was a wonderful play-house. It was so quiet and far away that no grown-up could intrude upon it without a warning rustle of leaves and boughs. Susie was sure the little white girl who was moving on the next plantation and who was coming to spend the day with her tomorrow, would think it was wonderful too. It was strange to think of a little girl living near her—a little *white* girl named Alice Louise Pratt.

She stood up quickly and curtsied, as she would tomorrow when Alice Louise came to see her. "I am Susie Tarleton," she rehearsed in a small voice. "Who are you?"

"I's hurryin'," Pinky answered her from the garden. "I's comin' fas' as I kin."

Susie dropped her skirts, and stiffened. She hadn't told Pinky about Alice Louise, and for some reason unknown to her, she didn't want to tell Pinky.

She stood there motionless with her hands clasped tightly behind her while Pinky fluttered along the garden path like a gay butterfly with the flowers held high for her to see.

"Here I is!" Pinky called joyously.

Susie parted her lips to answer but her throat was dry, and no sound came. She looked at Pinky's shining face, and reached out her hands for the bouquet.

The next instant both of them dropped on the ground beneath the big oak tree, and Susie forgot all about Alice Louise. Nobody could play penny-poppy show like Pinky! Susie held the bouquet while Pinky patted the sides of the hole in the ground she had made with the glass, leaving a few clods of earth loose to stick the flower stems in. Swiftly yet carefully Pinky lined the

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hole with camphor leaves; then she selected first one rose and then another.

When she was through, she paused and drew a bunch of lavender from the bosom of her calico dress. "I dunno why I picked *this,* when you said the show was to be onliest of roses, but seem like I couldn't pass it by."

"Oh, it looks *sweet,* Pinky!" Susie cried. The pungent smell of the lavender thrilled her nostrils more than the fragrance of the roses. She flashed a warm smile across the gathering dusk: Pinky's taste was perfect; the lavender and the roses looked far lovelier together than the roses ever could have looked by themselves.

Pinky tucked in the last plume of lavender, and started to polish the piece of glass on her plain little ticking underskirt. Then she held up the glass expertly by the very edge so she would not leave any fingerprints on it. The secret of penny-poppy show was to cover the flowers in the ground with the shining glass, then to cover the glass with dirt scraped out of the hole, and to scrape a peep-hole in the dirt to look through; but somehow, this afternoon Susie couldn't bear to see the flowers covered up.

"Wait just a minute!" she cried, and stooping swiftly buried her nose in them as if this were the last time she would ever fill her nostrils with their fragrance.

Pinky waited silently until she sat up; Susie helped her put the glass over the flowers, and, finally, pat the earth over the glass until the ground was as smooth as it had been before. Pinky gathered up the fallen petals, and looked inquiringly at Susie.

According to rule, Susie should scrape back the earth now so they could see the flowers, framed in their nest like a picture, but she sat still, her eyes staring at the ground.

"Dey'll be jes' as fresh tomorrow," Pinky said very softly. "I wuz careful to stick their stems clean th'ugh the wet dirt."

"Let's wait until tomorrow to look at it," Susie answered quickly, before Pinky had got the word out of her mouth.

"Dey'll be jes' as pretty," Pinky promised.

"Tomorrow, then." Susie got up, and walked with Pinky to the far edge of the shadow cast by the big oak tree in the deepening twilight. It was Pinky's supper-time, and she waved a hand to Susie as she disappeared down the path to Aunt Hester's cabin.

Susie stood watching the tall grass on the sides of the path that Pinky's flight had set in motion, then she turned and walked back to the big oak tree. It was quite dark underneath the sheltering branches and invisible insects flew with a humming sound past her ears. A light bloomed in the kitchen of the house. It would soon be *her* supper-time, time for her to go up the trim paths of the garden to the house, yet she lingered in the spooky shadow of the big oak tree.

When, at last, she did go, she ran with all her might and main, staring hard at the bright light in the kitchen, and passing unheeded the white evening flowers that bloomed newly at her feet.

II

In the morning Susie waited on the front veranda behind the Madeira vines for the automobile that would bring Alice Louise. She wore a fresh afternoon dress and her black patent-leather Mary Jane slippers, and her eyes blazed with excitement until they blotted out the rest of her round little face. Impatiently she rehearsed her meeting with Alice Louise.

She stood up and curtsied. "I am Susie Tarleton. Who are you?"

Before Alice Louise had time to reply, "I am Alice Louise Pratt, your new playmate, who has come to see you," a shiny black car turned off the road on to the drive, and stopped at the side of the house.

Susie felt like skipping down the steps to meet Alice Louise, as she skipped down the kitchen steps every morning to meet Pinky, but she stood, motionless, in a breathless hush. Through a hole in the Madeira vine she saw a white man in uniform climb out of the driver's seat, and open the back door of the car. After an incredibly long moment a little girl stepped out sedately; she walked past the man without a word, and the man followed her, carrying a small tan bag with gold letters on it.

They had only a few steps to walk from the car to the veranda steps, yet every detail of the little girl's perfection was imprinted upon Susie's mind. She saw the expensive plainness of the white dress, the pin-tucks and carefully fitted sleeves and rich creamy material. She saw the little girl's slippers, so finely made of dull leather with shaped heels. She saw the little girl's finely woven hat with a blue-velvet ribbon—velvet in summer!—round the crown.

Susie thought of her old sun hat made of plaited grasses, forgotten until now on the landing upstairs, that she wore when she wore any hat at all, and blushed. She was blushing furiously when she faced the little girl at last, and instead of curtsying as she had practised, she backed shyly a few steps.

The little girl bowed to her, and said, "I am Alicia Pratt. Are you Susie Tarleton?"

Susie bowed then, and answered her, "Yes, I am Susie Tarleton. I am glad you have come. But my mother said your name was Alice Louise."

"I changed my name," Alicia announced in a clear, precise voice. "I was named for my Grandmother Pratt but she's dead and I won't be named such a funny name any more."

"Won't you—won't you take off your hat?" gulped Susie. She had never, even in story books, seen anybody

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as pretty as Alicia. Her skin was really-truly as pale as the petals of a white japonica, her hair, now that her hat was off, was as fine as silk and a beautiful golden color all the way through, not just streaked with golden lights like her own brown mop. And she had what Aunt Hester called "airs and graces."

"You can leave my bag, George," she told the man carelessly. "I'll expect you at five."

Susie was aghast. Perhaps she had better invite Alicia into her mother's drawing-room until Alicia decided what she wanted to play. "Did you want to change your dress first—or anything?" she asked shyly.

"Oh, no," Alicia assured her. "I don't suppose we'll *hurt* anything. I hate rough games."

"Do you know any games?" Susie inquired eagerly.

"I knew about twenty games before I got tired of them," Alicia answered with royal detachment. "I had a playroom all to myself in our house in town and I used to play bagatelle with my governess."

"Bagatelle?" Susie marvelled. She held back the curtains of the drawing-room, and waited uneasily for Alicia's next move.

Alicia smiled. "Tell me about *your* games," she commanded.

For a moment Susie was so rattled she could not speak. She couldn't, she decided swiftly, tell Alicia about the penny-poppy show, or about the corn-silk dolls that she and Pinky played with, or about catching doodles with a broomstraw dabbled in spit. "Well," she hesitated, "I know a *few* games, but I'm afraid you'll hurt your dress."

"Name one," persisted Alicia.

Susie wet her dry lips. "I like to catch doodles," she ventured. "I know a song to sing to them that charms them right out of their holes."

"Ugh!" shivered Alicia. "I wouldn't touch one of the nasty things for a *fortune*."

"We might play greenie," Susie ventured.

"How very silly!" Alicia's soft syllables took away their sting. "It's only a baby game."

"I tell you what," Susie warmly promised. "Let's go out under the big oak tree and call Pinky. I'll take a pillow so you won't hurt your dress. Pinky's a million times better at games than I am!"

There fell a strangely chilling silence, broken by Alicia's polite question, "And who is Pinky?"

Susie blushed. "Why, Pinky's my best friend—my playmate," she answered simply, and though she knew Alicia had never had such a wonderful playmate she felt vaguely apologetic and unhappy.

III

The sun was shining brightly but it was cool under the big oak tree. Susie laid the pillow on the ground close to the trunk, and Alicia sat upon it daintily, her delicate little hands in her lap, like a princess upon a throne.

"Pinky, Pinky," called Susie happily, reassured by her familiar outdoors.

Pinky came running along the path from Aunt Hester's cabin like a streak of flame, for she was wearing one of her red calico dresses. She stopped short and bobbed her head with the friendliest of smiles when she reached the shade of the oak tree.

"Hurry up, Pinky," Susie called. "We're waiting for you to play games." Then, with naïve pleasure, she turned to Alicia. "This is my playmate Pinky, Alicia. She's the one I told you about."

Alicia stared at Pinky with her cool gray eyes until Pinky picked at the hem of her dress nervously. "How do you do?" Alicia said at last, icily. "*Miss* Susie said you could play games but I think I'd rather look over her mother's fashion-books. I'd like a glass of water, too, if you please."

Pinky's mouth opened distressedly, and closed. She looked at Susie for help, and Susie gulped. "Please bring us a pitcher of water, Pinky. And all mother's fashion-books on her sewing-table."

Pinky flashed her a bewildered look, and began walking slowly to the house. All the life was gone from her step. Susie felt the blood boiling in her veins as she watched her out of sight: she could have turned upon Alicia and clawed her to pieces. Yet, she didn't. She didn't lift her hand, or say a word.

Alicia stirred on her cushion, and her finely starched dress rustled like tissue paper. "She's a nigger," she declared in her sharp little voice. "The very idea of your playing with a nigger!"

"I like her," Susie said stubbornly, the red burning in her cheeks. "I've always played with her."

"Maybe you did when you were a baby," Alicia's syllables fell silvery cool, "but you're entirely too big to play with her now. Why, you're as grown as I am, and I haven't played with a nigger in ages!"

Susie moved into the darkest spot of the shade, and sat down. She felt, literally, sick inside, as if her stomach were twisting in agony and her heart were too hurt to beat any more. The worst of it was she could not answer Alicia easily, for Alicia's manner *had* made her feel different about Pinky—as though she were siding with Alicia against Pinky whether she wanted to or no.

"Pinky is my mammy's little girl, and we grew up together," she explained again, carefully, despising herself the while.

"Well, you don't have to play with her any more—now," declared Alicia.

Susie nodded and looked up with a half-smile, but her pleasure in Alicia, in the clear golden morning, was gone. She started digging in the earth with a broken

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twig, to keep from thinking of what she would *say* to Pinky when she came back. I'll say I'd rather play with *her* any day in the week, that's what I'll say, she told herself. I'll say, Alicia or no little white girl will ever make me stop playing with her, that's what I'll say!

Presently Pinky came out of the kitchen door and walked slowly toward them with a pitcher of water and some glasses on a tray. The twig dropped from Susie's hand, and she made a quick motion to Pinky to set the tray beside Alicia.

"*Miss* Alicia would like some water," she said in a flat voice, faintly imitative of Alicia's.

Pinky nodded. Her little yellow face with her sparkling chinquapin eyes had hardened into a mask of sober deference. She set the tray down, and carefully poured a glass of water, without looking at either Susie or Alicia. Susie was amazed. Pinky's manner was as remote, as impersonal, as if they had never met before. In the short space it had taken her to walk into the house and back, Pinky had become a little parlor maid who knew her place. Not even when Susie caught her eye at last and smiled warmly did she blink an eyelid.

"Here are the fashion-books," she said in a flat tone, and put them beside Alicia. Then she did something that caught at Susie's heart like a spasm of pain—she backed away a few steps and curtsied, as the older servants did to Susie's mother, their mistress. The gesture was so admirable that Alicia bowed in acknowledgment.

But Susie closed her eyes to hide the tears swimming in them, and when she looked up again Pinky was gone. In the deepening shade of the big oak tree Alicia seemed paler, more precious, than ever. Like a white japonica, Susie thought with a sharp twinge of jealousy.

Yet she moved over toward her obediently a moment later, when Alicia called to her to come choose paper-dolls.

IV

All during the time she was choosing paper-dolls with Alicia, and even while she was accepting Alicia's invitation to spend the day with *her* tomorrow, Susie was looking forward to the time when Alicia would be gone, and she could call to Pinky to come look at their penny-poppy show under the big oak tree. At last Alicia went home in the shiny black car, and she was alone. It was getting dark but no darker than yesterday, when they had made the penny-poppy show. And Pinky had said the flowers would be as fresh as the day they were picked.

Susie ran to the big oak tree, calling, "Pinky, Pinky," at the top of her lungs. How free she felt as she ran along the path without Alicia tagging her! It was darker under the tree than she had thought, but if Pinky would hurry they would still be able to see the penny-poppy show. "Pinky, Pinky!" she called softly, urgently, and tilted her head sideways so she could hear Pinky's first running steps.

At first she heard only the hum of invisible insects, flying past her ears, and then the humming deepened to the sound of human voices. She recognized Aunt Hester scolding Pinky, and Aunt Hester's words came clear and hard, like the sound of hickory nuts falling to frozen ground.

"You kin go an' speak to her if it'll ease yo' pain but you tell her you know the diff'ence between a white chile and a black chile, and y'all cain't play together no more. Hit wuz boun' to come. Quit that snifflin' an' go yonder an' tell her lak I tole you."

After a while Pinky came up the path from the cabin. She did not run like a streak of light this time. She came slowly, and she wiped her eyes on the hem of her calico dress.

Susie waited for her under the oak tree near the penny-poppy show, but she knew only too well that they would not look at the penny-poppy show, or ever make another together.

"I heard Aunt Hester," she told Pinky. "I heard what Aunt Hester said." Although her voice sounded calm and grown-up like Alicia's her heart felt as if it would break.

Pinky stood before her in the dim light, rubbing one lovely yellow hand over the other, and it came to Susie that it was really Aunt Hester who had stopped Pinky from playing with her—not Alicia or herself. Susie *had* given in to Alicia while Alicia was her guest, as was proper, but Pinky knew she would come back, Pinky knew Susie loved her better than all the little white girls in the world.

"I can't play with you no more," Pinky said at last. "Mammy says I can't play with you no more."

"I heard her," Susie answered, and in the dim light her face looked as white as Alicia's.

"I have to go back," Pinky whispered, and curtsied as she had before Alicia, "unless—unless you *want* anything."

Susie nodded imperiously as Alicia had nodded before her, as all the little white girls for generations back had nodded to their little black playmates. Only, Susie felt the tears dripping down her throat, and so bitter were they that they tasted like brine in her mouth. "No," she mimicked Alicia completely, "I don't *care* for anything."

For the briefest moment Pinky hesitated; then she turned and walked slowly down the path the way she had come.

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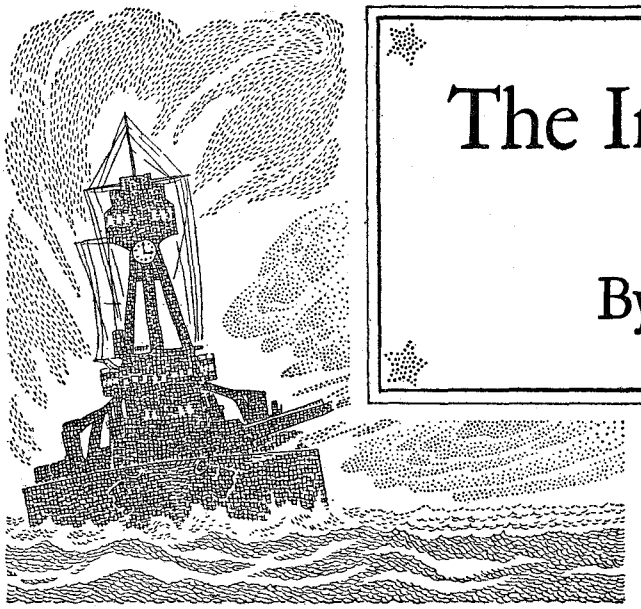

The Incendiary Mahan

A BIOGRAPHY

By Louis M. Hacker

Admiral Mahan's book, "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History," exerted a tremendous influence and, as Mr. Hacker shows, was a contributing factor in the World War. At the present moment in history, this biography is especially important

"It is not the business of a naval officer to write books." —*Chief, Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, 1892.*

I

It was not until 1886, when he was forty-six years old, that the life history of Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan, U.S.N., really began. Rarely are we afforded an opportunity of taking a snapshot, as it were, of a great man about to open the door on his career. How infrequently can we really say, This is the time, here is the place—forget about the subtly shaping influences of birth, education, friends, marriage, collision with the outside world—when our hero and his destiny first met? In the case of Mahan we can do it: for up to 1886, already on the threshold of middle age, he was one of those characteristic middle-class Americans, part success, greater part failure, whose lives had never left the well-beaten track of respectable activity. Mahan happens to have been a naval officer who for thirty years as boy and man had served competently but without distinction in American warships and at training stations and navy yards; in another ten years he would have been eligible for retirement and the growing of roses in the front yard of a Long Island home. He might have been, for all the difference that it made, a doctor slowly collecting a competence in a Middle Western town, or a teacher of moral philosophy at a well-endowed New England denominational college, or a small manufacturer of steel wire about to be bought out by a Chicago promoter. A patriotic citizen, a churchgoer, a good husband and father, a man of small—really no—intellectual, artistic, and political interests: he was, in short, an average American when the door of opportunity swung ajar in 1886. Let us view him entering.

The scene is Coaster's Harbor Island in Narragansett Bay, a short mile and one-half or so north of Newport, Rhode Island. Here, in an old stone house that formerly sheltered Newport's poor but is now the property of the Navy Department, is to be located the newly established Naval War College to which Mahan has been assigned. Looking across the tranquil waters of the harbor one can see Newport, which, originally settled by Antinomians driven out of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and in its early years a refuge for Quakers, Baptists, and Jews, is now America's fashionable watering-place: pretentious cottages, in their miniature parks, line both sides of Bellevue Avenue and are perched among the rocks overlooking the ocean on the east and south. In the eighteenth century British sugar planters of the West Indies and Southern tidewater tobacco growers sent their families here each summer; and though these have been long since gone and their places taken by newly rich merchants and bankers from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, the atmosphere is still unmistakably Old World Colonial.

The weather is as salubrious as an English summer's, the hospitality is generous, the wines are excellent: the secretaries of the Washington legations and English younger sons can really not be blamed for flocking each season to this captivating place where they charm the ladies of the new grand houses and in turn are charmed by their marriageable daughters who are beautiful and rich. Mahan, despite the fact that he was but one-fourth English—his paternal grandparents were Irish Catholics, his maternal grandmother was American "with a strong strain of French blood," and only his maternal grandfather was English—was always sure that the English strain in him predominated and he must have felt that now at last he was coming home.

In this setting, then, we find Mahan on a summer's day in 1886 before the abandoned almshouse that is to

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be the scene of his future activities. He is a tall, thin man with a rather stiff carriage as befits a naval officer. His skin is fair, his eyes are light blue but not soft, his sandy Vandyke is streaked with gray, the skull of his head is already shining through the thin hair. The finely cut features of the face are in repose; the lips are thin, the jaws firmly set. Plainly a reserved person: that may be expected of a seafaring man: and surely no nonsense about him—no inner fires, no uncertainties. It will be no cause for surprise when we learn from him later that he is intensely religious but that his faith is almost completely a personal and well-regulated affair between himself and his Anglican God. Who but a philosopher of death and destruction—as Mahan was to become—could write in the following vein?

"As a matter of experience, starting in life with a fearful and apprehensive mind, I find constantly growing the feeling of hopeful confidence. God has stood by me so often, surely I can trust Him now. I sum it all up in the reiteration of my sure and joyful confidence that I have tried God these many years and found Him ever faithful; faithful not only in the ordering of my external life, but still more faithful in the gradual increase to me of that knowledge of God, in which standeth our eternal life. . . ."

What he is—he is still an unformed man intellectually—he has been made entirely by his external experiences. The son of an instructor of military and civil engineering at West Point, Mahan elected to follow the sea as a profession and was entered at Annapolis and duly graduated in 1859. Then followed long, humdrum years of unchanging service in the curious ships of the old American navy: in full-rigged frigates that carried their guns in broadside as they did in the days of Drake, in little steam corvettes with full complements of sail, in iron double-ender paddle steamers, in steam sloops with iron-plated sides, in river gunboats. He had spent two years as a midshipman on the Brazil Station, his ship idly oscillating between Montevideo and Rio; he had gone through almost the whole Civil War in the South Atlantic and West Gulf Blockading Squadrons without scarcely ever sighting an enemy ship; as second in command in 1867 he had helped take the *Iroquois,* an old steam corvette of but 700 tons, to the Asiatic Station by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The *Iroquois,* rated as a fast steamer but also rigged as a sloop and using sail when the winds were fair for her course, had taken nine months to cross to its post in the China Sea: there had been exciting days for a twenty-seven-year-old lieutenant-commander in such strange places as Madagascar, Aden, Muscat, India, Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, and the newly opened Japanese cities. For a brief time he had had the command of his own ship; but it had been sold almost at once and late in 1869 he was ordered home, this time electing to proceed leisurely overland by way of India, Suez, and Europe. It had been his only journey to the Orient; and when he came to write of it as an old man his impressions were vague and for the most part insignificant. One deeply etched memory there had been, however: that of the ubiquitous English soldier. Then the presence of the redcoats had largely meant English clubs, a chance to read the service periodicals and an occasional military history, pleasant chats with fellow officers in one's own tongue. Later, when Mahan was a personage, he was to write oracularly of the English Tommy: "He is no chance phenomenon, but an obvious effect of a noteworthy cause; an incident of current history, the exponent, unconsciously to himself, of many great events."

The following fifteen years slipped by drowsily: the assignments were dull, the work routine, the friendships uninspiring. For a brief period Mahan was shaken out of slumber when he was asked to write a short history of the Civil War naval operations in the gulf and inland waters. Vicariously he lived the great days of the opening of the Mississippi; with luckier sea dogs than he had been he broke through the sea frontiers of the Confederacy and swept up the streams upon which the Southern States had counted to link their eastern and western halves. The book was published and politely received. Then silence again engulfed him as he walked the bridge of the steam sloop *Wachusett* on the South Pacific Station, protecting a non-existent American merchant marine from imaginary dangers.

At last the miracle that was never to come happened. Admiral Stephen B. Luce had been detached from command of the North Atlantic Fleet to assume the duties of superintendent of a newly created naval war college where for a brief time every year naval officers could study the art of war as it applied to the sea. The college would want a lecturer for naval history and naval tactics. Would he, wrote Luce to Mahan, care to join the staff of an organization that might be here today and gone tomorrow, that had no physical plant, next to no appropriation, and about which the bureaucrats at Washington were cool? The letter reached Mahan somewhere off Callao, Peru, late in 1884. He replied eagerly in the affirmative, for seafaring by now had grown definitely distasteful; two years however slowly went by before he reached Coaster's Harbor Island and the scene of his new duties.

Mahan had a whole year's freedom for reading and thinking from the time he landed in the United States until he reported at Newport. In September, 1886, he was ready: and before a handful of officers he began to lecture upon the "effect of naval power upon general history." Out of this academic exercise, four years later—they were almost entirely years of official persecution of both the Naval War College and himself—emerged the *Influence of Sea Power upon History.* The body of the

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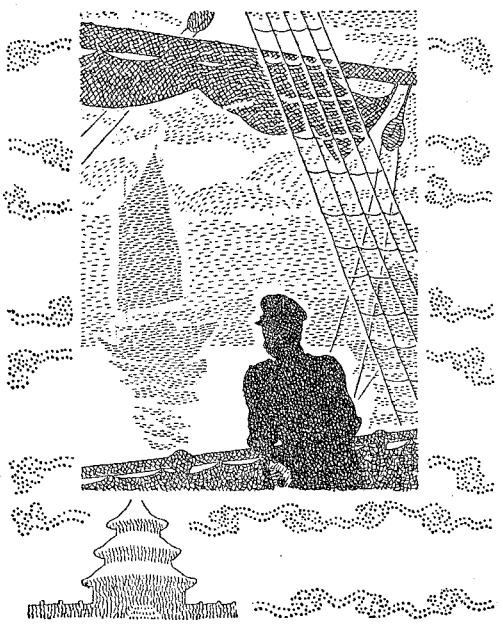
book, in itself, was neither original nor important: written ten years earlier it could have been dismissed as another convenient summary of the naval events of the years 1660–1783: but because it had the misfortune to drop into a soil ready for it *The Influence of Sea Power* became a work whose immediate consequences were among the most terrible in history. Mahan, unwittingly, had furnished the rival imperialistic powers of Great Britain and Germany a keen sword that was to destroy both. Had he known, as he looked over the waters of Narragansett Bay that summer's day in 1886, that this was to be his destiny, would he have turned back? To his old wooden tubs, to more empty days at sea, to calls at one fever port after another? Because Mahan died on December 1, 1914, one cannot be sure what his answer might have been.



We have here a strange record to deal with: that of an American who had not only spent all his life in the service of his country, but whose physical experiences and external habits of living were typically American: looking at him or his portrait one could truly say without hesitation, There stands a Yankee. But a remarkable splitting of personality had taken place somewhere: his mind, even his emotional reactions, certainly his prejudices, were characteristically English. It is as though the spirit of some eighteenth-century English sea fighter, a little more literate than most of that breed, had taken lodgment in his late nineteenth-century American body. For Mahan thought and felt like an Englishman: small wonder that the English, when Mahan began to speak, should immediately have sensed that his message was peculiarly designed for their ears!

This then is the biography of an American whose spiritual home was England. The history of England and the death struggle in which it was forced to engage during the years 1885–1914 are the backgrounds of our story. The United States of the same thirty years is distant and shadowy.

II

The two generations of middle-class Englishmen who ruled Britannia from the close of the Napoleonic Wars to the middle of the eighteen-seventies lived in a fair world. Not only was political and economic power theirs: they had a docile laboring class with which to cope, trained mariners for their merchant ships, a limitless supply of coal at home: but European rivals were handicapped by problems of post-war reconstruction and national consolidation. Thus endowed by nature and favored by fortune, England became the workshop and the banking office of the Western world. The face of her northern counties was blackened from the smoke of a thousand factory fires; millions of men and women never ceased toiling, except for sleep, practically from the days of their birth until they died. To a song of cheapness—buy materials and labor cheap (but sell goods and services dear)—coal was mined, cotton goods fabricated, structural iron, tools, nails, and pans manufactured to be carried by English ships and hawked by English agents among every civilized people on the face of the globe.

For sixty years the magic round continued: golden years of mid-Victorianism in which a steady stream of sovereigns poured into the counting-houses of the Paul Dombeys of London, Manchester, and Liverpool to be used for plant expansion and for the financing of the potential customers of England's cheap wares. English bankers furnished the funds and English contractors therefore built canals and railways, tunnels and bridges, docks and terminals, waterworks and drainage systems in every European country and in the United States, Canada, Australia, Argentina, and British India; and these lands in turn bought their materials from English manufacturers and each year paid a king's ransom in interest charges. The annual capital surpluses available for oversea investment—because when visible and invisible exports were combined they heavily outweighed the value of the foodstuffs and raw materials England was compelled to buy abroad—mounted annually until that happy pass was reached when Englishmen found themselves living not only in the industrial but in the rentier state. It was a bourgeois heaven of profits and interest that appeared capable of lasting for all eternity: for the savings of Englishmen were used for reinvestment at home and abroad, thus making possible the construction of more factories and the opening of more mines to furnish the expanding needs of the endless foreign enterprises which English money was building. It was going to last forever; and it was over before two generations had run their course.

Nobody moved with greater confidence to this rhythm of cheapness and thrift than Richard Cobden.

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A true disciple of Adam Smith and the first citizen of Manchester, he manufactured cotton cloth and proclaimed from every rostrum the principles that inevitably flowed from the doctrine of cheapness. Because the national wealth depended upon the free movement of goods, services, and capital, all impediments to international intercourse were calculated to turn out unhappily: for protective tariffs and trade restrictions must only provoke foreign reprisals; the building up of military establishments and the conduct of war must lead to the diversion of the nation's income into non-productive enterprises as well as the needless destruction of men and property; the establishment and maintenance of colonies overseas must be costly and soon prove unprofitable. Trade was its own protection: England would continue to be fed and supplied with raw materials if it did not have a solitary outpost throughout the seven seas or a single soldier or frigate to guard her commerce. The true patriot was the international man: he who really wished all peoples to be prosperous and contented, who abhorred war and who appreciated the futility of oppressing native peoples and holding colonials in political and economic subjection.

These were ideas that rang pleasant to the ears of the English middle classes—Did they not mean the continued supremacy of English goods in the markets of the world, lower national budgets and lighter taxes?—and they were cordially received and obeyed. Even Disraeli, who later was to change his mind, in the sixties was prepared to let the colonies go in order to reduce governmental expenditures. Led by Cobden therefore, though there was no real objection from the opposition benches, Liberal England wrote commercial treaties with European nations for the purpose of removing all obstructions to trade; washed its hands of foreign political entanglements and stood by unconcerned while French fought Austrians, Prussians fought Danes, Germans fought French, and Russians fought Turks; studiously neglected its navy which heretofore had been looked upon by every Englishman as the nation's first line of defense; and regarded with positive distaste the maintenance of a colonial system which had only produced rebellion in Canada, ruin in the West Indies, wars and uprisings in South Africa, riots and martial law in Ceylon, convict settlements in Australia, incompetent governments in New Zealand—and heavy bills for administration and protection everywhere.

The only trouble with the texts of cheapness and thrift was that they could not forever remain exclusive English secrets. The bourgeoisies of Germany, France, Italy, the smaller European states, and America, now by the opening of the eighth decade of the nineteenth century generally in power in their own countries, were quick to appreciate that they were sitting in the lesser seats at the banquet table: that because England controlled the heavy industries and furnished the capital the lion's share of the profits always fell to Englishmen. English textiles and metals and English finance overawed Europe and America because their early start made competition impossible in a free market. But suppose competition were no longer free? Then—indeed, could anything be simpler?—aided by friendly governmental grants of monopolies, franchises and concessions and behind high tariff walls, native middle classes, at least within their own national boundaries, could also grow to maturity and splendor.

Interestingly enough, while it was the German economist List who originally proclaimed the doctrine, it was the middle class of the United States that had first seen the wisdom of this course before all others: and during the Civil War, with the opposition of the Southern planter class at last effectively checked, it had launched a national program of protective tariffs and what was in effect governmental subsidies for private enterprise. The Russians, the Germans, the French, the Italians, the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Austrians in time followed what had turned out to be such a happy break for liberty. By the middle of the eighties, everywhere in Europe, native industrialists and bankers were free of England and thanks to the protection afforded by tariff walls and the assistance accorded by governments were opening their own coal fields, building their own iron and steel furnaces, erecting their own factories and laying out their own transportation systems. One door after another had been shut in the face of the English; one market after another came to be possessed by its native middle class.

The English bourgeoisie had ruled unchallenged for nearly six decades, for it had had the whole world as its province; the Germans, French, Italians, and the rest, confined to their national boundaries, tottered on their thrones before the first was over. Cheapness and thrift had been their making and undoing almost at the same time: by the accumulation of profits and interest—at the expense of the repressed working masses—industrialization had been achieved. But, exactly because the masses were kept at a starvation level, the home market for the absorption of the products which factories and mills were prepared to turn out in such profusion was lamentably limited. Capitalism, both in England and on the European continent, had become choked with its own plenty (because of the vastness of its continental domain, the United States was not to reach this pass until the end of the first decade of the twentieth century): with its mines and factories that were idle and its capital surpluses that could not be employed profitably.

The chief sufferers naturally were the English and the world-wide crisis that set in in the late seventies hit

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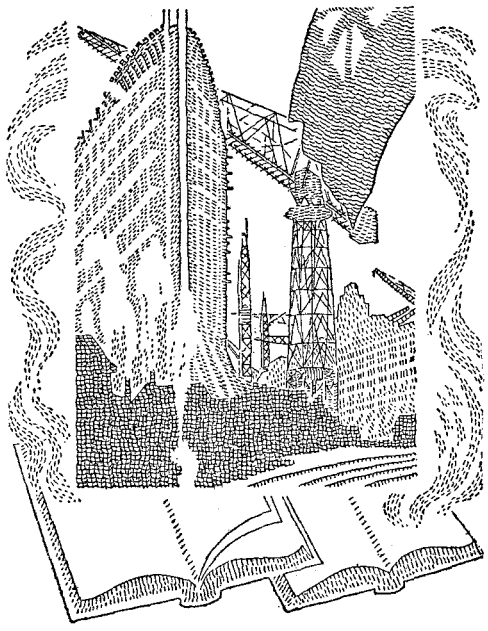

them hardest. They saw themselves being closely pressed by rivals exactly in those fields of enterprise where their supremacy had been universally acknowledged: in coal, in iron and steel, in cotton manufacturing, even in shipping. More serious still, English bankers were increasingly finding new opportunities for investment of capital surpluses rarer and rarer. Under the national systems created in Europe preference was being given to the local credit institutions: thus the English financing and building of European railroads and public works stopped almost completely by the eighties; while in the new lands of the Americas, agents of German, French, Swiss, and Dutch investment bankers were everywhere appearing to offer better terms and larger bonuses to promoters and to underwrite enterprises of a decidedly dubious character.

To a people one-seventh of whose national wealth was already invested abroad and whose annual income from foreign investments was perhaps five times as great as the profits from its foreign trade—in short, to those Englishmen who had converted their inherited properties into shares and whose income came not only from the securities of English enterprises but also from those of foreign governments, railroads, banks, telegraph companies, mines and plantations—the contraction of opportunities for investment, the lower interest yields in those remaining, and the unhappy experiences of those who had taken speculative risks (for example, the great losses suffered by Englishmen as a result of the collapse of the American cattle boom of the eighties) made the outlook for the future frightening. Could relief be expected from no quarter? There was one: and again English eyes began to turn toward those oversea lands about which classical economists and Liberal and Conservative statesmen had been so contemptuous but a short time before. The French, Germans, Italians, Russians were not slow to imitate; with the result that what was to be a hunt for oversea outlets for capital and goods was almost at once converted into a struggle over them. By 1885 there had set in the second stage of modern capitalism, that is imperialism, which did not mean so much oversea expansion as imperialistic rivalry and conflict.

III

England, as once before, showed the way. It was Benjamin Disraeli, that amazing gentleman of fortune who talked the language of Oriental mysticism and was shrewder than a pawnbroker, who inaugurated the adventure: and in the six years of his second ministry England gobbled up the Fiji Islands, acquired controlling ownership of the Suez Canal, declared India an imperial possession, began its meddling in Egyptian affairs, established a protectorate over the Baluchistan, annexed the Transvaal, and obtained Cyprus as its share of the booty distributed at the Congress of Berlin. Between 1875 and 1914 England doubled both the area of her colonial empire and the number of peoples who acknowledged fealty to the English crown. France, starting a half dozen years later, still found the pickings ample so that by 1914 French statesmen had increased the area of France overseas fourfold and its population twelvefold. For a decade Bismarck was able to keep German expansionists at arm's length: then he yielded, and beginning with 1884 German missionaries, traders, and petty functionaries invaded and seized what little there was left of Africa, the Malayan archipelago, and the South Sea Islands. By 1914, 1,000,000 square miles of foreign soil and 13,000,000 black and brown natives acknowledged German masters. Belgium acquired the Congo; Portugal snatched Angola and East Africa; the United States annexed the Hawaiian Islands and obtained the Philippines and Porto Rico as the price of her easy victory over the Spaniard. The whole of Africa and Oceania was partitioned before the eighteen-nineties were half over; in the next five years, with no more uncivilized peoples to protect, the European powers appeared in China and carved up her choicest eastern provinces as spheres of influence.

None of the official spokesmen for imperialistic advance indicated more nobly than President McKinley the nature of the mission of Europeans and Americans to the backward peoples of the globe: "They were to educate . . . and uplift and civilize and Christianize them as our fellowmen for whom Christ also died." And also teach Gold Coast Negroes, Fiji Islanders, New Guineans, Chinese, and Filipinos how to work in coconut groves, rubber forests, and sugar plantations, in tin and copper mines, in diamond and gold fields; how to build and use railroads, ports, drainage and water works; and how to pay head taxes, hut taxes, salt taxes, and innumerable other assessments, levies, and dues so that they might the better enjoy the blessings of Western civilization. It was all immensely profitable,

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with the result that the Germans, who had had practically nothing invested abroad in 1875, by 1914 found their oversea stake to be 25 billion marks; and the French, similarly starting with nothing at all, saw theirs at 45 billion francs; while the English stretched theirs from about 1 billion pounds sterling in 1875 to 4 billion pounds sterling in 1914.

Successful as the imperialistic adventure had been, unfortunately all its participants had not been—could not be—equally favored. Indeed, by the first decade of the twentieth century, when European capitalism once more found its advance blocked, Germans plainly could see that England had again carried off the lion's share. In two groups of simple figures we can find set forth the whole story of the imperialistic struggle that was to end with the World War. In 1914, the British oversea domain included 13,000,000 square miles and held 391,600,000 people; the German oversea possessions had an area of 1,000,000 square miles and a population of 13,000,000 natives. In the three years preceding the World War Englishmen were able to invest abroad, on the average, $900,000,000 a year or one-half of their annual national savings; at about the same period Germans could find foreign opportunities for not more than $200,000,000 a year or not much more than one-tenth of their annual national savings.

Just as, by the end of the eighteen-seventies, the civilized world had been too small to hold the aggressive capitalisms of England and her rivals, and expansion into the uncivilized portions of the globe was rendered imperative, so by the middle of the nineteen-tens both civilized and uncivilized areas had proved too narrow to allow continued expansion for England and Germany at the same time: one or the other had to be destroyed.

IV

No Englishman labored more mightily in the task of empire building than Cecil John Rhodes, younger son of an impecunious Anglican clergyman, who by knavery and violence almost succeeded in his dream of making Africa "all Red"; and Joseph Chamberlain, spokesman in Parliament for the English rentier class, who as Secretary of State for the Colonies pushed the empire to its farthest reaches.

Driven by the twin goads of a mania for material possessions and a craving to spread the beneficent rule of England, Rhodes before he was twenty-five had found a fortune in the diamond fields of Kimberley and before he was thirty had made another from the gold fields of the Rand. But always his eyes had been on Bechuanaland, that fair South African territory which touched the Boer Republics on the south and German Southwest Africa on the west. Thanks to his ceaseless clamor a British protectorate was established over the area in 1885 and through the device of a chartered company Rhodes was given a free hand to exploit the Negroes, settle white colonists, build railroads, develop mines, and destroy forests. Native tribes were turned on each other so that a handful of Englishmen might without difficulty reform and convert the broken spirits who remained; the British dominion was pushed farther and farther north until it touched the Belgian Congo beyond the tenth parallel; and the Boers on the south were continually bedevilled. When he died in 1902 he saw the Boers already humbled, the Cape to Cairo Railroad (which he had projected) begun, and an African empire (which he himself had built up and which was as large as Spain, France, and Germany together) a part of the British imperial domain.

Chamberlain, after having made his fortune as a Birmingham iron and steel master, sold out in 1874 to live on the interest of his securities and to play the Liberal statesman. But he was wise enough to see that Manchesterism had had its day; and though he was a member of one of the Gladstone Cabinets and supported the government's Irish policy and free trade he was already a conscious imperialist. As early as 1886 he proposed that England "should take a timely lead in constructing on the largest scale the Chinese railways that must come some day"; in the same year—anticipating the German *Drang nach Osten* by almost two decades—he sought to persuade the Turkish Sultan to permit Englishmen to finance and develop an ambitious program of railroad and mining concessions. His chance came during 1895–1903 when he sat in the Unionist government as Secretary of State for the Colonies. He advanced boldly, against native and foreign opposition, the British interests in Egypt, Uganda, Samoa, the Gold Coast, and South Africa; extended the possessions of the crown in West Africa; gave the project for the federalization of the Malay States his support; started the good fight against the Boers; tightened the bonds between England and the self-governing colonies; and turned the colonial office into a clearing-house of information and assistance for English oversea traders, concessionaires, and capitalists. But even his Unionist colleagues were not aggressive enough imperialists. The result was that in 1903 he quit the Cabinet to take up an almost single-handed fight for the abandonment of free trade and the substitution of imperial union and preference. Chamberlain's campaign failed in 1905 and an attack of aphasia suddenly put an end to his public career. A subsequent generation was to see his two sons pushing the program to completion—after it was too late to do England any good.

While men of action thus delivered valiant blows in the cause of empire the support given them by English intellectuals was as a frail reed. A handful of

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Economic Morality for the New Age

By Bernard Iddings Bell

The times call for different virtues from those extolled by preachers and teachers in the past. Canon Bell points out the difficulties of those in a position to influence public opinion today, due to the burden of the past. He believes the central problem to be that of preserving the true significance of the individual in the fields beyond economics

ALL of us, even the least alert, have come, more or less suddenly, to at least a partial realization that the social order is manifestly and urgently in need not merely of improvement in incidental details, but rather of a fundamental overhauling. Not only must business, finance and industry, government and legislation, be reformed in the light of that which is coming into being; but also, and more importantly, common thinking about economic right and wrong must be rigorously overhauled. Our task is delicately complicated. On the one hand it must be seen to that the goods of the earth are produced and distributed justly, for the common good; on the other, care must be taken to insure that, in the course of necessary transformations, individual men and women may be freed by the developing social processes, rather than enslaved by new pressures incident to change. It is not necessary, fortunately, that the ordinary citizen become sufficiently an expert to understand in detail all phases of the economic problem; but he must at least be able unerringly to lay his finger on what at the moment is the central social trend. Unless he see what that may be, he can hardly contribute an intelligent co-operation in the saving of our common life from a ruin only too possible.

It will easily be seen that this new state of things will require certain developments in ethical thinking and ethical teaching—and this whether the teaching be given by parents to children in the family circle, from the pulpit, by masters and mistresses in the schoolroom, or in ways more casual though no less effective. Economic wisdom, as every one knows, is not imparted merely in technical courses in political economy. It is spread abroad incidentally, in connection with almost every subject discussed, in every casual conversation. Of what is the new economic morality to consist, and how does it differ from the old? That is at once our most important and our most interesting problem at the moment.

II

Almost all of the economic and political endeavors which puzzle people today are variant approaches to one single problem—the problem of how to get into the hands of the people who labor, enough pay to enable them to buy the things which they have made. Ours is not a difficulty in stimulating production. The many inventions of the last half century have disproved the statement of the older political economists that, because of the niggardly reluctance of nature, there must always be great masses of people who suffer for lack of sustenance. From a period of deficit we have passed to a period of surplus. Instead of having too little to go around, there is more than we need. It ought to be plain to anybody that the problem is no longer one of lack of wealth but rather one of blocked distribution. There

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is no use in making things if there is nobody who can buy them; and people cannot buy them unless they are paid, for their labor, an amount approximately equal to the value of what they produce.

They have not been so paid for a considerable time past, not by a very great deal, which explains why our factories are idle and our people generally in poverty. Before industry can remunerate its workers, it is, as things are now arranged, required to pay a great many other charges. A large part of what is produced goes to those who, by hard work, by luck, by inheritance, have gained control of machinery or privilege in land, with a consequent vested right to draw income from industry in the shape of rents and interests and profits, income which is not the reward for labor but rather payment for the use of their money. These people, commonly called capitalists, are, it should always be remembered, guiltless persons. They have been legally permitted, and indeed socially encouraged, to invest as much as they could possibly save, in return for dependable income. Nor are they rich people only. Any man who has money out on interest is a capitalist, even though he have only a few dollars in a savings bank. The difference between Mr. J. P. Morgan and the Messrs. Rockefeller, on the one hand, and Mr. and Mrs. John Doe who invest a dollar a week, on the other, is not one of kind but only one of degree. The question before the world in 1934 is not whether we can afford to pay Mr. Morgan and the Rockefellers any longer for the use of their money, to the extent that we have been paying them, but whether we can afford to pay *any* capitalist, little or big, for the use of his money, to the extent that we have been paying him.

The difference between what it costs us to make and distribute commodities and the price consumers pay for them, what is commonly called the "surplus value" of those commodities, now mostly goes to investors: stockholders, bondholders, and other money-lenders. Industry must make enough not merely to supply the workers by brain or brawn, but also, before it pays the workers at all, to furnish large sums to this rentier group. It is because this group exists and is paid too well for the use of its money, that the workers who produce the goods—be they head-workers or brawn-workers—cannot afford to buy what they have made.

That is the first, and unavoidable, fact about modern economic difficulties. The problem back of nine-tenths of our industrial unrest, the problem which we must solve or see society go chaotic, is the problem of how to socialize this surplus value, how gradually to reduce the rewards now paid to investors in the shape of interest, so that cost price and sales price may be drawn together. An understanding of this is necessary for the comprehension of any of the significant social movements of our time. Every labor struggle, strike, lock-out, every profit-sharing plan, every income or inheritance tax, every bit of social insurance, every minimum-wage procedure, is but a manifestation of the conflict between those who seek to advance the profits of the investor and those who seek to reduce those profits.

Nor is it possible to understand the governmental policies and procedures which are rapidly being enacted into law—especially and more dramatically in the United States but also, let it be remembered, in other lands as well—unless we comprehend that the fundamental purpose of most of them is to make it less profitable to invest money, to take away from the investing classes a considerable portion of their income, and an ever larger portion, and to put the money into the hands of those who buy rather than into the hands of those who save. These measures do not involve the confiscation of anybody's property. The whole program can be perfectly realized and private property still conserved. The desire seems to be not to take away any man's wealth but merely to see to it that he must use that wealth, not rent it out. The new regulations rapidly being made tend, all of them, to cut down the interest paid on money, and thus to bring ever closer together the cost of making goods and the selling price of goods, to distribute to those who work a much larger share of the products of industry and to those who invest a smaller and smaller share. It should be remembered also that this readjustment, which is happening everywhere in the modern world, is not a matter of theory but a matter of fact. It is not communism or socialism or syndicalism that is being described. It is a thing in actual being, this growing necessity to decrease profits and increase wages and buying power, that we may avoid an economic débâcle. Calling it names breaks none of its bones. Our approval or disapproval of it, our liking it or detesting it, are matters of small practical importance. It is.

It seems certain that within a few years we shall find that industry is rigidly controlled; that businesses are told how much of goods they can produce and sell (lest the market in any commodity be flooded); that maximum and minimum wages will be fixed by statute; that the number of hours a man may work will be limited by the government; that the profits an owner or owners may take will be regulated either by means of taxing devices or by actual legalized restriction. Nobody, in the near future, will be allowed to exercise economic liberty if that liberty be deemed to interfere with the welfare of the group.

III

We have for a long time successfully managed to make ourselves believe in the ethical rightness and desirability of a kind of individualistic scramble. We have somehow effectively persuaded one another that, if

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every man will work as hard as he can for the accumulation of money which he may invest, he himself will be a happy person and society will greatly benefit thereby. We have come to assume, as a matter of course, that the chief social duty—and individual privilege—is to be "on the make," to "get ahead"—and by that we have meant that every one should strive to become a member of the possessing and lending class, rather than remain in the working class. We have also quite sincerely taken it for granted that men and women may always find for themselves, and each by himself or herself, prosperity, if only they will take advantage of their opportunities with sufficient daring and inventiveness.

This unrestricted individualism, which preachers and teachers and the populace generally have admired as though it were a cardinal virtue, *was once* a virtue. In the days when the world lay all undeveloped, when there were plenty of free land and many new markets overseas—in the days when the unappropriated resources of the planet seemed endless—it was precisely this attitude of mind that was needed. But the days of the economic frontier are over. There are no longer sufficient unexploited territories for the maintenance of a foreign sale for overproduction; while natural resources are almost wholly pre-empted by private owners, from whom they may be procured, even by the most daring of individuals, only at a price almost impossible to pay. It is no longer necessary or wise or kind to call those things virtues which were rightly esteemed virtues in a different day, but which have ceased to be virtues.

The virtues that are now required are quite different. These are a willingness to co-operate, an ability to see welfare in terms of the group rather than in terms of the individual, a glad understanding that only by labor performed can any one morally share in general prosperity. We must learn that wealth frozen in the hands of a rentier class ceases to have value; that unless money is fluid, it actually ceases to represent wealth at all. Our children must be led to regard money as of no significance unless it is reasonably, and constantly, being circulated; to know that the possession of riches for the sake of gain has become not merely anti-social, and therefore intolerable, but quite literally an absurdity. It is going to be hard to act naturally and unerringly on that new basis—to unlearn what have been deemed truisms these many years; but somehow we must learn to do it, *and quickly*. The world moves on too fast to tolerate delay.

The problem becomes concrete when we think of such an alleged virtue as thrift. There was a time when what was needed by society more than anything else was money saved up, which could be used for the enlargement of productivity and the development to that end of more and more industry. Thrift was once an indispensable social duty. It was good for the world that a man should save and put his money away in the bank, and that the bank should use that money to develop further means of production. But nowadays we have facilities for production in excess of the goods that we are able to buy and use. We do not require more capital to the extent that once we did. In so far as that need has decreased, the virtue of thrift has ceased to be a virtue. We do not really need, nowadays, to have people save their money. It remains a good thing, of course, that people should look out for emergencies—sickness, old age, death; but it is much better and cheaper and more scientific to handle even such emergencies by group methods rather than by individual saving "for a rainy day." Except to the extent of getting together a modest sum needed to finance sudden necessity for adjustment, individual saving is today anti-social. We have devoted a great deal of attention to teaching the virtues of thrift. It is now going to take hard and deliberate effort to teach ourselves and other people *not* to save, but rather wisely to spend. "New occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient good uncouth." This one example is perhaps sufficient to make plain how different must be our economic morality from that which we were taught yesterday, and the day before.

If we are able to make, constructively and with understanding, the transition from the economic ethics which have been in vogue for the past three or four hundred years to the new ethics (a morality startlingly like that which governed men and women in mediæval times), we must make an almost violent effort to escape from outworn thought-patterns; to comprehend the nature of the social changes going on; and then present them to our friends and associates clearly, persuasively, *and without delay*.

It is well to note that, in a time of transition like ours, it will be difficult, and frequently dangerous, to impart this contemporary social wisdom. The danger comes from the fact that the older generation, the generation now in control of schools and churches, of clubs and unions, and of social intercourse generally, has a mind fixed in thought-moulds no longer representative of social facts. It does not for the most part understand at all those changes which have taken place in our social needs, nor the changes which must therefore also take place in our social theory and practice. It is apt still to insist that any one who does not believe in, and advocate, old-fashioned, free, unrestricted individualism, must be some sort of traitor. Even our present government has to consider this common prejudice and partly to conceal the true nature of its programs by lip service to an individualism which it well knows is forever outworn, and which by every enactment it tends, and intends, to thwart. It must move slowly lest it

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rouse violent and uninformed opposition. The teacher, too, who lets his pupils understand that it will no longer be permitted any one to enjoy interest on money, except under social control and strictly on sufferance, or that it is not sound sense for them to save for investments, is sure to have a good many parents, and quite possibly the school board, denouncing and possibly dismissing him, on the ground that he is some sort of a Red. The preacher may easily encounter a similar fate at the hands of the lay-folk who pay his salary and support his religious enterprises. Nor are there lacking pressures exerted upon almost any man who speaks out concerning the way the world is going and must go. Such a one may plead all he will that he is merely stating the facts as they are. He may even point out that the national government is moving inevitably and rapidly in those directions. His teaching will be none the more welcome for that. He must, under such circumstances, be wise and brave. It is difficult to be both. On the one hand, he is in danger of scorning the perfectly honest people who do not know what is happening. On the other hand, he may fear that this is no time to speak out, and conclude that to save his own skin he had better let those around him drift ignorantly on into a new world wherein they are certain to be destroyed. He must avoid both these dangers if he is to be effective.

IV

Difficult though it be for an enlightened man courageously to face the future, to face, and to help those around him to face, the economic realities of the moment and to give an understanding reaction to those realities, it is also required that he remember, and enable others not to forget, the permanent worth and value, in our present day and for the future, of the individual as an individual. We have only to look at contemporary Russia to observe how easy and how terrible are the results of assuming that, since the individual must sink his economic welfare in the economic welfare of the group, it follows that he must of his own will lose, or by social compulsion be compelled to abandon, his individuality and permit himself to be absorbed into a kind of impersonal abstraction known as "Mass-man," to whom (or which) he must be utterly immolated every day from birth to death. Herein is a *non sequitur* of the first order.

It is not true that man is only an economic man or, indeed, most importantly an economic man. The really important things about his life are not economic at all. Economics has to do with the problems incident to our earning a living; but earning a living is only a preparation for living, at the most a prerequisite for living. Our destiny is not confined to getting bed and board, nor even to sleeping in the bed and being nourished by the board, once we have obtained them. Man's life does not consist in an abundance of things; more chiefly it consists in a complex of loves, hates, loyalties, aversions, thoughts, dreams, intuitions, hopes, despairs, surrenders, and defiances. Man's life consists in his reactions toward other people and toward the Supreme Personality who creates and permeates all things that are, and gives them meaning. It is in the realm of these things—in the realm of his thoughts, of his approaches to beauty, of his affectional contacts with persons, and of religion, that he finds significance. *We must be careful lest we teach the rightness of such a socialized attitude as will destroy, in super-economic fields of activity, that individualized living which alone can give satisfaction to the human spirit.*

This may be put in another way, and indeed often has been, by saying that the greatest problem of the future is that of how we of the citizenry are going to use our leisure. It is certain that there will be more and more leisure for more and more people. Machines even now take care of much of the former work of men; and in the future they will do more and more of our drudgery. It involves no extravagant flight of the imagination to say that, in all probability within the next fifty years, it will not be necessary for any man or woman, in order to enjoy a proper creature comfort, to work gainfully more than ten hours a week. We must, therefore, be turning our attention very definitely to the training of ourselves and, even more, of our children in an understanding of those aspects of life which are not economic at all and which can be dealt with, and must be dealt with, individually and in leisure time. There is great danger, else, that we shall so standardize and devitalize the use of leisure as to take from men and women all real fun.

In urgent defense of the sanctity of the individual, in an effort to prepare him to make leisure count for happiness, we who are concerned with ethics must at the moment remember and point out those things which man has discovered to be the essential elements in living the good life, the full life, the truly human life. We need to relearn, from the lessons of the past, the nature of man—not merely his economic problem, not merely his political problem, not merely his social problem, but his completely personal problem. We must relearn what is involved in becoming independent and self-directing; become once more alert to what it means, and costs, to live that way; discover how so to use our leisure as to become creative and happy, instead of passive and intolerably bored.

In this connection we much need a more proper evaluation of the past than has of late been common. We need clearly to recognize that, of all the foolish beliefs that infect our absurd modern world, the one which does more harm than most and, perhaps, as

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much harm as any is the common supposition—quite unsupported by the evidence—that man has himself progressed in such ways and to such a degree as to have changed his essential nature; that the men and women of today are a different sort of creature from the men and women of a hundred years ago, or five thousand years ago; that the wisdom of the ages is no longer wise. Until this idea of essential human progress, of change in the nature of man himself, is eliminated from our minds, we are little likely to find much serenity and joy, no matter what may be our economic system. Only he who has looked upon man as man has been, can understand man as man is. It is by a knowledge of the Great Tradition that man arrives at sanity and freedom.

As a matter of fact, there has been throughout the ages no change whatever in any of man's *essential* problems or attitudes. Every man is born, grows up, falls in love and marries, exactly as did his forebears; he has children at his desire and tends them at his cost; he labors, on their behalf and in his personal search for satisfactions. His marriage problems are as old as man and as invariant. Even those complications introduced into sexual mating by economic difficulties are exceedingly old complications. Marriage has been difficult and subject to such delays as encourage abnormalities in every servile state, not merely in ours. The problems connected with education were venerable when Socrates spoke or Ecclesiastes wrote—and spoke and wrote as aptly as Dewey or Kilpatrick, and a great deal more clearly; and the various answers to the question of what constitutes the good life change not from generation to generation. Man strives for human affection, as always he has done and, as always, finds that it eludes him. He works hard, only at length to perceive that travail gets him nowhere. He covets fame, the while he knows that soon he will be as unremembered on earth as though he never had lived. All his jokes, and especially the good ones, were jokes when Adam delved and Eve span. His tragedies at the moment are those which moved to purging pity the dramatists of Hellas; and there is no book about life that is more modern than the Book of Job. Today, as of yore, in statecraft, Cæsar crosses the Rubicon and still, preparing for the Ides of March, the envious Casca and the stupid Brutus plot their dagger-thrusts. We modern Athenians crowd the Agora for the discussion of some new thing—ears open, mouths agape while wonder-workers speak of strange mutations in the elements and straight lines curved and space perhaps elliptical—and creep back to our homes at dusk, to realize that, after all, this confusing babble has added neither laughter nor loveliness, changed not at all the things that really matter. In human living, all that is transformed from generation to generation is the surface appearance of man's creations—his houses, his clothing, his table-manners, his machinery—and the verbal imagery in which he states the old bewilderment. The philosophic search remains the same.

But of late, men and women, with strange conceit, have insisted that we are not the heirs of the ages, the brethren of our ancestors, sharers in an eternal problem. We have supposed we could escape the human lot. We have thought we had changed the rules of the game, and were free. This, too, is an ancient story. Icarus, with new-made wings, will fly to the skies; but, though Icarus has forgotten it, the sun still shines with undiminished heat. Wings melted, the modern Icarus falls, not indeed into the sea, but back to earth whence, gravely bruised, he picks himself, content to walk once more. Nor is he enslaved thereby, but rather for the first time liberated. The free man is not he who defies the rules—and dies; but he who, recognizing the compulsions inherent in his being, seeks rather to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest each day's experience. Only he who has arrived at meaning has escaped from slavery.

If life is to be full and happy, there must be, for every economically emancipated man or woman, a disciplined search for meaning—for meaning not merely in terms of pure thought (in which only the rare mind may participate), but for meaning also in terms of love (in which even stupid folk can share); in terms of that mystical thing which a man knows when to his lonely self there comes the touch of understanding and compassionate affection. No man can think his way to meaning. Even the wisest philosopher must come at last, with Socrates, to the place where he says, "I do not know. I cannot understand. The truth eludes me." Yet that same man learns vitally of truth by each outgoing of compassion. And so, as well, the simple churl may learn. It is good that men should think; but it is indispensable that men should love. What is asked of a man, if he would take his place with those who have mattered in the long history of the race, if he would make his newfound leisure something more than water to be poured upon the ground, is that he should dedicate himself to great-hearted, purposed living; that, in the truest sense of the words, he should become a great lover.

This is man's task as the race has discovered it, a task to which economic subsistence is only the prelude. If we are to save the toil-emancipated members of the next generation from a dull, standardized, and stupid existence, if we are to prevent their being ruined by that very social process which has made them free, we must remember so to call upon the past that we, and those we touch, may discover man's creative possibilities. We must learn from our fathers how dignified, how beautiful, how happy, a human being may become. And we must know that in these potentialities, thank God, man has not changed.

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V

This talk of personal worth brings us around again, of course, to thought about the social fabric, for only men and women trained in an atmosphere of creative freedom are competent for citizenship in our new economic and political structure. Without such dynamic citizenship, all our best hopes about the social fabric will come to worse than nothing. We are creating an era full of intricate machinery, social as well as physical, almost unaware that the more elaborate such machinery is, the more competently creative must be those who would use it. Ours has often been called an age of engineers. It might better be called an age of firemen and stokers, at least up to now, for an engineer must be greater than his engine, not its servant. It is men and women of creative individuality who must be had, in this as in every other age, to insure the safety of civilization. Organizations, systems, codes, commissions, mechanisms are secondary things. Strong, courageous, compassionate, and independent-minded men and women—these are always essential for cultural stability, and especially at this moment. If our civilization is to break the precedent set by all its predecessors, and survive, it is such people alone who can preserve it; if that civilization is soon to perish, as seems to cool observers quite within the range of possibility, despite our best endeavor, it will be for lack of such citizens that it dies; and if it should go under, it will be only by free and creative individuals that a new civilization can be built to take its place.

TO HANG WITHOUT A ROPE

By Isidor Schneider

To hang without a rope;
caught from the earth,
in the unseen lasso,
the forced out eyes
dropping into darkness
while the divided blood
has orgasms of agony—

Here on this small street
each window, doorway, arching tree
holds one hung without a rope.
At dawn they wave out,
at dusk wave in,
rocked by alternate wind.

On their own spines hung
(in adolescence grows our bone
strong enough to be our gallows).
At the shoulder wags the broken neck,
from the rope unseen,
Mercy, mercy, cry the eyes,
and on the cheeks, stuffed veins,
as on petition papers,
write mercy, mercy.
And mercy, mercy, shape the parted lips
from which the unseen rope
the breath withholds.

Threaded through the spine
the rope of nerves, and in the brain the noose.
Is it fear, or morbid jealousy, frustrate will
or pride adept at suicide
that ties the knot? At once
the inward hangs without,
limp head and lightless eyes;
and frightened people quickly pass
another hanging without rope.

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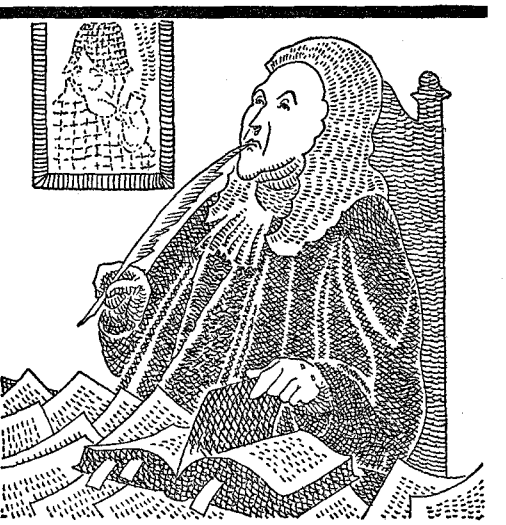
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



If Judges Wrote Detective Stories

By John Barker Waite

Rulings of judges make actual crimes more difficult to solve than the fiction writers realize

THE body of a man was found, seemingly a suicide but possibly murdered, in a compartment of the limited from New York to Washington. Philadelphia police took charge and ordered the whole train held on a rural siding. Its fifty-seven passengers were waked and ordered to dress. Gathered in the little station house, they were quizzed one at a time by the police and made to view the body. Eventually most of them were sent on their way, but four were held in a Philadelphia hotel "as guests of the city" while their stories were checked. None of them was charged with the murder then or later; the police merely had some reason to believe that one of them might be guilty. The train conductors and the porters were kept at police headquarters as possible witnesses. Various pieces of baggage were searched and some incriminating evidence was discovered and taken by the authorities. Eventually the murderer was detected.

This procedure occurred on the pages of a 1933 detective story [*Death on the Limited,* by Roger Denbie]. One may assume that the author considered it reasonable police activity, since he suggested no criticism, expressed or implied. Indeed, it fairly conforms to conventional police and detective methods approved by detective-story writers, to whom the propriety of an arrest or a search or an interrogation is determined by its appropriateness to the end of bringing a criminal to justice. The great Dupin, it will be remembered, accepted police searches of a suspect's rooms as a matter of course and himself retook the purloined letter, without a search warrant, while the thief's back was turned.

The authors of judicial opinions, on the other hand, carry in their minds the problem of protecting well-behaved citizens from over-zealous or oppressive police activity, as well as the duty of facilitating punishment of the guilty. It is a difficult task to reconcile "liberty" and "police." And the judicial responsibility of protecting society from its own police as well as from its criminals has produced rules of proper police procedure not at all in conformity with what story-writers approve.

Not one act of those fictional Philadelphia police has any sanction in law. Neither the detention of the train, the restraint of the passengers, the holding of the porters, nor the search of the bags would have found approval in judicial opinion.

The judicial rules, in brief, are these. Any such detention by the police constitutes an "arrest." And arrest is lawful only when the arrestee is specifically charged with crime and, even so, only when the arresting officer is armed with a written warrant commanding him to arrest that particular man, or when, lacking a warrant, he has reasonable ground for believing him guilty of the felony charged. Neither suspicion of guilt nor its possibility constitutes reasonable ground to believe. Nor will the fact that the suspicion was sound and the man was guilty legalize the arrest. If the policeman be wrong he is punishable. But he is punishable also when he is right, unless he had reason, before he made the arrest, to believe his man guilty.

Thus, when patrolman Walter Stelt, in full uniform, stepped up to Negro Oliver Phelps and said, "Just a moment, fellow; take your hands out of your pockets," Phelps took them out with an automatic pistol in one and put five bullets into Stelt. But though Phelps was duly prosecuted for assault with intent to injure Stelt, he was never punished. The trial judge, following the rule of his State, held that Stelt's lack of knowledge of Phelps' guilt made the arrest unlawful, and that the arrest being unlawful Phelps had a legal right to resist. He therefore turned Phelps loose.

So, too, detention for the purpose of investigation, to ascertain if there is reason to believe the man guilty, is absolutely lawless. The officer who makes the arrest is liable, the jailer who continues it can be held for damages, and the courts will terminate it on demand by writ of habeas corpus. It may be that

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some particular person might have committed a crime, that opportunity to investigate would prove his guilt, and that if not promptly arrested he may depart for districts unknown. Nevertheless, in the absence of existing reasonable ground to believe him guilty he cannot lawfully be detained. Moreover, if any man be arrested the evidence against him must be laid before a magistrate "immediately" and "forthwith." If the evidence already acquired be insufficient to show his guilt, the magistrate must order his release. He cannot be held while the police are getting enough evidence; a writ of habeas corpus will secure his freedom.

One cannot lawfully be taken into custody merely because he is an important witness who may disappear. He may be ordered to appear at the examination of some one who has been definitely accused, under pain of arrest if he does not; and once he has appeared he may be held; but until some particular person has been accused and witnesses have been called, no law authorizes the police to take them into custody.

When the crime charged is a misdemeanor only—that is, one not punishable by imprisonment in a penitentiary—not even reasonable ground to believe a man guilty will justify arrest. The officer must hold a warrant correctly describing the arrestee, or the offense must have been committed actually in his presence.

This particular rule raises an awkward possibility. Suppose that private citizen Henry Flivverman returns to his parked automobile in time to interrupt a thief who is removing the spare tire. Remembering the sufferings of car owners from petty theft, he might be willing to prosecute this rascal, caught in the act. But he must not arrest the fellow. If he does he may have to pay damages, or to nurse a smashed nose, for his pains; a private citizen has no right to arrest for a mere attempted theft. He might call the policeman from around the corner. But that officer, if properly trained in the law, ought to say: "He didn't go after the tire while I was looking, so I have no authority to arrest him without a warrant. Let's you and I go to a magistrate before whom you can swear to the facts and get a warrant. Then I'll pinch him—if he is still here." Such is the law of the land today.

These limitations upon police procedure are not in the main the product of legislative enactment; they are judicial declarations of public policy. State constitutions and that of the United States declare that the people shall be secure from unreasonable searches and seizures. But what constitutes an "unreasonable" search or seizure the written law does not say. That problem is left to the wisdom of the judges. With but little exception, the rules of arrest, or search, and the consequences of unlawful arrest or search originated in judicial decision.

The fact that these judge-made limitations are commonly and persistently ignored by the police does not negative their existence, whatever it may suggest as to their practical wisdom. One might suspect that like our ten-mile-per-hour speed limits they are not intended for general observance, but are framed in drastic terms to facilitate conviction of gross violation by inept justice. But judges have not confined application of the rules to extreme cases. Rather the contrary.

When citizens complained to patrolman Edward Hastings that some man was annoying women and children by indecent and criminal exposure of his person in a Detroit street, Hastings went promptly to the place indicated. He found, hiding behind a tree, a man who refused to tell his name and who did give a palpably false explanation of why he was there. Hastings arrested him and sent him to the station in a patrol wagon. Here was no gross overzeal of the police. Yet later the fellow sued both Hastings and the driver of the wagon for unlawful arrest and imprisonment. The supreme court of Michigan ruled that he was entitled to damages from both. It did not matter that the officer had sound reason to believe him guilty of the crime; it did not matter if he was in fact guilty; the offense charged was only a misdemeanor; it had not occurred in Hastings' presence; he had no warrant; he should not have made the arrest. Since the arrest itself was unlawful, the driver of the wagon participated in a continued unlawful detention and he too was liable in damages.

Policemen, moreover, do not get the benefit of doubt, as criminals often do. Statutes imposing punishment for crime are interpreted by the courts liberally to the accused. When a certain McBoyle flew a stolen airplane from Illinois to Oklahoma, the federal authorities caught him and sought to have him punished for violation of a statute making it criminal to transport from one state to another a stolen "automobile, automobile truck, automobile wagon, motor cycle, or any other self-propelled vehicle not designed for running on rails." Because airplanes were not expressly mentioned, the Supreme Court reversed conviction, on the theory that the statute had not clearly enough notified him that transporting stolen *airplanes* would be punished.

But when a peace officer mistook the legal character of a stabbing, thought it a felony instead of a misdemeanor, the court had no hesitation in holding the consequent arrest unlawful, despite the fact that it found difficulty itself in deciding how to class the crime.

In other fields of the law, courts deprecate the use of violence to enforce or maintain individual rights; they insist on recourse to such legal remedies as replevin or suit for damages. But they evince no corresponding disapproval of violent resistance to unlawful arrest. Though capital punishment for murder is anathema to half the country, some judges have said that policemen may be killed with impunity, even by criminals, if necessary to prevent unlawful arrest. And in any State it is lawful to use violence short of killing the officer, when unlawful arrest cannot otherwise be prevented. Nor is it essential that the one resisting be innocent of the crime for which the arrest is attempted.

When Frank Roberson drew his pistol and threatened to blow holes in her if she did not get off the sidewalk, Mary Weston complained to deputy sheriff Sadler and pointed Roberson out to him. Sadler approached Roberson, took him by the arm and put him under arrest for carrying concealed weapons. Again Roberson drew his gun, and this time shot Sadler to death. A jury thought this was carrying individualism too far and declared Roberson guilty of murder. But the Florida supreme court declared that Sadler's attempted arrest was unlawful, because Roberson's crime was only a misdemeanor and not committed in Sadler's presence, and the conviction of murder could not stand. Whether Roberson could be punished for something less than murder because

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he used more force than necessary, the court did not intimate.

As to the reasonableness of getting evidence against criminals, judicial opinions and detective stories differ even more widely. Dupin and the more contemporary Reggie Fortune, or Poirot, look for evidence as a matter of course wherever they have reason to think they will find it. So do real detectives; but the latter are in difficulty if the courts find out about it. That neither official nor amateur detectives should intrude upon the privacies of people merely to learn what might be found of crime or criminals, goes without saying. Unless the police have reasonable ground to believe that evidence of a particular crime will be discovered there can no question of reasonableness involved. But when they do have reason to think that evidence of guilt can be found, story writers let them search; opinion writers rebuke them.

After federal secret-service men had arrested Frank Agnello because they saw him making an unlawful sale of cocaine, they went to his house and searched it for the source of supply, which they found. That evidence helped to convict Agnello; but the Supreme Court upset the conviction because the search of his house without a warrant was "unreasonable." The fact that delay between arrest and search, while a warrant was procured, might have permitted confederates to destroy the evidence made no impression on the Court. The law was laid down flatly, for murder, burglary, bootlegging, or any other crime, that "the search of a private dwelling without a warrant is, in itself, unreasonable and abhorrent to our laws."

Indeed, judges have asserted that the police ought not to search houses for evidence at all, warrant or no warrant. Search, under a warrant, for stolen property is lawful because the owner has an interest in getting it back. Counterfeiting tools may be sought for, with a warrant, to forestall their use to the public injury. Illicit liquor may be seized, if the police have a warrant accurately describing it and the place to be searched, because it is contraband. But search for things that are merely evidence of crime is deprecated, and no magistrate can validly authorize it by warrant. So says the Supreme Court. When one Indiana liquor-law violator was convicted, the county sheriff, in order that the conviction might stand, felt obliged to swear solemnly that his purpose in getting a warrant and searching the defendant's house was not to get evidence of his guilt but to destroy the liquor.

It is "unreasonable" (though, a subtle distinction, not always a "search") for detectives secretly to listen in on the telephone conversations of crooks. Whether it is reasonable to eavesdrop on the street-corner and speakeasy talk of suspects, the courts have not yet said. Nor have they reproved the police for looking through windows. One court had before it the problem of a patrolman who flashed his light into the tonneau of a car and discovered burglar's tools. But inasmuch as he had not actually touched the car until after he looked, he had not technically "searched" it, and the court declined to commit itself on the reasonableness of his looking.

In the sum total of law-enforcement failures the effect of these restrictions on police efficiency is negligible. They are symptomatic rather than causal. But that they do hamper effectiveness goes almost without saying. In a year when Detroit suffered an average of four *armed* robberies a day with extras for holidays, twenty-five per cent of the few gun-toters whom the police succeeded in arresting escaped punishment because, although the police were right and the men were guilty, the arrests were on suspicion only and therefore unlawful. In a practical sense, scores of gunmen have been turned loose upon the public, by the courts, to keep the police in order.

What is the purpose in these restrictions? Primarily, one assumes, they are intended for the protection of innocent citizens, rather than motivated by sympathy with guilty ones. They indicate distrust of the police, a fear that if policemen are allowed to get away with arrests and to "profit" by searches merely because the man arrested is in fact guilty and evidence is procured, they will tend more and more to arrest and search when the man is not guilty, undeterred by the threat of suit or of punishment if their guess be wrong. Some courts have frankly said as much. Others have intimated simply that even a guilty man has a "right" to be arrested as the Constitution provides—begging the question of what the Constitution does provide.

How far these judicial rules of arrest and search really do protect the innocent, there is no way of determining. In nine-tenths of the cases before the courts they are invoked to save the guilty. An equivalent expenditure of judicial ingenuity in facilitating practical remedies for injured innocence might be more effective than the indirect method of obstructing punishment of guilt.

At any rate, it is certain that the existing rules do promote other forms of police lawlessness. The police head of one large city has admitted publicly that the vicious "tip-over raid" was the direct result of judicial unwillingness to accept evidence of crime secured by what the judges called "unreasonable" methods. The police could get evidence of liquor-law violations—speakeasy operations—but they could not get it in ways approved by the courts, and the courts in consequence would not listen to it. Because that police chief felt himself under pressure to reduce the number of speakeasies, and because he could not get court convictions of their operators, he ordered his men to harass them out of business; to raid and smash. Another commissioner, several of whose men had been killed or wounded by criminal fire, frankly advised freer use of policemen's pistols and said, unofficially, that he thought it wise to get rid of gunmen that way rather than to risk the uncertainties of court action. In at least one case, the police, having got evidence of robbery by "unreasonable" search, arrested the participants and "persuaded" some of the lesser to turn state's evidence against the others, rather than let the courts know how the evidence was really obtained. It may be, therefore, if such examples are characteristic, that the narrow interpretation of what is reasonable results in more evil than it prevents.

Assuming, as one must, that the whole problem is a matter of evaluating evils, rather than the compulsion of extraneous law, it is possible that continuing crime and an improving police will produce new judicial rulings. But as matters now stand, if judges wrote detective stories fewer of the stories would end so happily for society. Or perhaps, if judges should write detective stories, the real police might be less rigorously restricted.

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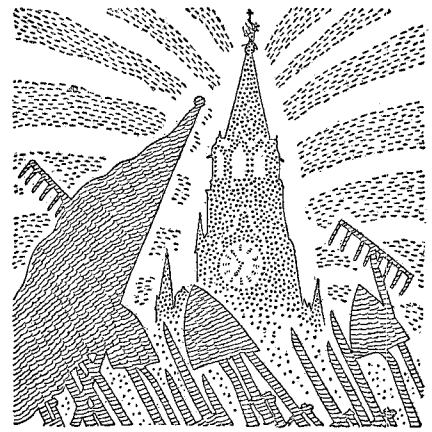
Moscow Zigzags

By Roy S. Durstine



LENIN bequeathed a very useful word to the Soviets. It is zigzag. It means "strategic retreat" and it comes in handy whenever the Russians want to stop trying anything and go back for a while to the tried and true ways of nasty old capitalism.

Slowing down the tempo for 1933 to give the people a chance to catch their breath was a zigzag. Paying people according to their value was a zigzag. Announcing the policy of converting the world to communism by example instead of by terrorism was a zigzag.

But one of the choicest zigzags in Moscow was not recognized by the Russians as a zigzag at all. They thought it was a manifestation of the communal spirit.

It was at a celebration on the night before the 7th of November. On the bare stage of the large concert hall in the Conservatory of Music was a long table. Behind it stood twenty-two plain chairs.

A little man who might have been a mechanic came out on the stage alone. The audience applauded. He took his place at the centre of the table and began to tell what a glorious thing it is to live in Soviet Russia. The audience cheered a little impatiently.

A group of men and women were observed peering out from the wings. They seemed intensely interested in what the speaker was saying.

He paused for a moment and then announced that the meeting would proceed with the election of a permanent chairman and of a committee for the evening. Nominations crackled from many parts of the house. When Comrade Stalin was named as an honorary member, with several others high in the oligarchy which rules Russia, there was more cheering.

At last the nominations seemed to be closed. The temporary chairman called for a vote and the audience was responsive. It elected all the nominees in one gusty bellow.

Then, as if they had been propelled from the rear, the group of men and women in the wings shot out onto the stage. Each one made for a prearranged chair.

"Same old steam-roller," murmured an American, "and they think they have a new kind of government."

The orator of the evening was introduced. He talked a long time, a very long time. He operated from a kind of pulpit at one side of the stage. He thought the Soviets were good, too. In fact he thought they were very good. He quoted Lenin and Stalin and Lenin again. Everything was working out all right and the capitalistic countries were nothing but a lot of saps.

A boy of seventeen or eighteen had been sitting on the platform, looking grimly out over the audience. His smouldering eyes were black. His head was shaved. He wore a shabby dark blue jersey. He was introduced as representing the Komsomol, the youth organization whose 5,000,000 members are the strongest bulwark for the 1,250,000 communists who rule a people of 170,000,000.

He jumped to his feet like a sprinter beating the gun. He spat out his words as if he was biting off jagged pieces of hot lead. His hands jabbed short gestures and sparks seemed to run from his finger tips. He was all communist, all sincerity, all vitality. The audience roared.

This speaking part of the evening's program was running on interminably. There must have been 1000 men and as many women in the house who were perishing for a cigarette. One man lighted one; only one man. The rest of the thousands watched him. He was the chairman. Good old comradeship!

But the spirit of universal equality had its innings presently. From time to time a comrade, man or woman, would walk loudly down the aisle and toss a folded piece of paper onto the chairman's table. He would deliberately open the note, read it, nod to the waiting author, flip an ash from his cigarette, crumple the piece of paper and turn his eyes to the speaker as he dropped it on the floor. The note-writer would tramp back up the aisle, content in having demonstrated that he was a big shot, too. Thus everybody was happy.

The last scheduled speaker was a collective farmer. He was a frail old gentleman whose black coat reached nearly to the tops of his high rawhide boots. He had a straggling long gray beard and wore small iron spectacles on the tip of his nose.

As he mounted the small rostrum two husky farm girls in short skirts, white stockings, men's black shoes, and with the inevitable shawls over their heads, took their posts like sentries on either side of his pulpit. With mouths compressed and rigid arms they gazed straight ahead as he murmured into his manuscript. His voice was inaudible beyond the second row. He lost his place and searched for it. One of the amazons tried to help him. Finally the audience chuckled good-humoredly. The collective farmer grinned. The audience laughed. The farmer ambled back to his chair, his sentries in his wake, and sat down. The chairman rose to announce the intermission.

There was free food in the promenade outside. The audience knew it. It scrambled for the doors. Presently couples could be seen scurrying from the laden tables with plates piled high with sausage, salad, cold fish, bread, and pastry. They found secluded corners or promenaded, eating hungrily as they walked. Back they went for more. It took a long time to satisfy them but the organization which was host for the evening managed it somehow. Faces of tired young girls lighted up at last to match the gay colors of their home-made, heart-breaking little party dresses.

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There followed two hours of superb music and artistry. A baritone from the Opera sang as few baritones have ever sung before. The première danseuse of the Opera, on bare sloping floor boards and with only a piano accompanying her, pranced on her toes and fluffed her gauzy skirts as if she danced for royalty. The chief of the ballet did his ribbon dance with which he plans to delight New York.

Then an orchestra of 120 under the baton of Hauk of Leningrad gave a new symphony its world première. It was "West" by the Soviet modern composer Givitov. It was all that modern music should always be but never is—bold, intellectual, satisfying, magnificent. The composer with a shaved head and the dreaming eyes of a poet acknowledged the ovation and his debt to Professor Hauk. Those who have heard orchestras under even Toscanini himself agreed that they had never heard greater intelligence in reading, finer taste, or more superb dominance and control.

In Russia today, music and the theatre provide the only color in the lives of millions. And how they work to get it! Small wonder that an actor or musician gets ten or twenty times the pay of a worker at a machine. They call it Social Competition—another zigzag. Visitors call it the soundest sense in Russia.

"They show you what they want you to see, don't they?" ask Americans who inquire about the Soviet Republics.

Yes, they do. But they can't stop a visitor from thinking and they can't help it if you see and hear a lot more than the routine sights.

One observer counted all the dogs he saw in Moscow for a week. There were three.

"The rest have been eaten," said a Russian, franker than most. "We tried cats, too, but they gave us tummy-aches, so we gave them up."

A barber and a manicure girl were summoned to a hotel by some Americans. They spoke a little German and some French. They asked about conditions in the other countries. The Americans told some not so very amusing stories.

"How cheerful you are!" said the barber. "You laugh. There is not much laughing in Russia."

They are simple in so many ways, like mediæval children waking and rubbing their eyes.

"What is the quickest way to send this telegram?" a visitor asks.

"You send it by lightning," is the answer. Lightning is their word for radio.

A crowd will stand in front of some photographs in a window, showing work on the new subway, with wonder in every pair of eyes. But it takes an appeal to their dramatic sense, coupled with some military similes about shock-troops, to get on with the digging of that same subway.

There is something lacking in Russia. There must always be something lacking until they find it.

At the moment they are worshipping a state which is a combination of scientific research and a machine which they hope will some day stop breaking down and will turn out more of everything. It doesn't take a religious person to realize that in all this there is something missing. Some day maybe they will realize it, too.

Back in the interior, they say, the peasants are outspoken in their dislike of present conditions. Perhaps it is because they realize that they are right back where they started.

In the time of Catharine, the peasant was the kind of person who went out in the snow and died by the thousands to shovel a smooth road for his imperial mistress's sleigh when she drove from Leningrad to Moscow to be crowned. He owned no land; he could not leave his master's estate.

The Czar Alexander realized that harvest hands were needed more in one district at times than in another. So he let them move about. Lenin rode into power on a promise of peace and land. He stripped the land-owners and divided their property among the peasants. So they had land and could go anywhere.

But now the Soviet State owns all the land. It tells a farmer where he must live. It issues a passport to every living human being and it forbids movement without the sanction of the state. It picks up whole families by the tens of thousands and transports them as it pleases. It tells the peasant how much of the crop he grows he may keep and it takes the rest.

He is anchored. He does as he is told. He owns no land. The whirligig is complete.

The Masculine Revolt

By Gilbert Seldes

"Decisive moment!" cries Trotzky, describing an event of February, 1917; the Petrograd strikers had crowded down a narrow street and found themselves face to face with their immemorial and merciless enemies, the Cossack cavalry. "One of them gave the workers a good wink," wrote an eye-witness, and Trotzky makes you feel that from that moment a strike which had not yet become important enough to be a riot, changed into an insurrection which became a revolution and shook the world. Decisive moment, I say, when James Cagney, as Public Enemy, ground half a grapefruit in the face of Mae Clarke, and savage roars of satisfaction arose in ten thousand movie houses in America. The masculine revolt had been going on for several years, a conspiracy, still half-hearted, checked by ancient chivalries, unconscious of itself. Mr. Cagney's firm gesture, which he followed by slapping and booting women through half a dozen other pictures, revealed the deep purposes of the new revolution. Incidentally it gave the movies a new lease of life, for it persuaded men that the cycle of gangster pictures was not prettified and feminized, but tough. That women may have liked these pictures also is beside the point; women liked "The Sheik" and all forms of sentimentalized brutality so much that in the end they were acclimatized to Hemingway and Dashiell Hammett. The new thing was that men liked the pictures which were rapidly on the way to becoming the plaything of women, children, and esthetes. Surrounded by women at prize fights, wrestling matches and bowling alleys, not to speak of speakeasies, men were

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becoming desperate for some form of masculine entertainment to take them away from women after the baseball season closed. They could not escape from women in the palaces of the talkies, but, after Mr. Cagney's gesture, they felt that they had a little chance to escape from their influence.

It is not in any form of entertainment that the masculine revolt has made its greatest headway. In radio, for instance, all it can count as gain (a highly doubtful gain at best) is the substitution of punsters and comedians for crooners with their strange penchant for softened smut. In the musical theatre we now have satire in place of beef and burlesque, in the dramatic theatre we have an occasional piece of politics or psychology instead of the endless effort of playwrights to find new ways for getting two innocent people of opposite sexes into bed together. You cannot, however, say definitely that any of these hardly defined tendencies is a specific instance of the rebellion of the male against the aggressive and powerful female. For that you have to look to those things which interest men far more than art and entertainment ever have done: the ordinary surroundings of their lives, where they live, what they eat and drink, and how they conduct their lives.

The most spectacular success in the fronde of men is in modern furniture. Five or six years ago the excesses of modernism were mistaken for signs of lack of taste and judgment in their designers, but now we can see that the deliberate angularity and discomforts of the early pieces were planned, as if designers had said to themselves, "Let us make rooms in which no woman can be comfortable, lest by some chance she like them and ruin them." What we thought was a pitched battle between the old and the new was actually a war between leather, glass, tubing, copper—all products of the machine which men invented and love—and all that daintiness and discomfort which come down to us from the eras of women's greatest ascendency, Queen Anne and the time of the two Louis, the Directory and the First Empire. The gilt chair, the cane seat, the delicately turned legs, the brocade, the toile and chintz, the escritoire which was no man's desk, the love-seat in which no man could begin even to talk of love —all of these had been skilfully combined by the antiquers until the decoration of houses became the exclusive property of the feminine and the epicene. They made rooms attractive to the sight, but rarely attractive to the person, and the modernist designer proposed a sharp angle for each of their delicate contours, solidity for their airy grace, and strong solid color for their instinctive leaning to the pastel. In the end the triumph of the moderns was complete and they created boudoirs and dressing-rooms which are so much the product of the machine that men are probably more at home in them than their mistresses. As for the modern bedroom, it is more male than the 1920 smoker or the "den" of the 1890's.

Architecture has been a labor for men, but the influence of women has so distorted the purpose of domestic architecture through their remorseless prejudice in favor of the old and the inutile, that here too a rebellion has occurred and a French architect has defined a house as "a machine to live in." The recurrence of the word "machine" is not accidental; the machine became, in the generation just gone, the last refuge of beauty. I do not say that the vapors and languors of the Victorian age drove men to delight in machinery, so dependable and predictable, so faithful and unexigent; there must have been other reasons and I suspect that the Marxians know them. But as long ago as 1900, Henry Adams saw the irrepressible conflict between the dynamo and the Virgin, the machine and the goddess-woman, and in our own time the esthetes, first of France and then of America, began to cry the praises of the machine as a work of art, a thing of beauty not because it had no other function, but precisely because every part of it was perfectly made for its function. At the same time we had the unco-ordinated revolt against the machine in the name of "the finer things of life," or, again, the feminine. It was quite true, I suspect, that men were being robotized but no one took the trouble to discover the motive and the source of their pleasure in being mechanics in an age of mechanisms. It was of course that the machine was hard, resisted, when it did resist, without any intention of ultimate surrender and yielded, when it did yield, completely and without reservations. The machine did not conspire, the machine did not flirt, the machine was always definite, answering yea or nay. In short, the machine was everything which the Victorian woman was not. And if the recurrence of that lady seems an anachronism in discussing the masculine revolt of the 1920's, all that needs to be said of course is that the revolt was actually against the persistence of Victorian privileges in the age which is popularly supposed to have given women their emancipation. In short, if the Nineteenth Amendment and the acceptance of women in professions, businesses, and speakeasies had actually changed the direction of woman's influence, there would have been no necessity for the revolt to occur.

I return to the machine, which women recognized as one of their enemies, because it was through the machine that men accomplished their emancipation in a limited field, winning back special rooms in the ordinary home, restoring to its original sense the dictum that "Every *man's* house is *his* castle." They also made a charming present to the always opposite sex—I refer, in that order, to the bathroom and the kitchen. Ever since the evening when a woman saw a man enjoying himself in his bath and killed him out of sheer spite, the daughters of Charlotte Corday have been spending a great deal of their ingenuity in inventing ways for making bathrooms uncomfortable. They first surrounded the entire subject with a faint air of impropriety so that no one dared to say, as late as February 15, 1914, that the bathroom was his objective in any departure from mixed company; and at the same time they treated the actual room as if its entire function could be denied by making it appear as a disjected fragment of the parlor or bedroom. Whatever could be covered, they covered with chintz or taffeta or antique chairs. Whatever was porcelain was smothered in chiffon and silk, usually in pink. Whatever was ornament in itself—a faucet, a handle—became ornate. That man, condemned by a whim of fashion to shave every day, needed light so that he might see where to cut himself, gave women a splendid opportunity to make the bathroom dim and almost religious in character—as if they suspected that the light was used for other purposes as well. With the great gaping tub little could

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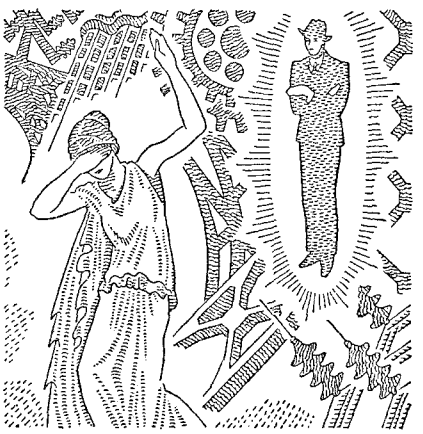
be done, but women could always see to it that showers were placed the wrong height—they disliked showers as something out of athletic clubs—and they made sure that bath towels were no larger than two handkerchiefs and no more absorbent. As for the cluttering of medicine chests with cosmetics, that is not to be spoken of.

Against this bathroom, the machine gave men a splendid opportunity, depositing heavy blocks of porcelain, disposing basins and closets in such ways that everything was recognizable for its function; at the same time, the new bathroom acquired strong, solid colors in appropriate places, making it impossible to decorate. The faucets became single bars of chromium. The bathroom then was so clean, so incapable of being made dainty or dirty, that it made the rest of the average American apartment look ridiculous.

The rescue of the kitchen followed, for purely commercial reasons. Left entirely in the hands of women, the kitchen had become unworkmanlike and totally without style. With new mechanisms and new designs, and again strong, simple colors, the kitchen today takes its place with the bathroom, as esthetically the most interesting part of the average American home.

The kitchen suggests the next field in the rebellion against the dominance of the female—the important matter of eating. It is an old reproach that Americans know nothing about the art of dining but with it should go the historical corollary that cooking has been largely in the hands of women. There were epicures in America in the last days of the bicycle and the first days of the motor car, and the degeneration of dining has followed step by step on the ascendency of women, coming to a disgraceful end in the tea shop, the salad with whipped cream, the dainty half-portion, and the general use of the noon hours, not for eating but for a kind of sexless flirtation leading at most to a matinee. I don't know whether the food at tea shops was worse than that of the quick lunch, but the pretensions were. The tea shop was morbidly esthetic in a field where estheticism is entirely out of place. From the tables which were too small and the lights which were too dim to the cuisine which was too delicate, they all gave the impression that to eat heartily was socially incorrect. It was the tea-shop influence which made it impolite to discuss food and very nearly impossible to relish the taste of food, and the same influence, linking hands across the ages with the Victorian, made mincing the only correct way of chewing. The solid principle was abandoned that the gourmet



is always something of a gourmand, the man who savors food being sure to like a lot of it and sure to believe that the word mouthful means a comfortably full mouth. If Alice Foote MacDougall drove even the porcelain and glass Childs's to period furniture, men have still to thank another woman for showing them the way out. Mrs. Sheila Hibben published, about a year ago, a national cook book which is, perhaps by accident, 90 per cent anti-feminist. It recalls foods prepared when men went out to fish and hunt for the family dinner and when women fortunately had no time for elaborations and prepared food for the single purpose of sustaining life. Here you have the contempt for the frill and a finely critical admiration for the substance. Here you have roasts and breads and beans and hams and stews which every man will accept. Even as Mrs. Hibben writes of them, you feel that she must have rejected one of the first articles of faith on which the feminized cuisine is based: that there are two kinds of foods, those which may be served when guests are present and those which may not. In this respect, men are all Mr. Jiggses: if corned beef and cabbage or veal Marengo or Irish stew are good, men see no reason for not giving them to guests: women do. So far their victory has been complete. At lunch, nothing more substantial than a chop, at dinner nothing more solid than a small cylinder of filet mignon is permissible if friends are present. To women it has always seemed that eating interfered gravely with the purpose of dining together.

The revival of interest in national foods with their coarser tastes and textures has marched with the revival of hearty eating at speakeasies. Here, for the most part, you have the international cuisine, prepared by men, and affording, under the economics of prohibition, many-coursed and excellent dinners at low prices. Against this competition, even the tea room which served cocktails in transparent cups could not persist. With the coming of repeal, I should like to believe that the feminine influence in food and drink has been completely overcome, for it is not extravagant to believe that repeal itself is a prime example of the masculine revolt. Prohibition was only the temperance movement taken over by business men, card-indexed and made efficient, and temperance was a woman's movement of which the first saint was Miss Frances Willard and the last, I hope, Mrs. Ella Boole. It is true that men passed the Volstead Act but in the shrill cackle of delight when prohibition became effective, the sound of women's voices was heard, and the first revenge of the drinker was to ply women with liquor. This was an unexpected success and feminists, among men, rejoiced in the company of crying wenches at speakeasy tables. (They had obviously never stepped into the back room for a glass of beer in the old saloon.) But presently women in liquor became more of a problem than women in love; it was discovered that they are peculiarly unpredictable and not necessarily good company. The movement for repeal took headway in the final years before the crash in the market because it was becoming imperative that men should have a place to drink without women—and no man was ever persuaded that you could repeal the amendment and still forbid the saloon. Yet even if men were wrong there, if repeal provides them no sanctuary, the masculine triumph in erasing, for the first time in our history, an amendment to the Constitution is complete, for that amendment was invented by women and forced upon us by women.

The temperance argument was that sobriety would make men better husbands and fathers; the prohibition argument was that sobriety would make

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them better workers and business men. If the prohibitionists were right, women made a serious mistake by supporting prohibition, because business has long been an enemy of their enterprises, social or sexual. It is not surprising that the acid attacks on American business have usually introduced the esthetic or the voluptuous woman as a higher type of civilized human being. Sinclair Lewis, slashing at his Babbitt, seemed quite incapable of understanding that his own Carol Kennicott had driven Babbitt to the fatuous extremes of his religion of business. Business and machinery represent the male substitutes for art, intellectualism and society, and the collapse of business and machinery since 1929 might have wrecked the masculine revolt if men had not been able to turn to two other absorbing interests—economics and war. For the latter—a prime male activity—we have still to wait a few years, but economics, from Five Year Planning through Technocracy to the New Deal, has made it possible for men to be isolated from their daily affairs and still not to fall into the hands, or the arms, of women.

The masculine revolt is not a great military manœuvre; it is guerrilla warfare, with a successful sortie in one place, a retreat in another, a triumph and a dispersal. Even in the fields which I have named, the victories are incomplete and there are probably feminine triumphs to match them. Men weaken at decisive moments. Give them the slogan "more comfort and less art" and before they can erect it into a principle, it becomes more comfortable not to fight any longer. Most of them are not aware of being in jeopardy; most of them, being American men, do not know that women may be persuaded, without loss of attractiveness, to leave certain things alone. So they are not vigilant. A few days ago, a woman told me that the very latest thing, indeed, was perfumed finger bowls.

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

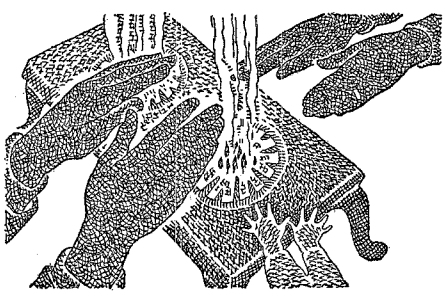
We Live on Relief

By Ann Rivington

An actual experience of a college graduate and member of the middle class. The writer of this article chooses, for obvious reasons, to use a pen name

"The Submerged Tenth." I remember when I was yet in pigtails how I sat reading in the stuffy parlor where Mother kept the shade drawn so the sun would not fade the furniture. I had found the little book in Father's library. It described in lurid terms how *they* live, suffering from hunger, squalor, dirt, and ignorance. The author took it for granted that the four were inseparable. She went on to explain how *we* must fulfill our Christian duty, not merely by feeding their hunger, but by inculcating our godly virtues of thrift, cleanliness, and education. My young heart was full of sentimental tinder and easy to set on fire. I thought then that I would grow up to be a social worker.

When I went to college I studied sociology. I was taught that hunger, squalor, dirt, and ignorance are the results of environment. Charity, therefore, is no solution. We must change the environment. In order to do this we have settlement houses, playgrounds, and social workers in the slums.



In the past year and a half I have again revised my opinion. I am no longer one of *us*. For all my education, my training in thrift and cleanliness, I am become one of *them*. My condition is shared by a large sector of the population. From my new place in society I regard the problems and misery of the poor with new eyes.

Two years ago I was living in comfort and apparent security. My husband had a good position in a well-known orchestra and I was teaching a large and promising class of piano pupils. When the orchestra was disbanded we started on a rapid down-hill path. My husband was unable to secure another position. My class gradually dwindled away. We were forced to live on our savings.

In the early summer of 1933 I was eight months pregnant and we had just spent our last twelve dollars on one month's rent for an apartment. We found that such apartments really exist. They lack the most elementary comforts such as steam heat, bathtubs, sunlight, and running hot water. They usually are infested with mice and bedbugs. Ours was. Quite often the ceilings leak. In our apartment the leaks became so bad that every time it rained we were forced to set kettles around the room to catch the worst of the deluge. Sometimes we had to wait half the night, sitting around in dry corners, before it was possible to mop up and go to bed.

What, then, did we do for food when our last money was spent on rent? In vain we tried to borrow more. So strong was the influence of our training that my husband kept looking feverishly for work when there was no work,

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and blaming himself because he was unable to find it. Another thing we did was to open a charge account at the corner grocery on the recommendation of our next-door neighbors. An application to the Emergency Home Relief Bureau was the last act of our desperation.

My husband took care of the actual application. I was then unable to walk the three miles to the public-school building that served as a relief station. We were so completely uninformed about the workings of charitable organizations that we thought all we need do was to make clear to the authorities our grave situation in order to receive immediate attention. I had some vague idea that our "superior qualifications" would bring us instant sympathy and help.

My husband came home some five hours later with an application blank in his pocket. All this time he had been waiting, he told me, with more than fifty other people.

We filled out the application with great care. It was an interesting document. I was surprised at the request for proof of two years' residence. What if we had moved here only a year ago and were in our present situation? What then? There must be plenty of people like that.

There were many questions to which we had no answer. "List property owned in full or in part." "Insurance. Give names of insurance companies." "How much money have you now? In the bank?" "Have any persons, friends or relatives, helped you in the past year?"

The next morning my husband started early for the bureau. He returned at about two o'clock, very hungry and weak from the heat. But he was encouraged.

"Well, I got to talk to somebody this time," he said. "She asked me over again all the questions on that paper and more besides. Then she said to go home and wait. An investigator should be around tomorrow or day after. On account of your condition she marked the paper urgent." The next day we waited, and all of two days more. The fourth day, which was Saturday, my husband went back to the bureau. It was closed until Monday.

On Sunday morning the Italian grocer reminded me of our bill. "It get too big," he said. We cut down to one meal a day, and toast.

Monday brought no investigator. Tuesday my husband was at the bureau again. This time he came home angry.

"They said the investigator was here Friday and we were out. I got sore and told them somebody was lying."

"But you shouldn't. Now they won't help us."

"Now they will help us. She'll be here tomorrow."

Late Wednesday afternoon the investigator arrived. She questioned us closely for more than half an hour on our previous and present situation, our personal lives, our relatives. This time we certainly expected the check. But we were told to wait.

"I'm a special investigator. The regular one will be around Friday with the check."

My husband was in a torment of anxiety. "But we can't wait till Friday. We owe ten dollars downstairs now, and they won't let us charge any more. We have to eat something. My wife ——"

The investigator looked tired. "You'll just have to put them off. I must make my report. And there are other cases ahead of yours."

By Monday morning we had nothing for breakfast but oatmeal, without sugar or milk. We decided we must go together to the bureau and find out what was wrong. It seemed to us that my appearance at that time would lend emphasis to our plea. Therefore, as soon as we had finished breakfast, we borrowed carfare from our kind neighbors and started out.

We reached the relief station a good fifteen minutes before nine, but the sidewalk was crowded with people. My husband explained to me that they were waiting to waylay the investigators on their way to work, to pour complaints and problems in their ears. As we were approaching, a little man with a briefcase hurried past us. A voice called out from the crowd, "Oh, Mr. Parsons!" The man hurried on, but in a moment a middle-aged Jewish workman laid hold of his coat lapel.

"We ain't got no gas yet, and you promised a month ago!" Impatiently, Mr. Parsons shook himself free.

"I haven't any time now. We'll talk about it Thursday." He went on into the building. We were following, but a guard stopped us.

"Over to the right," he said. "You can't go in there now."

"My wife can't stand in line," my husband told him.

"I can't help it. I got my orders." We hesitated. A policeman was leaning at the other side of the door. We were pushed over to another stairway leading into a corridor filled with shabby men and women. There must have been a hundred. Others kept crowding in behind us.

At last the doors were opened. The line crept forward. Three guards stood at the entrance, and every person in the crowd had to tell his business before he was admitted. Many were turned away. For the insistent there was the inevitable answer, "I got my orders," and the policeman within ready call.

By half-past nine we had made our way up to the door.

"Room two," the guard said, handing us each a slip of paper.

Room two had once been a classroom. The blackboards were still there, but three desks instead of one stood at the front, and the place was filled with long brown benches, crowded with our drab companions in hunger. Others were standing along the walls. The air was stifling and rank with the smell of poverty. I was already worn out, and I began to feel very faint. We sat down at the end of the rear bench. Those in front would get up and speak with the women at the desks, then either go away or wait at the side for an answer. Gradually we were able to slide to the end of our bench, then back along the next bench.

I watched the people around us. There they sat waiting, my fellow indigents. Bodies were gaunt or flabby, faces—some stoical, some sullen—all care-worn like my husband's. What had they done, or left undone, to inherit hunger? What was this relief we were asking for? Certainly it was not *charity*. It was dispensed too grudgingly, too harshly, to be that. I smiled bitterly as I remembered the grace my father used to repeat before meals: "Lord make us thankful for that which we are about to receive."

When our turn came to talk to one of the women behind the desks we were told that the checks had been held up for lack of funds and that we should

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go home and wait for an investigator "some time this week." We were not going to be put off in this manner. My husband told her, "We have to have something more than promises. There's no food in the house, and my wife can't live on air."

"Well, that's all I can tell you," said the woman. I went to the back of the room and sat down again. My husband stood near the desk, and between other cases he went up and talked further.

"If that's all you can tell me, who knows more than you? We're not leaving without a better answer."

The woman's voice rose. "You can't talk to me like that!" A guard was hovering near, ready, as I thought, to eject us.

"Then whom can I talk to? I want the supervisor." I came up and stood beside my husband. At last the supervisor was called.

"The checks will be out tomorrow night. You will get yours Thursday."

"And what are we to do till Thursday? Already, you made us a promise you didn't keep. We need food now, and we're not leaving till we know where it's coming from."

The supervisor did not seem enthusiastic about our staying longer. If I had not been so obviously pregnant, I think we would have been thrown into the street. As it was, he picked up the telephone and, with my husband's instruction, called Pete the grocer and asked him to honor our account for two days more.

"As I told you, you will have the check Thursday morning," he repeated as we left.

Sure enough, early Thursday afternoon the regular investigator arrived. He gave us a check for eight-fifty to cover two weeks' food. We had already spent two dollars at the grocer's since the supervisor's phone call, and this amount, of course, was counted off the check. But Pete was not satisfied.

"Gotta take off more. I poor too."

I shook my head. "Wait," I said. "We'll pay you, but not this time."

I looked around the little shop hungrily. A pregnant woman's taste for delicacies was accentuated by the days of semi-starvation. I was tortured by a great longing for fresh fruit.

"How much are the grapes?" I asked.

"No grapes," said Pete. "No grapes for you."

"But why not, Pete?"

"Grapes are luxury. You get beans, potatoes, onions. Poor people no eat grapes."

I was bewildered. But Pete meant what he said. He showed me a bulletin he had received from the Relief Bureau, listing the things allowed on the food checks of the jobless. I cannot remember all the regulations. The paper was too long and involved for that. But I do remember that only dried fruit was listed. The quantities of eggs, butter, milk, were strictly limited. No meat except salt pork, unsliced bacon, pig's liver and other entrails. Rice, beans, potatoes, bread, onions were the main items to be sold. I saw no mention of fresh vegetables. I was highly indignant.

"Listen, Pete, my stomach isn't leather even if I have no money." I picked up a nice juicy cantaloupe and two bunches of carrots.

"These are onions and potatoes," I said, and marched out the door trailing carrot tops.

My baby was born one week later in a public ward where I was taken as an emergency case. The nine days' hospital experience is no part of this history, which deals with my adventures, as one of the city's unemployed, in obtaining food and shelter. But it is necessary to state in this place that I came home after nine days, ill and weak from inadequate care, bad food, and far too short a rest in bed. I came home with a dawning consciousness of my position, not as a unique sufferer, but as one of the mighty and growing mass who had somehow come to be cast aside as useless in the present scheme of things, cast aside in spite of the various skills and talents they may have possessed.

As summer wore away into fall we began to feel the effects of the inflation, so widely heralded in the newspapers as a harbinger of prosperity. Week by week the price of almost every food item rose steadily, a penny or two at a time. Since our relief checks remained the same, our diet became poorer and poorer. By the first of October we were down once more to one meal a day, supplemented by toast and coffee. We told our investigator about this, but to no purpose. He repeated to us that we were getting all that was possible, that he was forced to skip other cases entirely some weeks because he had not enough money at his disposal.

Gradually the more and more deficient diet began to tell on us. We did not lose much weight—the very poor usually eat plenty of starch—but we began to suffer from general debility, colds, minor infections. The baby, who had thrived at first, cried a great deal, especially during the night. Finally we had her weighed, and found that in the last month and a half she had not gained an ounce, in fact, had lost a trifle. After we made that discovery we curtailed our own diet even farther, in order to give her Grade A milk and orange juice.

We began to have other serious worries. Now the landlord was becoming a frequent and insistent visitor. He was a small, dry-faced individual, with a deceptive air of taking everybody into his confidence. For his benefit we invented all kinds of imaginary expectations of money. At last he gave us one week more in which to pay up all we owed him. He called again the next day. He stood in the doorway, dressed in his well-tailored suit, and explained dolefully that the bank was going to foreclose—all on account of us.

We admitted that we were on relief, and promised to ask for a rent check. He explained that such a thing was impossible. The relief was not giving out rent checks except after eviction. It would cost him fifteen dollars to evict us, and the check would be for only twelve. He would lose three dollars.

"Try to borrow," he said as he left, "or do something. I'll be back in a few days." When he was well out of earshot my husband and I looked at each other and burst into hysterical laughter.

"Poor landlord!" my husband cried: "He's almost as badly off as we are, just because we can't pay the rent!"

The city elections were approaching. We did not suppose that they would affect us in the least. What, then, was our surprise when the investigator brought us a rent check. It might or might not have been intended as a bribe for our vote. We were too cynical, at that time, to see any connection between economics and politics, and we refrained from voting. However, the check helped us for the time being to stave off the fear of eviction.

The problem of insufficient food was becoming daily more serious. I still held my baby to dry breasts before giving her the milk mixture. She was de-

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veloping digestive troubles. My husband decided to complain once more at the bureau. He was told in so many words, "You can't expect to eat well. All we're trying to do is to keep you alive." This was the only satisfaction he received and there seemed nothing we could do to help ourselves. A few days later, when the investigator came on his regular visit, we found that by complaining we had done the best thing possible. Our food check was for nine dollars and a half.

As the cold weather came on our apartment became more and more unbearable. The damp chill ate into our bones. The place had no heating facilities except a fireplace without a grate. The end of November we received a coal order from the relief, and by taking it to the nearest police station my husband could obtain coal, provided he carried it home, half a mile, on his back. We gathered up kindling wood in the streets and started a fire, only to find that the coal was of such poor quality that it would not burn without better draught. Our only heat, therefore, had to come from our little two-burner gas plate. With this we were able to take the chill off the room, but the air became vitiated, and we suffered from constant headaches, while our little daughter coughed continually.

To make matters worse we were hounded by the gas company. Before we had succeeded in getting on the relief my husband had found the meter unlocked, and all this time we had used what gas was necessary. Whenever the man came to read the meter we would refuse to open the door, calling out some excuse: "I'm taking a bath," or "I'm nursing the baby. Come back later." Our investigator had been promising us that we would have an order to turn on the gas. Nothing of the sort materialized. At last we were in terror every time we heard a knock on the door. No longer once a month, but almost daily, and sometimes twice a day, the enemy would attack, sometimes with a loud pounding and a shout, "Gas man!" sometimes with a guileful tap, like that of a friend.

The thermometer dropped below freezing. Day after day we hovered over that little, evil-smelling fire. It was then that I learned how little cleanliness has to do with training. The whole meaning of life, for us, had become an escape from hunger and cold. We no longer made an attempt to keep the place clean. Our bodies and clothing we neglected, as well. We still tried to bathe the baby, but often that was impossible, even beside the gas plate. We would wash out her diapers and clothes and hang them around the room, so they contributed an additional dampness to the nauseous atmosphere.

One morning we were awakened by the sound of rough voices in the hallway, then a thundering on the door.

"Gas man! We got orders to take your meter." We held our breath, and the blessed baby did not cry. We heard the sound of filing on steel. A strong smell of gas seeped into the room. When they were gone we found that the gas pipe in the hall had been cut and covered with a metal cap.

Three days of nightmare we spent in that icy place while my husband searched out a shelter for us. At last, a friend who had a small steam-heated apartment in a slum even poorer than our own told us that he was leaving town and we might move into the place if we liked. The relief was paying rents for the winter, and the fifteen-dollar rental was within their budget for a family of three. We should be able to get a rent check by the time the first payment was due. Our friend would "lend" us the money for the moving bill.

The day before we moved we had dinner with our friend. We talked a long time after dinner.

"How much relief did you say you're getting," our host wanted to know. We told him.

"Is that all? It seems pretty small. We have a neighbor over here who's working as an investigator. I'll ask her to come in and give us the dope."

The neighbor was called and introduced. She took a pencil and did some figuring.

"You should be getting ten dollars," she said, "ever since early fall." She showed us how the amount was determined: "$1.65 a week for a man, $1.55 for a woman, $1.00 for a baby, add 15 per cent, then add 15 cents for soap; multiply by two. That should be the check."

"But why don't they give us that, then?"

She laughed. "Either your investigator was too lazy to figure, or, well, he may have been trying to make sure of his job. You see, the investigators are terribly overworked, and always afraid of being fired and having to go back to the relief allowance themselves. We're under pressure to give as little help as possible, to refuse relief on the slightest excuse, to miss some families with the checks occasionally. At the same time, if cases complain, the whole blame is thrown on us. So if we lie to people, or 'put the fear of God into them,' it's all in self-defense. The only ones who get what they're entitled to are those who know what is their quota and demand it, especially if they make their demands in an organized way."

After we moved we got our rent check, our ten-dollar food check, letters to turn on our light and gas, a weekly order for salt pork, butter, bread, and eggs, by demanding these things and demanding them fearlessly. About a month ago my husband applied for work under a musicians' project of the Civil Works Service. As yet he has not been notified of any work, though he takes the long hike across town several times a week, to be sure he is not being forgotten. It begins to look as if this, too, is a help only available to those making insistent demands.

Meanwhile we are still living on the relief. While our position in the new apartment is less desperate, the neighborhood is infinitely worse, and the uncertainty as maddening as ever. We feel ourselves always on the edge of a precipice, with nothing to save us, sooner or later, from the abyss. We keep wondering, questioning. What if our check does not come next week? What when the relief bureau stops paying rents for the summer? Will we be evicted? Will our family be broken up, our little girl taken away from us? After a time these questions reach out beyond our burning personal needs. What is the cause of our suffering? Whither is it leading us, and the increasing millions like us? What is wrong with the system, the civilization that brings with it such wholesale misery? My own voice is one of many that are asking, more and more insistently.

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On the Heart's Beginning to Cloud the Mind

By Robert Frost

Something I saw, or thought I saw,
In the desert at midnight in Utah,
Looking out of my lower berth
At moonlit sky and moonlit earth.
The sky had here and there a star.
The earth had a single light afar,
A flickering, human, pathetic light,
That was maintained against the night,
As it seemed to me, by the people there,
With a world-forsaken brute despair.
It would flutter and fall in half an hour
Like the last petal off a flower.
But my heart was beginning to cloud my mind.
I could tell a tale of a better kind.
That far light flickers because of trees.
The people can burn it as long as they please;
And when their interests in it end
They can leave it to some one else to tend.
Come back that way a summer hence,
I should find it no more no less intense.
I pass, but I scarcely pass, no doubt,
When one will say "Let us put it out."
The other without demur agrees.
They can keep it burning as long as they please.
They can put it out whenever they please.
One looks out last from the darkened room
At the shiny desert with spots of gloom
That might be people and are but cedar,
Have no purpose, have no leader,
Have never made the first move to assemble,
And are nothing to make the lonely tremble.
She can think of places that are not thus
Without indulging a "Not for us!"
Life is not so sinister grave.
Matter-of-fact has made them brave.
He is husband, she is wife. .
She fears not him, they fear not life.
They know where another light has been,
And more than one, to theirs akin,
But earlier out for bed tonight,
So lost on me in my surface flight.

This I saw when waking late,
Going by at a railroad rate,
Looking through wreaths of engine smoke,
Far into the lives of other folk.

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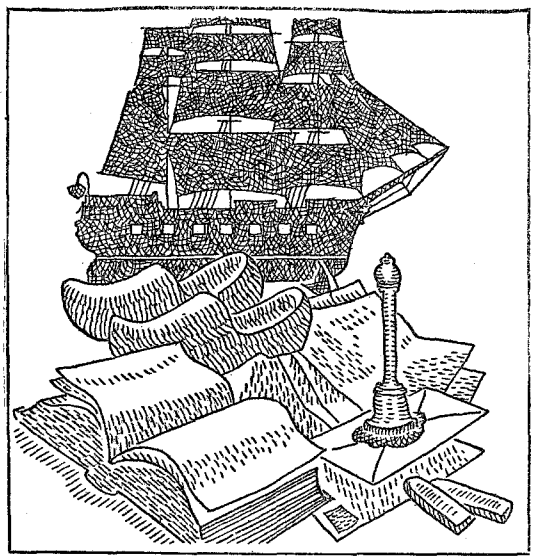
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



Sinclair Lewis . . . Courage and Cruelty . . . Mr. McGuffey, Mr. Ford and the Dictionary of American Biography . . . Visiting Critics . . . The Best Plays of the Current Season.

Some years ago, in an agreeable conversation I had with Sinclair Lewis, I had the temerity to make a certain suggestion. "In *Main Street* you showed our American small towns and villages as hopelessly decivilized; the stupidity, vulgarity, and fatuity of the inhabitants were equalled only by their self-satisfaction and conceit. In *Babbitt* you showed American citified business men as back-slapping crooks; their rudimentary intelligence took the form of a low animal cunning, which however sufficed for swindling their way into prosperity. In *Arrowsmith* you showed physicians and surgeons as having gone in for racketeering on a large scale, with antiseptics for whitewash. In *Elmer Gantry* you showed Protestant clergymen as hypocritical windbags, with the manners of frontiersmen and the morals of rabbits. Now as you have, with an energy that may truly be called evangelical, punctured the pretentiousness of typical representatives of so many occupations, why not turn your attention for a moment to your own profession, and give us a portrait of the typical novelist? Surely among contemporary novelists, there are plenty of hypocrites, ignoramuses, poseurs, egotists, self-advertisers, and degenerates who would sell what is left of their souls for a little publicity."

Not for a moment do I flatter myself that this suggestion had anything to do with the conception or development of Mr. Lewis's latest novel, *Work of Art.* Whatever may be his virtues or limitations, he has always gone his own way, and written to please himself, which should be the main aim of every creative author. Yet I suppose one of the reasons why I admire *Work of Art* so intensely is that in this novel he has devoted his tremendous power of satire to stripping from a literary man his garments of verbiage, and exhibiting the meanness, selfishness, ingratitude, and treachery of his real self.

He has shown, among many other things, two realities. A novelist can be as repulsive as any business man, and a business man can be a greater artist than one who takes art as his profession.

But this new novel has other and even higher merits than those exhibited by a mere reversal of dynamics. *Work of Art* is itself a work of art, one of the best novels its author has ever written. Not only does it exhibit his powers in their plenitude, but it has *beauty,* and charm, and profound sympathy. It is also free from the violence and noisiness and discordant language that in *Ann Vickers* so often tortured my nerves.

The first chapter is magnificent, but that in itself is not surprising, for Mr. Lewis certainly knows how to write first chapters. The remarkable thing here is that almost any one who had read only the first chapter would be completely mistaken in his conjecture as to the course of the story; yet the story develops in a way that we know to be "true to life," though I should not have had the ability even to imagine it. The dull drudge is the real artist who, in Tennysonian language, follows the gleam; he exhibits more creative imagination, more honesty and self-sacrificing perseverance in following his ideal *in business,* than his showy word-intoxicated brother ever displays in the professional art of literature. A Babbitt is always a Babbitt, whether he be a realtor or a novelist; an artist is always an artist, whether he be a painter or an inn-keeper.

In reading *Work of Art* I cannot help thinking of Arnold Bennett's last long novel *Imperial Palace,* where a modern metropolitan hotel was the hero of the book; Bennett was always delighted with modern gadgets of every description, and he was fascinated by the complicated organism of the Savoy. But I regard *Work of Art* as a much finer novel than *Imperial Palace,* for the latter was written about a hotel and the former about a hotel manager. A man is more interesting than a mansion.

With his old energy unabated, though more under control, with his gift for mimicry and reality undiminished, Mr. Lewis has in this novel reached new heights of imagination; nothing that he has ever written is more purely creative, more wholly original, or more wide in its application.

And, although there are numerous individual scenes, like the hotel and the suicide in Florida, that will never be forgotten, the novel makes its chief impact as a complete work. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

As a rule, I do not enjoy collections of short stories so much as a full-length novel; for the same reason that I find one four-act play more entertaining than four one-act plays. But the volume containing six stories with the general title *Ah King,* by Somerset Maugham,

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exhibits such extraordinary skill that it clutched and held my attention from first page to last. The tales are, as I expected they would be, ironically tragic; they are in the manner of Guy de Maupassant. Those who enjoy artistry in composition, regardless of the subject or of the author's *Weltanschauung*, will enjoy reading this book. In the preliminary note explaining the title, Mr. Maugham makes a remark that needs to be made. "I soon found that though he could speak English tolerably he could not understand it." One often hears a traveller say "I cannot speak French but I can understand it." I believe ten persons can speak a foreign language, to one who can understand it. Almost any person with a slight smattering of a foreign language can arrange sentences in his mind before uttering them; the test of his knowledge comes when the foreigner answers him.

Those collaborators, Charles Nordhoff and James M. Hall, who produced such a ripping story in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, have written an equally exciting sequel in *Men Against the Sea*. These men were those who in the earlier book were cast adrift by Mr. Christian, and now they travel more than 3000 miles in an open boat. Apart from the story which is packed so full of thrills that one reads it breathlessly, the main theme is neither the men nor the sea; but rather the change that takes place in our attitude toward Captain Bligh. His abominable cruelty, both physical and mental, for he not only delighted in brutality but in humiliating and torturing the minds of his subordinates, made me feel at the end of the *Bounty* that no punishment could really be bad enough to pay him off. Yet he is the hero of the second book. Here day after day his courage and his bull-dog perseverance and his unwearied patience rouse the admiration of his worst enemies. He is the only man who could have brought them through. If a kind, considerate, sensitively minded captain had been in command of that boat, they would all have perished.

Now this leads me to the unwelcome and unpleasant thought that cruelty often goes with courage. I wish it didn't but I am sure it does. Of course I don't mean the bully; the bully delights in hurting those he knows to be inferior; and is often a coward at heart. No, I mean exactly what I say. There is no vice I detest more than cruelty; those who torture helpless animals and helpless children, those who are callous to suffering they could relieve, seem to me almost the worst specimens of the human race. Yet I believe such men are often more courageous than those who are amiable, kind-hearted, sensitive, considerate, and unselfish. In times of peace, one infinitely prefers to be associated with the latter class. But if I were out on the ocean in an open boat, I should prefer for a leader the hard-boiled kind, if as is usually the case, his toughness was accompanied with skill. The very qualities that make a man fearless also often make him indifferent to suffering. The lack of imagination works both ways. You will remember in *Two Years Before the Mast* the abominable cruelty of Captain Wilson; but you will also remember his courage, his resourcefulness, his tremendous energy. In the whole two years that Dana was under his command, he never once saw the Captain sit down when he came on deck. And his death was the death of a fearless man. People not only have the defects of their qualities, they have the qualities of their defects. When William James drew the distinction between the tough-minded and the tender-minded, the suggestion of course was that the tender-minded are inferior. But the tough-minded are also more cruel, more callous, more indifferent. I admire courage and I hate cruelty. P. S. I hate cruelty ten times more than I admire courage.

What a piece of work is man! In Garshin's tremendous story, the Russian captain treated his men with such cold cruelty that they hated him; but how they did fight! And after the battle, one of them heard him sobbing and muttering: "Sixty of my men killed!"

The latest volume of the admirable *Dictionary of American Biography* covers all names from McCulloch to Millet. And once more I give my readers a chance to test their knowledge by seeing how many of these few selected names from this volume have definite significance. First of all, don't look: see if you can guess the two most important names. They both begin: Ma.

Hugh McCulloch, John McCullough, George Barr McCutcheon, E. A. McDowell, P. N. McGiffin (I wept when I read of his suicide), W. H. McGuffey, Samuel McIntire (seven columns and his name meant nought to me), Donald McKay, John W. Mackay, James M. Steele Mackaye, Thomas McKean, St. Clair McKelway, Charles F. McKim (his partner is in this same volume—watch out!), William McKinley (9 columns), John B. McMaster, James McMillan (who did more than any other Senator for the District of Columbia), Isaac Wayne MacVeagh, William McVickar (two resemblances to Phillips Brooks), James Madison (20 columns), Alfred T. Mahan (4), Horace Mann (5), Daniel Manning, Richard Mansfield (6½), Robert B. Mantell, Francis A. March, William L. Marcy (6), Francis Marion (Bryant's poem), Allan Marquand, Jacques Marquette, Othniel C. Marsh, John Marshall (20), Louis Marshall (4), Thomas R. Marshall (3—and his "greatest need" is now fulfilled), Luther Martin (4), W. A. P. Martin, Philip Martiny (4), George Mason (6), Jeremiah Mason, Lowell Mason, Cotton Mather (8), Increase Mather (8), Richard Mather (3), Samuel Mather, William J. Matheson (great friend of mine), Christopher Mathewson (the great Matty), J. Brander Matthews (5 columns), Stanley Matthews, D. H. Maury, M. F. Maury (6), Hiram Maxim, Hudson Maxim, Frank Mayo, William R. Mead, George G. Meade (5), Joseph Medill, John Meigs, G. Melchers, Charles S. Mellen, Herman Melville (8), T. C. Mendenhall, Stuart Merrill, Wesley Merritt, W. W. Merry, Sidney E. Mezes, A. A. Michelson (6), Arthur Middleton, Henry Middleton, Lloyd Mifflin, Thomas Mifflin (4), Nelson A. Miles, John Milledge, Lewis Miller, Samuel F. Miller (5), Warner Miller, William Miller (3), Francis D. Millet.

Early in January I was talking with Henry Ford in Detroit. He took from his pocket an old watch, and told me it had belonged to the famous Readerman, McGuffey. It was no longer running, but he would restore it to its pristine speed and accuracy. I asked him if he knew where he could find out all about the life of McGuffey. He expressed acute curiosity; for he venerates the man. I told him about the *Dictionary of American Biography*. He wrote down the name and promised to buy the complete set. He was especially

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pleased when I mentioned the reading list given at the end of every article in the *Biography*. I have no doubt he will buy every work referred to under McGuffey.

The late J. J. Jusserand was one of the most beloved of all the French ambassadors to the United States. He could have filled the Chair of *English* literature in any university in the world. His unfinished autobiography, *What Me Befell,* gives us an intimate view into the interior of a French household; he was brought up in piety and never departed from it. I well remember the occasion he speaks of in his book in the year 1906, when he came to Yale to help us celebrate the 300th anniversary of Corneille. Something went wrong in our seriously intended undergraduate production of a Corneille tragedy, and I thought the ambassador would die laughing. At first he tried to be polite which made the postponed explosion all the more terrific. I like his memoirs immensely up to the war; then he became just like anybody else, that is to say, just like any French, German, British, Austrian, Italian, American professorial seeker after truth.

Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour, by John Tasker Howard, is a biography that should interest many thousands of Americans. For a long time Foster's fame was eclipsed by his popularity; millions who were charmed by his melodies did not believe that anything so charming could possibly be a work of importance. But now, seventy years after his death, he has taken his place among Great Americans, and I hope that eventually he will be admitted to the Hall of Fame. Mr. Howard, an authoritative writer on music, has devoted years of research to the preparation of this work. He has given many facts about Foster previously unknown; he has corrected many statements that were untrue; he has published many letters from Foster to members of his family and friends; he has given a faithful account of the last tragic years in New York City. Out of these 445 pages emerges a complete portrait of the real man, with his lovableness, his devotion to music, his faults, and his weaknesses. Though no attempt whatever is made to conceal anything, the average reader I am sure will respect and love the man himself. There are about thirty illustrations, the appendices and bibliographies fill more than sixty pages, and there is an honest index. It is a first-rate piece of work, scholarly, interesting, sympathetic. Among the many statues and buildings erected in memory of Stephen Foster in the twentieth century, there are two I shall certainly visit—Foster Hall, founded by Josiah Kirby Lilly at Indianapolis, and the granite shaft erected at Fargo, Georgia, dedicated in 1928.

Erected in Memory of
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
At the Source of the Stream
Which he made Immortal
in Song
SUWANEE RIVER

The American poet, Archibald MacLeish, has selected those of his works he wishes to preserve. The volume is called *Poems—1924–1933*. The Foreword is so original and so suggestive in so many ways that it is in itself a masterpiece.

> THIS book is not a "collected edition" of my poems nor does it purport to trace my development as a poet. My development as a poet is of no interest to me and of even less interest, I should suppose, to anyone else. What I have done here has been to select from poems already published and from poems not yet published, those pieces I can now reread without embarrassment. The test has, I confess, no objective value. But it has the advantage of practicality and honesty. The truth is that all artists who continue to be engaged in the practice of their arts resent and dislike their past accomplishments. Only those who have completed their work will stand, with as much complacency as they can find, upon the record. To the rest, because their minds are upon new work with new problems and new technique, old work with its stale problems and its abandoned technique is distasteful. The moral may well be that the poet should not make his own selection. But if he is to make it, I know no test he can apply, short of the pomposities of the critical canon, which will serve him as well as his own uneasiness.

The sixth sentence in this Foreword may not be true of "all artists" but it is unquestionably true of many of them, and it helps to explain why so many creative writers do not enjoy hearing their earlier work praised.

E. V. Knox, the accomplished editor of the best comic paper in the world —and I don't need to tell you what that is—has skimmed the cream off the work of the columnist, G. K. Chesterton, in a little volume called *On Running After One's Hat*. These short essays are amazingly brilliant. Mr. Chesterton's mind is an inexhaustible something or other.

I have read the following murder stories and found them thrilling: *Murder Mansion,* by J. H. Wallis; *The Gallows of Chance,* by Oppenheim; *Two O'Clock Courage,* by Gelett Burgess; *The Curtain of Storm,* by Joseph Gollomb; *Murder of a Missing Man,* by Arthur M. Chase; *The Gold Skull Murders,* by F. L. Packard; *The Strange Case of Peter the Lett,* by Georges Simenon; and a rip-snorting swashbuckler historical romance, *Monsieur Blackshirt,* by David Graeme.

I have read the following murder stories and found them dull: *Drury Lane's Last Case,* by Barnaby Ross; *The Dark Garden,* by M. G. Eberhart; *The Bowstring Murders,* by Carr Dickson; *The Hanging Captain* (have forgotten plot, name of author, name of publisher); *Slow Death at Geneva,* by "Diplomat"; *The Thin Man,* by Dashiell Hammett, where the characters make the story dull. I know not how it is with other Scribnerians, but to me there are no women in the world so dull as the habitual frequenters of speakeasies, if I may judge of their attainments by novels and plays. In comparison with speakeasy females, the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Podunk Center is like a French salon of the eighteenth century. The current jest applies perfectly to them. "She has a cold in the head, but that's better than nothing."

Some time ago in these columns I expressed my surprise at the curiosity shown by Americans as to the impression our country makes on foreign visitors. Why should we care? Their opinion can have little value. I always prefer to hear them talk about their *own* country. Well, here is what Andrew Lang said in 1897 in his preface to *Martin Chuzzlewit* (Gadshill edition).

> . . . The people of that country either are, or are assumed by their press to be, excessively curious to know what opinion foreigners conceive of their country. Some years ago, the present editor was requested, by a great New York news-sheet, to say what he thought about Monsieur Paul Bourget's visit of inspection to the United States. He replied that he had not so much as heard that there was any such visit. We cannot imagine *The Times* inviting Monsieur Bourget to come over and write about England, at the same moment asking any casual German or Wallachian man of letters to give his opinions of the proceedings. Our public would not care for these, nor

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would the American public care. But American editors think otherwise.

Dickens would have acted more wisely had he abstained from taking Mr. Weller's advice to Mr. Pickwick, and writing a book on America. Thackeray visited that country, but wrote no book. Hurrying about a huge continent, receiving strings of people at "le-vees," feasted, "interviewed," stared at, discussed, described, a man is in an abnormal position; his impressions of America cannot be in harmony with those of American citizens. If he publishes his impressions, he is not likely to please his hosts: Mr. Hawthorne did not please us when he wrote about our "beefy" matrons, and so forth. Yet a considerable proportion of British matrons are "beefy." Dickens never blinks the fact, nor does he, as a native, offend us by his allusions. For an alien, *toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire*. The gambler admitted that he was a cheat, but, he remarked, "I don't like to be told so." The Americans of Dickens's day *may* have expectorated a good deal, may have dined with unwholesome velocity, may have had curious ideas about "receptions," may have permitted the growth of flowery components in their style, but—they did not like to be told about it. This was perfectly natural; we did not like Mr. Hawthorne's veracious and candid comments on the florid plight of our mature fair ones. . . .

On the whole, the present theatrical season in New York has been rather above the average. This is the list of plays I have enjoyed the most.

Ah Wilderness!
Days Without End
Men in White
The Green Bay Tree
Her Master's Voice
The Lake
Peace on Earth
Jezebel
Double Door
Ten Minute Alibi
Mary of Scotland
The School for Husbands
Dark Victory

Here is a highly important and valuable letter from Mrs. Wm. Tyler (Elizabeth Mather) of Austin, Texas. News from Emily Dickinson is news indeed.

We made a little "find" the other day and it seemed to me that you perhaps, more than anyone else might be interested. Among some old letters belonging to Prof. Richard H. Mather—long since dead—there appeared one from Emily Dickinson written to Prof. Mather on the death of his wife. It bears no date in Emily's handwriting—none of the notes we have from her are dated—but in father's handwriting is the date "Nov. 9th 1877." In her plain, widely spaced printing, the note runs thus: "Dear Friend: The few words of Lowell's seemed true to me. (We think this must allude to something she had already said to him.) I hope you have felt like reading them. That the Divine has been human is at first an unheeded solace, but it shelters without our consent. To have lived is a Bliss so powerful we must die to adjust it—but when you have strength to remember that dying dispels nothing which was firm before, you have avenged sorrow. E. Dickinson."

From W. Herrick Brown of the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston:

As a young man in my teens and early twenties I read three delightful stories painting the moorlands, the rocky coast, the mountains, the rivers, the jumping fish, and the heather of Scotland. These books were *A Princess of Thule*, *White Heather*, and *Wild Eelin*, by William Black.

It seemed to me that these novels of Black were a type of fiction which ought to be perpetuated with Scott and Dickens, both from the standpoint of subject matter and style.

A few years ago when I was selecting books for summer reading in the wilds of northern Maine, I thought of these works and endeavoured to find copies in the book stores in Boston. It was a great surprise to me to learn that they were out of print. . . .

It occurred to me to write you and ask the particular reason why William Black's stories have not endured. The style is not stilted; the narrative is flowing; the characters are true to life and beautifully portrayed; and it would seem to me that they would form a valuable addition to the required English reading for college entrance.

Nearly all novels and novelists pass into oblivion. My advice to all writers is that which Herrick gave to the girls of Devon.

In my boyhood I read many of Black's novels, along with those of Charles Reade, James Payn, Walter Besant, and James Rice.

Two valuable letters on GADGE.

From John Phelps of Northfield, Mass.:

About three years ago, while delving in a pile of dusty volumes at an auction, I ran across a reprint by that prince of early printers, Isaiah Thomas, that had for its subject, as I remember it, methods of torture and punishment used by pirates—something like that. Glancing through it hastily I am now convinced that I came across your elusive "GADGE," though at that time I thought 'twas "gadget" with the "t" missing. As the book was sadly wrecked and partly destroyed I did not buy it, but, lordy, how I wish I had.

Whether or not Browning was correct you have vindicated his statement by making "GADGE" the torturingest gadget in existence.

From Doctor Robert James Gay, of Chicago:

Scribner's Magazine, January, 1934, page 59, col. I; "GADGE."

See—Webster's New International Dictionary Edition 1920, page 882, col. 2, *below* the black line.

"Gadge—Scot. or dial. Eng. var. of Gauge."

The undersigned has heard this word used in these United States to designate a metal or wood screw-clamp used in holding pieces (furniture) in close approximation while the glue is drying and in holding the planking (boat-building) while it is being securely fastened. "Gadges" are of various sizes from a few ounces to pounds in weight.

The workmen pronounced "Screw-Gadge" —"Screw-Gadge," or just "Gadge." Throw me another "gadge," or "gaj," occasionally.

It would be more than painful to have a good (bad) husky workman apply a "Gadge" to one's thumb.

It is strange that the mighty *Oxford English Dictionary* should have no information on this word; especially if it really is "Scot. or dial. English."

These two letters give me the first information I have ever found on *gadge* since Browning's use of the word. Although the two letters give different definitions, I wonder how I missed the Webster.

From Doctor W. B. Bizzell, the President of the University of Oklahoma:

In your reference to Anna T. Kitchel's biography of *George Lewes and George Eliot* in this month's issue of SCRIBNER'S, you give "Marian Evans" as the maiden name of George Eliot. There seems to be some diversity of opinion about her given name. For example, in *George Eliot's Life* as related in her letters and journals and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross, she is called in his introductory sketch "Mary Ann Evans." I find that this is the designation of her given name in other biographies, such as J. Lewis May's *George Eliot*.

It happens that I have in my library a copy of *Novels and Tales* by Goethe, which was George Eliot's own copy of this book. On the fly-leaf in her own handwriting is the name "Marianne Evans." While the matter is not of great importance, I am wondering why there should be three different spellings of her given name. The presumption is, of course, that she knew how to spell her own name; but her own spelling of her name might be a mere affectation.

This interesting letter contains information quite new to me. I have often seen her name written as Marian and as Mary Ann; but *Marianne* and in her own hand! The poet Herrick in the seventeenth century spelled his own name thirteen different ways; but in the nineteenth century names, like everything else, alas! became more standardized.

From Frank Place of New York City:

Study of geology and astronomy over a few decades has impressed me with the tremendous reach of past time and of future time. You agree with that?

With that out of the way I ask your aid and comfort in a campaign to purge journalese (do you allow that?) of that horrent phrase "all-time."

I enclose some exhibits that my own clipping bureau has collected.

If there is a "record," why is not "breaking" or "surpassing" the record enough for anybody? I ask you.

Mr. Place encloses a number of press cuttings which speak of all-time records. His point is well taken.

In a previous issue I called attention to the fact that a perennial subject of

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British conversation is the weather. Arthur J. Carr, an undergraduate at the University of Michigan, writes:

> . . . I was reading this evening Thomas Love Peacock's 1829 novel, *The Misfortunes of Elphin* when, early in the third chapter, I came upon a passage relating to English weather.
>
> "In this interval of silence, he heard the loud dashing of the sea, and the blustering of the wind through the apertures of the walls.
>
> "This supplied him with what has been, since Britain was Britain, the alpha and omega of British conversation. He said, 'It seems a stormy night.' "
>
> "She answered, 'We are used to storms: we are far from the mountains, between the lowlands and the sea, and the winds blow round us from all quarters.' "

Alfred H. Gurney, Alumni Secretary of Brown University, calls my attention to the fact that Brown had conferred the degree of Doctor of Literature on Walter Hampden before he received it from Syracuse. As Brown was the first university to give me an honorary degree, I am glad that Walter and I are both graduates of Brown as well as of Syracuse.

The Honorable Samuel H. Spencer, formerly Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, gives me the following excellent suggestion on the meaning of *lump*.

> Why is not the obvious meaning the correct one? If you don't like a thing, you lump it, that is, you discard it, or throw it one side into the rubbish pile, but why combine yourself with it?

I erroneously stated that the Reverend Frank Fitt, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian Church in Grosse Point, Mich., read *Anthony Adverse* aloud to his wife in three months. He did much better than that. He began the reading on Sept. 10, and finished Oct. 6. This must be a record. There are only three members of the Anthony Adverse Club, two clergymen and a dentist.

Morgan Barnes, Headmaster of the Thacher School, Ojai Valley, Calif., writes:

> Every year a Dickens novel is read for half an hour or forty minutes after supper in the school parlor and this year I am reading *Our Mutual Friend*. Your generous and deserved commendation of the book has helped to confirm the favorable opinion of its enduring quality that our group of listeners (the entire school) has formed. Next year it is my hope to read *Great Expectations*, the favorite of my own boyhood, which strangely enough has never through all the years been read aloud at "Evening Reading."

This is a fine custom. And now I should like to have many of my readers write me and answer this question: *Which is your favorite novel of Dickens?* It is not an easy question; because so many of us have five or six favorites.

The Philadelphia dinner in honor of the 125th anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe was one of the best literary banquets I have ever attended. Sixteen hundred persons were present and there would have been more than 2000 had the hall been big enough. Mr. Richard Gimbel, who made the plans and the preparations, and through whose generosity the house where Poe lived in Philadelphia will be preserved as a permanent memorial, deserves the gratitude of all lovers of literature. Mr. Gimbel presided, and speeches were made by three of the greatest collectors of manuscripts and books in the world —Owen Young, Doctor Rosenbach, and Gabriel Wells. Heywood Broun and Agnes Repplier were in mid-season form; Professor Spaeth named as Poe's masterpiece *Ulalume* with which judgment I agree. There was an exhibition of Poe MSS. and early editions. I had the honor of sitting next to Mr. Edgar Allan Poe, whom I had seen playing quarter-back for Princeton against Yale. He was as charming a tablemate as he was formidable on the field.

My old friend from Harbor Beach, Huron County, Michigan, the Honorable Frank Murphy, is now Governor General of the Philippines. The newspaper at Manila, *The Philippines Herald*, in its issue for Dec. 16, has an admirable article called "Our Spiritual Values." After commenting on Mr. Murphy's leadership in political, material, and financial affairs in the islands, the paper commends him for

> the renaissance of faith in spiritual values which he has unconsciously produced in our common mind. . . . It is a happy coincidence that Frank Murphy is a Catholic like the people he has come to guide. But the denomination of his belief is not the important thing; what is important is the simplicity and sincerity with which he practices his faith, the impeccable manner he carries that faith into his private and public acts, and the contagious "sweetness and light" which his personality diffuses wherever his duty takes him.

Frank E. Robbins, of the University of Michigan, has prepared an admirable Chronology of the Barset and Parliamentary novels of Anthony Trollope. It is called "A Trollopian Chronology," is extremely well arranged, and so neatly packed that it covers only one large page. I am not sure he has any copies left for distribution; but I advise all those interested to write him at Ann Arbor, Mich. (I hope he won't curse me for this; but really it ought to have a wide circulation.)

Stephen Leacock says that the former age of isolated geniuses has given place to our age of no geniuses and universal competence. I had forgotten that Gilbert expressed this idea in verse, and I was reminded of it by the quotation in F. P. A.'s admirable column in *The New York Herald Tribune*, alluding to *The Gondoliers*.

> In short, whoever you may be,
> To this conclusion you'll agree,
> When every one is somebody,
> Then no one's anybody!

BOOKS MENTIONED WITH THEIR PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are suitable for discussion in reading clubs

**Work of Art*, by Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.
**Ah King*, by Somerset Maughan. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.
**Men Against the Sea*, by Nordhoff and Hall. Little Brown. $2.
Dictionary of American Biography. Scribners.
**What Me Befell*, by J. J. Jusserand. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
**Stephen Foster*, by John T. Howard. Crowell. $3.50.
**Poems*, by A. MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
**On Running After One's Hat*, by G. K. Chesterton. McBride. $1.
Murder Mansion, by J. H. Wallis. Dutton. $2.
The Gallows of Chance, by E. P. Oppenheim. Little Brown. $2.
The Curtain of Storm, by J. Gollomb. Macmillan. $2.
Murder of a Missing Man, by A. M. Chase. Dodd Mead. $2.
The Gold Skull Murders, by F. L. Packard. Burt. $2.
The Strange Case of Peter the Lett, by G. Simenon. Covici Friede. $2.
Monsieur Blackshirt, by D. Graeme. Lippincott. $2.
Drury Lane's Last Case, by Barnaby Ross. Viking. $2.
The Dark Garden, by M. G. Eberhart. Doubleday Doran. $2.
The Bowstring Murders, by Carr Dickson. Morrow. $2.
The Thin Man, by Dashiell Hammett. Knopf. $2.
Slow Death at Geneva, by "Diplomat." Coward McCann. $2.
The Hanging Captain, by Henry Wade. Harcourt Brace. $2.
Two O'Clock Courage, by Gelett Burgess. Bobbs Merrill. $2.

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TENDER IS THE NIGHT

Continued from page 258

experience of old families of the Western world, brought up rather than brought out. Dick thought, for example, that nothing was more conducive to the development of observation than compulsory silence.

Lanier was an unpredictable boy with an inhuman curiosity. "Well, how many Pomeranians would it take to lick a lion, father?" was typical of the questions with which he harassed Dick. Topsy was easier. She was nine and very fair and exquisitely made like Nicole, and in the past Dick had worried about that. Lately she had become as robust as any American child. He was satisfied with them both, but conveyed the fact to them only in a tacit way. They were not let off breaches of conduct—"Either one learns politeness in the home," Dick said, "or the world teaches it to you with a whip and you may get hurt in the process. What do I care whether Topsy 'adores' me or not? I'm not bringing her up to be my wife."

Another element that distinguished this summer and autumn for the Divers was an extraordinary plenitude of money. Due to the sale of their interest in the clinic, and to developments in America, there was now so much that the mere spending of it, the care of goods, was an absorption in itself. The style in which they travelled seemed fabulous.

Regard them as the train slows up at Boyen where they are to spend a fortnight visiting. The shifting from the wagon-lit has begun back at the Italian frontier. The governess's maid and Madame Diver's maid have come up from second class to help with the baggage, the dogs and the monkey. Nicole will carry the monkey, Dick will guard the children, Mlle. Bellois will superintend the hand-luggage, leaving the Sealyhams to one maid and the pair of Pekinese to the other. It is not necessarily poverty of spirit that makes a woman surround herself with life—it can be a superabundance of interest, and, except during her flashes of illness, Nicole was capable of being curator of it all. For example, with the great quantity of heavy baggage—presently from the van would be unloaded four wardrobe trunks, a shoe trunk, three hat trunks, and two hat boxes, a chest of servants' trunks, a portable filing-cabinet, a medicine case, a spirit lamp container, a picnic set, four tennis rackets in presses and cases, a phonograph, a typewriter. Distributed among the spaces reserved for family and entourage were two dozen supplementary grips, satchels and packages, each one numbered, down to the tag on the cane case. Thus all of it could be checked up in two minutes on any station platform, some for storage, some for accompaniment from the "light trip list" or the "heavy trip list," constantly revised, and carried on metal-edged plaques in Nicole's purse. She had devised the system as a child when travelling with her failing mother. It was equivalent to the system of a regimental supply officer who thinks of the bellies and the equipment of three thousand men.

The Divers flocked from the train into the early gathered twilight of the valley. The village people watched the debarkation with an awe akin to that which followed the Italian pilgrimages of Lord Byron a century before. Their hostess was the Contessa di Minghetti, lately Mary North. The journey that had begun in a room over the shop of a paperhanger in Newark had ended in an extraordinary marriage.

"Conte di Minghetti" was merely a papal title—the wealth of Mary's husband flowed from his being ruler-owner of manganese deposits in southwestern Asia. He was not quite light enough to travel in a pullman south of Mason-Dixon; he was of the Kyble-Berber-Sabian-Hindu strain that belts across north Africa and Asia, more sympathetic to the European than the mongrel faces of the portes.

When these princely households, one of the East, one of the West, faced each other on the station platform, the splendor of the Divers seemed pioneer simplicity by comparison. Their hosts were accompanied by an Italian majordomo carrying a staff, by a quartet of turbaned retainers on motorcycles, and by two half-veiled females who stood respectfully a little behind Mary and salaamed at Nicole, making her jump with the gesture.

To Mary as well as to the Divers the greeting was faintly comic; Mary gave an apologetic, belittling giggle; yet her voice, as she introduced her husband by his Asiatic title, flew proud and high.

In their rooms as they dressed for dinner, Dick and Nicole grimaced at each other in an awed way: such rich as want to be thought democratic pretend in private to be swept off their feet by swank.

"Little Mary North knows what she wants," Dick muttered through his shaving cream. "Abe educated her, and now she's married to a Buddha. If Europe ever goes Bolshevik she'll turn up as the bride of Stalin."

Nicole looked around from her dressing case. "Watch your tongue, Dick, will you?" But she laughed. "They're very swank. The warships all fire at them or salute them or something. Mary rides in the royal bus in London."

"All right," he agreed; as he heard Nicole at the door asking for pins, he called, "I wonder if I could have some whiskey; I feel the mountain air!"

"She'll see to it," presently Nicole called through the bathroom door. "It was one of those women who were at the station. She has her veil off."

"What did Mary tell you about life?" he asked.

"She didn't say so much—she was interested in all—she asked me a lot of questions about my genealogy and all that sort of thing, as if I knew anything about it. But it seems the bridegroom has two very tan children by another marriage—one of them ill with some Asiatic thing they can't diagnose. I've got to warn the children. Sounds very peculiar to me. Mary will see how we'd feel about it." She stood worrying a minute.

"She'll understand," Dick reassured her. "Probably the child's in bed."

At dinner Dick talked to Hosain, who had been at an English public school. Hosain wanted to know about the stocks and about Hollywood and Dick, whipping up his imagination with champagne, told him preposterous tales.

"Billions?" Hosain demanded.

"Trillions," Dick assured him.

"I didn't truly realize——"

"Well, perhaps millions," Dick con-

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ceded. "Every hotel guest is assigned a harem—or what amounts to a harem."

"Other than the actors and directors?"

"Every hotel guest—even travelling salesmen. Why, they tried to send me up a dozen candidates, but Nicole wouldn't stand for it."

Nicole reproved him when they were in their room alone. "Why so many highballs? Why did you use your word spic in front of him?"

"Excuse me, I meant smoke. The tongue slipped."

"Dick, this isn't faintly like you."

"Excuse me again. I'm not much like myself any more."

That night Dick opened a bathroom window, giving on a narrow and tubular court of the château, gray as rats but echoing at the moment to plaintive and peculiar music, sad as a flute. Two men were chanting in an Eastern language or dialect full of k's and l's—he leaned out but he could not see them; there was obviously a religious significance in the sounds, and tired and emotionless he let them pray for him too, but what for, save that he should not lose himself in his increasing depression, he did not know.

Next day, over a thinly wooded hillside they shot scrawny birds, distant poor relations to the partridge. It was done in a vague imitation of the English manner, with a corps of inexperienced beaters whom Dick managed to miss by firing only directly overhead.

On their return Lanier was waiting in their suite.

"Father, you said tell you immediately if we were near the sick boy."

Nicole whirled about, immediately on guard.

"—so, Mother," Lanier continued, turning to her, "the boy takes a bath every evening and tonight he took his bath just before mine and I had to take mine in his water, and it was dirty."

"What? Now what?"

"I saw them take Tony out of it, and then they called me into it and the water was dirty."

"But—did you take it?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed to Dick.

He demanded: "Why didn't Lucienne draw your bath?"

"Lucienne can't. It's a funny heater—it reached out of itself and burned her arm last night and she's afraid of it, so one of those two women——"

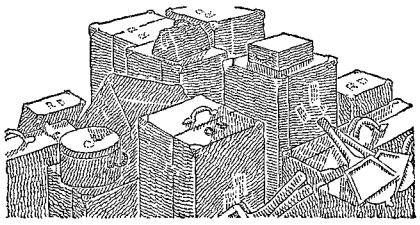
"You go in this bathroom and take a bath now."

"Don't say *I* told you," said Lanier from the doorway.

Dick went in and sprinkled the tub with sulphur; closing the door he said to Nicole:

"Either we speak to Mary or we'd better get out."

She agreed and he continued: "People think their children are constitution-



ally cleaner than other people's, and their diseases are less contagious."

Dick came in and helped himself from the decanter, chewing a biscuit savagely in the rhythm of the pouring water in the bathroom.

"Tell Lucienne that she's got to learn about the heater—" he suggested. At that moment the Asiatic woman came in person to the door.

"El Contessa——"

Dick beckoned her inside and closed the door.

"Is the little sick boy better?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Better, yes, but he still has the eruptions frequently."

"That's too bad—I'm very sorry. But you see our children mustn't be bathed in his water. That's out of the question—I'm sure your mistress would be furious if she had known you had done a thing like that."

"I?" She seemed thunderstruck. "Why, I merely saw your maid had difficulty with the heater—I told her about it and started the water."

"But with a sick person you must empty the bath water entirely out, and clean the tub."

"I?"

Chokingly the woman drew a long breath, uttered a convulsed sob and rushed from the room.

"She mustn't practise Western civilization on us," he said grimly.

At dinner that night he decided that it must inevitably prove to be a truncated visit: about his own country Hosain seemed to have observed only that there were many mountains and some goats and herders of goats. He was a conservative young man—to draw him out would have required the sincere effort that Dick now reserved for his family. Soon after dinner he left Mary and the Divers to themselves, but the old unity was split—between them lay the restless social fields that Mary was about to conquer. Dick was relieved when, at nine-thirty, Mary received and read a note from the butler and got up.

"You'll have to excuse me. My husband is leaving on a short trip—and I must be with him."

Next morning, hard on the heels of the servant bringing coffee, Mary entered their room. She was dressed and they were not dressed, and she had the air of having been up for some time. Her face was toughened with quiet jerky fury.

"What is this story about Lanier having been bathed in a dirty bath?"

Dick began to protest, but she cut through:

"*What* is this story that you commanded my husband's sister to clean Lanier's tub?"

She remained on her feet staring at them, as they sat impotent as idols in their beds, weighted by their trays. Together they exclaimed: "His *sister*!"

"That you ordered one of his sisters to clean out a tub!"

"We didn't—" their voices rang together saying the same thing, "—I spoke to the native servant——"

"You spoke to Hosain's sister."

Dick could only say: "I supposed they were two maids."

"You were told they were Himadoun."

"What?" Dick got out of bed and into a robe.

"I explained it to you at the piano night before last. Don't tell me you were too merry to understand."

"Was that what you said? I didn't hear the beginning. I didn't connect the—we didn't make any connection, Mary. Well, all we can do is see her and apologize."

"See her and apologize! I explained to you that when the oldest member of the family—when the oldest one marries, well, the two oldest sisters consecrate themselves to being Himadoun, to being his wife's ladies-in-waiting."

"Was that why Hosain left the house last night?"

Mary hesitated; then nodded.

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"He had to—they all left. His honor makes it necessary."

Now both the Divers were up and dressing; Mary went on:

"And what's all that about the bath-water? As if a thing like that could happen in this house! We'll ask Lanier about it."

Dick sat on the bedside indicating in a private gesture to Nicole that she should take over. Meanwhile Mary went to the door and spoke to an attendant in Italian.

"Wait a minute," Nicole said. "I won't have that."

"You accused us," answered Mary, in a tone she had never used to Nicole before. "Now I have a right to see."

"I won't have the child brought in." Nicole threw on her clothes as though they were chain mail.

"That's all right," said Dick. "Bring Lanier in. We'll settle this bath-tub matter—fact or myth."

Lanier, half clothed mentally and physically, gazed at the angered faces of the adults.

"Listen, Lanier," Mary demanded, "how did you come to think you were bathed in water that had been used before?"

"Speak up," Dick added.

"It was just dirty, that was all."

"Couldn't you hear the new water running, from your room, next door?"

Lanier admitted the possibility but reiterated his point—the water was dirty. He was a little awed; he tried to see ahead:

"It couldn't have been running, because——"

They pinned him down.

"Why not?"

He stood in his little kimono arousing the sympathy of his parents and further arousing Mary's impatience—then he said:

"The water was dirty, it was full of soap-suds."

"When you're not sure what you're saying—" Mary began, but Nicole interrupted:

"Stop it, Mary. If there were dirty suds in the water it was logical to think it was dirty. His father told him to come——"

"There couldn't have been dirty suds in the water."

Lanier looked reproachfully at his father, who had betrayed him. Nicole turned him about by the shoulders and sent him out of the room; Dick broke the tensity with a laugh.

Then, as if the sound recalled the past, the old friendship, Mary guessed how far away from them she had gone and said in a mollifying tone: "It's always like that with children."

Her uneasiness grew as she remembered the past. "You'd be silly to go—Hosain wanted to make this trip anyhow. After all, you're my guests and you just blundered into the thing." But Dick, made more angry by this obliqueness and the use of the word blunder, turned away and began arranging his effects, saying:

"It's too bad about the young women. I'd like to apologize to the one who came in here."

"If you'd only listened on the piano seat!"

"But you've gotten so damned dull, Mary. I listened as long as I could."

"Be quiet!" Nicole advised him.

"I return his compliment," said Mary bitterly. "Good-bye, Nicole." She went out.

After all that there was no question of her coming to see them off; the majordomo arranged the departure. Dick left formal notes for Hosain and the sisters. There was nothing to do except to go, but all of them, especially Lanier, felt bad about it.

"I insist," insisted Lanier on the train, "that it *was* dirty bath water."

"That'll do," his father said. "You better forget it—unless you want me to divorce you. Did you know there was a new law in France that you can divorce a child?"

Lanier roared with delight and the Divers were unified again—Dick wondered how many more times it could be done.

Nicole went to the window and bent over the sill to take a look at the rising altercation on the terrace; the April sun shone pink on the saintly face of Augustine, the cook, and blue on the butcher's knife she waved in her drunken hand. She had been with them since their return to Villa Diana in February.

Because of an awning Nicole could see only Dick's head and one of his heavy canes with a bronze knob. The knife and the cane, menacing each other, were like tripos and short sword in a gladiatorial combat. Dick's words reached her first:

"—don't care how much kitchen wine you drink but when I find you digging into a bottle of Chablis Moutonne——"

"You talk about drinking!" Augustine cried, flourishing her saber. "You drink—all the time!"

Nicole called over the awning: "What's the matter, Dick?" and he answered in English:

"The old girl has been polishing off the vintage wines. I'm firing her—at least I'm trying to."

"Heavens! Well, don't let her reach you with that knife."

Augustine shook her knife up at Nicole.

"I would like to say, Madame, if you knew that your husband drinks over at his bastide comparatively as a day-laborer——"

"Shut up and get out!" interrupted Nicole. "We'll get the gendarmes."

"*You'll* get the gendarmes! With my brother in the corps! You—a disgusting American?"

In English Dick called up to Nicole:

"Get the children away from the house till I settle this."

"—disgusting Americans who come here and drink up our rarest wines," screamed Augustine with the voice of the commune.

Dick mastered a firmer tone.

"You must leave now! I'll pay you what we owe you."

"Very sure you'll pay me! And let me tell you—" she came close and waved the knife so furiously that Dick raised his stick, whereupon she rushed into the kitchen and returned with the carving knife reinforced by a hatchet.

The situation was not prepossessing—Augustine was a strong woman and could be disarmed only at the risk of serious results to herself—and severe legal complications were the lot of one who molested a French citizen. Trying a bluff Dick called up to Nicole:

"Phone the poste de police." Then to Augustine, indicating her armament, "This means arrest for you."

"Ha-*ha!*" she laughed demoniacally; nevertheless she came no nearer. Nicole phoned the police but was answered with what was almost an echo of Augustine's laugh. She heard mumbles and passings of the word around—the connection was suddenly broken.

Returning to the window she called down to Dick: "Give her something extra!"

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"If I could get to that phone!" As this seemed impractical, Dick capitulated. For fifty francs, increased to a hundred as he succumbed to the idea of getting her out hastily, Augustine yielded her fortress, covering the retreat with stormy grenades of "Salaut!" She would leave only when her nephew could come for her baggage. Waiting cautiously in the neighborhood of the kitchen Dick heard a cork pop, but he yielded the point. There was no further trouble—when the nephew arrived, all apologetic, Augustine bade Dick a cheerful, convivial good-bye and called up "Au revoir, Madame! Bonne chance!" to Nicole's window.

The Divers went to Nice and dined on a bouillabaisse, a stew of rock fish and small lobsters, highly seasoned with saffron, and a bottle of cold Chablis. He expressed pity for Augustine.

"I'm not sorry a bit," said Nicole.

"I'm sorry—and yet I wish I'd shoved her over the cliff."

There was little they dared talk about in these days; seldom did they find the right word when it counted, it arrived always a moment too late when one could not reach the other any more. Tonight Augustine's outburst had shaken them from their separate reveries; with the burn and chill of the spiced broth and the parching wine they talked.

"We can't go on like this," Nicole suggested. "Or can we?—what do you think?" Startled that for the moment Dick did not deny it, she continued, "Some of the time I think it's my fault—I've ruined you."

"So I'm ruined, am I?" he inquired pleasantly.

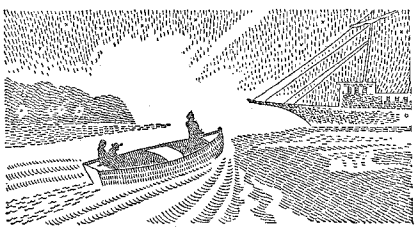
"I didn't mean that. But you used to want to create things—now you seem to want to smash them up."

She trembled at criticising him in these broad terms—but his enlarging silence frightened her even more. She guessed that something was developing behind the silence, behind the hard, blue eyes, the almost unnatural interest in the children. Uncharacteristic bursts of temper surprised her—he would suddenly unroll a long scroll of contempt for some person, race, class, way of life, way of thinking. It was as though an incalculable story was spinning on inside him which she could only guess at in moments that broke through the surface.

"After all, what do you get out of this?" she demanded.

"Knowing you're stronger every day. Knowing that your illness follows the law of diminishing returns."

His voice came to her from far off, as though he were speaking of something remote and academic; her alarm made her exclaim "Dick!" and she thrust her hand forward to his across the table. A reflex pulled Dick's hand back and he added: "There's the whole



situation to think of, isn't there? There's not just you." He covered her hand with his and said in the old pleasant voice of a conspirator for pleasure, mischief, profit, and delight:

"See that boat out there?"

It was the motor yacht of T. F. Golding lying placid among the little swells of the Nicean Bay, constantly bound upon a romantic voyage that was not dependent upon actual motion. "We'll go out there now and ask the people on board what's the matter with them. We'll find out if they're happy."

"We hardly know him," Nicole objected.

"He urged us. Besides, Baby knows him—she practically married him, doesn't she—didn't she?"

When they put out from the port in a hired launch it was already summer dusk and lights were breaking out in spasms along the rigging of the *Margin*. As they drew up alongside, Nicole's doubts reasserted themselves.

"He's having a party——"

"It's only a radio," he guessed.

They were hailed—a huge white-haired man in a white suit looked down at them, calling:

"Do I recognize the Divers?"

"Boat ahoy, *Margin!*"

Their boat moved under the ladder; as they mounted Golding doubled his huge frame to give Nicole a hand.

"Just in time for dinner."

A small orchestra was playing astern and as Golding's cyclonic arms blew them aft without touching them, Nicole was sorrier they had come, and more impatient at Dick. Having taken up an attitude of aloofness from the gay people here, at the time when Dick's work and her health were incompatible with going about, they had a reputation as refusers. Riviera replacements during the ensuing years interpreted this as a vague unpopularity. Nevertheless, having taken such a stand, Nicole felt it should not be cheaply compromised for a momentary self-indulgence.

As they passed through the principal salon they saw ahead of them figures that seemed to dance in the half light of the circular stern. This was an illusion made by the enchantment of the music and unfamiliar lighting, and the surrounding presence of water. Actually, save for some busy stewards, the people loafed on a wide divan that followed the shape of the deck. There were a white, a red, a blurred dress, the laundered chests of several men, of whom one, detaching and identifying himself, brought from Nicole a rare little cry of delight.

"Tommy!"

Brushing aside the Gallicism of his formal dip at her hand, Nicole pressed her face against his. They sat, or rather lay down together on the antinomian bench. His handsome face was so dark as to have lost the pleasantness of deep tan, without attaining the blue beauty of Negroes—it was just worn leather. The foreignness of his depigmentation by unknown suns, his nourishment by strange soils, his tongue awkward with the curl of many dialects, his reactions attuned to odd alarms—these things fascinated and rested Nicole—in the moment of meeting she lay on his bosom, spiritually, going out and out. . . . Then self-preservation reasserted itself and retiring to her own world she spoke lightly.

"You look just like all the adventurers in the movies—but why do you have to stay away so long?"

Tommy looked at her, uncomprehending but alert; the pupils of his eyes flashed.

"Five years," she continued. "*Much* too long. Couldn't you only slaughter a certain number of creatures and then come back, and breathe our air for a while?"

In her cherished presence Tommy Europeanized himself quickly.

"Mais nous héros," he said, "il nous

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faut du temps, Nicole. Nous ne pouvons pas faire des petites exercices d'héroïsme—il faut faire les grands compositions."

"Talk English to me, Tommy."

"Parlez français avec moi, Nicole."

"But the meanings are different—in French you can be heroic and gallant with dignity, and you know it. But in English you can't be heroic and gallant without being a little absurd, and you know that too. That gives me an advantage."

"But after all—" He chuckled suddenly. "Even in English I'm brave, heroic and all that."

She pretended to be groggy with wonderment but he was not abashed.

"I only know what I see in the cinema," he said.

"Is it all like the movies?"

"The movies aren't so bad—now this Ronald Coleman—have you seen his pictures about the Corps d'Afrique du Nord? They're not bad at all."

"Very well, whenever I go to the movies I'll know you're going through just that sort of thing at that moment."

As she spoke, Nicole was aware of a small, pale, pretty young woman with lovely metallic hair, almost green in the deck lights, who had been sitting on the other side of Tommy and might have been part either of their conversation or of the one next to them. She had obviously had a monopoly of Tommy, for now she abandoned hope of his attention with what was once called ill grace, and petulantly crossed the crescent of the deck.

"After all, I am a hero," Tommy said calmly, only half joking. "I have ferocious courage, *us*ually, something like a lion, something like a drunken man."

Nicole waited until the echo of his boast had died away in his mind—she knew he had probably never made such a statement before. Then she asked:

"Who is the woman in white?"

"The one who was beside me? Lady Caroline Sibly-Biers."—They listened for a moment to her voice across the way:

"The man's a scoundrel, but he's a cat of the stripe. We sat up all night playing two-handed chemin-de-fer, and he owes me a mille Swiss."

Tommy laughed and said: "She is now the wickedest woman in London—whenever I come back to Europe there is a new crop of the wickedest women from London. She's the very latest—though I believe there is now one other who's considered almost as wicked."

Nicole glanced at the woman across the deck—she was fragile, tubercular—it was incredible that such narrow shoulders, such puny arms could bear aloft the pennon of decadence, last ensign of the fading empire. Her resemblance was rather to one of John Held's flat-chested flappers than to the hierarchy of tall languid blondes who had posed for painters and novelists since before the war.

Golding approached, fighting down the resonance of his huge bulk, which transmitted his will as through a gargantuan amplifier, and Nicole, still reluctant, yielded to his reiterated points: that the *Margin* was starting for Cannes immediately after dinner; that they could always pack in some caviare and champagne, even though they had dined; that in any case Dick was now on the phone, telling their chauffeur in Nice to drive his car back to Cannes and leave it in front of the Café des Alliés where the Divers could retrieve it.

They moved into the dining salon where Dick was placed next to Lady Sibly-Biers. Nicole saw that his usually ruddy face was drained of blood; he talked in a dogmatic voice, of which only snatches reached Nicole:

". . . It's all right for you English, you're doing a dance of death . . . Sepoys in the ruined fort, I mean Sepoys at the gate and gaiety in the fort and all that. The green hat—the crushed hat—no future."

Lady Caroline answered him in short sentences spotted with the terminal "What?" the double-edged "Quite!" the depressing "Cheerio!" which latter always had a connotation of imminent peril, but Dick appeared oblivious to the warning signal. Suddenly he made a particularly vehement pronouncement, the purport of which eluded Nicole, but she saw the young woman turn dark and sinewy, and heard her answer sharply:

"After all a chep's a chep and a chum's a chum."

Again he had offended some one—couldn't he hold his tongue a little longer? How long? To death then.

At the piano, a fair-haired young Scotsman from the orchestra (entitled by its drum "The Ragtime College Jazzes of Edinboro") had begun singing in a Danny Deever monotone, accompanying himself with low chords on the piano. He pronounced his words with great precision, as though they impressed him almost intolerably.

"There was a young lady from hell,
Who jumped at the sound of a bell,
Because she was bad—bad—bad,
She jumped at the sound of a bell,
From hell (BOOMBOOM)
From hell (TOOT TOOT).
There was a young lady from hell."

"What is all this?" whispered Tommy to Nicole.

The girl on the other side of him supplied the answer:

"Caroline Sibley-Biers wrote the words. He wrote the music."

"Quel enfance!" Tommy murmured as the next verse began, hinting at the jumpy lady's further predilections. "On dirait qu'il récite Racine!"

On the surface at least, Lady Caroline was paying no attention to the performance of her work. Glancing at her again Nicole found herself impressed neither with the character nor the personality, but with the sheer strength derived from an attitude; Nicole thought that she was formidable, and she was confirmed in this point of view as the party rose from table. Dick remained in his seat wearing an odd expression; then he crashed into words with a harsh ineptness.

"I don't like innuendo in these deafening English whispers."

Already half-way out of the room Lady Caroline turned and walked back to him; she spoke in a low clipped voice purposely audible to the whole company.

"You came to me asking for it—disparaging my countrymen, disparaging my friend, Mary Minghetti. I simply said you were observed associating with a questionable crowd in Lausanne. Is that a deafening whisper? Or does it simply deafen *you?*"

"It's still not loud enough," said Dick, a little too late. "So I am actually a notorious——"

Golding crushed out the phrase with his voice saying:

"What! What!" and moved his guests on out, with the threat of his powerful

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body. Turning the corner of the door Nicole saw that Dick was still sitting at the table. She was furious at the woman for her preposterous statement, equally furious at Dick for having brought them here, for having become fuddled, for having untipped the capped barbs of his irony, for having come off humiliated—she was a little more annoyed because she knew that her taking possession of Tommy Costello on their arrival had first irritated the Englishwoman.

A moment later she saw Dick standing in the gangway, apparently in complete control of himself as he talked with Golding; then for half an hour she did not see him anywhere about the deck and she broke out of an intricate Malay game, played with string and coffee beans, and said to Tommy:

"I've got to find Dick."

Since dinner the yacht had been in motion westward. The fine night streamed away on either side, the Diesel engines pounded softly, there was a spring wind that blew Nicole's hair abruptly when she reached the bow, and she had a sharp lesion of anxiety at seeing Dick standing in the angle by the flagstaff. His voice was serene as he recognized her.

"It's a nice night."

"I was worried."

"Oh, you were worried?"

"Oh, don't talk that way. It would give me so much pleasure to think of something I could do for you, Dick."

He turned away from her, toward the veil of starlight over Africa.

"I believe that's true, Nicole. And sometimes I believe that the littler it was, the more pleasure it would give you."

"Don't talk like that—don't say such things."

His face, wan in the light that the white spray caught and tossed back to the brilliant sky had none of the lines of annoyance she had expected. It was even detached; his eyes focused upon her gradually as upon a chessman to be moved; in the same slow manner he caught her wrist and drew her near.

"You ruined me, did you?" he inquired blandly. "Then we're both ruined. So——"

Cold with terror she put her other wrist into his grip. All right, she would go with him into the oblivious sea—again she felt the beauty of the night vividly in one moment of complete response and abnegation—all right, then——

—but now she was unexpectedly free and Dick turned his back sighing: "Tch! tch!"

Tears streamed down Nicole's face—in a moment she heard some one approaching; it was Tommy.

"You found him! Nicole thought maybe you jumped overboard, Dick," he said, "because that little English poule slanged you."

"It'd be a good setting to jump overboard," said Dick mildly.

"Wouldn't it?" agreed Nicole hastily. "Let's borrow life-preservers and jump over. I think we should do something spectacular. I feel that all our lives have been too restrained."

Tommy sniffed from one to the other trying to breathe in the situation with the night. "We'll go ask the Lady Beer-and-Ale what to do—she should know the latest things. And we should memorize her song 'There was a young lady from l'enfer.' I shall translate it, and make a fortune from its success at the Casino."

"Are you rich, Tommy?" Dick asked him, as they retraced the length of the boat.

"Not as things go now. I got tired of the brokerage business and went away. But I have good stocks in the hands of friends who are holding it for me. All goes well."

"Dick's getting rich too," Nicole said. In reaction her voice had begun to tremble.

On the rear deck Golding had fanned three pairs of dancers into action with his colossal paws. Nicole and Tommy joined them and Tommy remarked: "Dick seems to be drinking."

"Only moderately," she said loyally.

"There are those who can drink and those who can't. Obviously Dick can't. You ought to tell him not to."

"I!" she exclaimed in amazement. "*I* tell Dick what he should do or shouldn't do!"

But in a reticent way Dick was still vague and sleepy when they reached the pier at Cannes. Golding's hand buoyed him down into the launch of the *Margin* whereupon Lady Caroline shifted her place conspicuously. On the dock he bowed good-bye with exaggerated formality, and for a moment he seemed about to speed her with a salty epigram, but the bone of Tommy's arm went into the soft part of his and they walked to the attendant car.

"I'll drive you home," Tommy suggested.

"Don't bother—we can get a cab."

"I'd like to, if you can put me up."

On the back seat of the car Dick remained quiescent until the yellow monolith of Golfe-Juan was passed, and then the constant carnival at Juan-les-Pins where the night was musical and strident in many languages. When the car turned up the hill toward Tarmes, he sat up suddenly, probably prompted by the tilt of the vehicle and delivered a peroration:

"A charming representative of the—" he stumbled momentarily, "—firm of Bri'sher, Boozer, Lunger, and Cadger." Then he went into an appeased sleep, belching now and then contentedly into the soft warm darkness.

Next morning Dick came early into Nicole's room: "I waited till I heard you up. Needless to say I feel badly about the evening—but how about no post-mortems?"

"I'm agreed," she answered, coolly carrying her face to the mirror with the implication that its image therein was the only one she could bear to contemplate at the moment.

"Tommy drove us home? Or did I dream it?"

"You know he did."

"Seems probable," he admitted, "since I just heard him coughing. I think I'll call on him."

Tommy was stirring in his bed, waking for café au lait.

"Feel all right?" he asked.

When Tommy complained of a sore throat he seized at a professional attitude.

"Better have a gargle or something."

"You got one?"

"Oddly enough I haven't—probably Nicole has."

"Don't disturb her."

"She's up."

"How is she?"

Dick turned around slowly. "Did you expect her to be dead because I was tight?" His tone was pleasant. "Nicole is now made of—of Georgia pine, which is the hardest wood known, except lignum-vitae from New Zealand——"

Nicole, going downstairs, heard the

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end of the conversation. She knew, as she had always known, that Tommy loved her; she knew he disliked Dick, and that Dick had realized it before he did, and would react in some positive way to the man's lonely passion. This thought was succeeded by a moment of sheerly feminine satisfaction. She leaned over her children's breakfast table and told off instructions to the governess, while upstairs two men were concerned about her.

Later in the garden she was happy; she did not want anything to happen, but only for the situation to remain in suspension as the two men tossed her from one mind to another; she had not existed for a long time, even as a ball.

"Nice, Rabbits, isn't it—Or is it? Hey, Rabbit—hey you! Is it nice?—hey? Or does it sound very peculiar to you?"

The rabbit, after an experience of practically nothing else and cabbage leaves, agreed after a few tentative shiftings of the nose.

Nicole went on through her garden routine. She left the flowers she cut in designated spots to be brought to the house later by the gardener. Reaching the sea wall she fell into a communicative mood and no one to communicate with; so she stopped and deliberated. She was somewhat shocked at the idea of being interested in another man—but other women have lovers—why not me? In the fine spring morning the inhibitions of the male world disappeared and she reasoned as gaily as a flower, letting the wind blow her hair until her head moved with it. Other women have had lovers—the same forces that last night had made her yield to Dick up to the point of death, now kept her head nodding to the wind, content and happy with the logic of Why shouldn't I?

She sat upon the low wall and looked down upon the sea. But from another sea, the wide swell of fantasy, she had fished out something tangible to lay beside the rest of her loot. The idea did not go far and could be scared back with a properly timed *don't* but it was there. If she need not, in her spirit, be forever one with Dick as he had appeared last night, she must be something in addition, not just an image on his mind, condemned to endless parades around the circumference of the medal.

Nicole had chosen this part of the wall on which to sit, because the cliff shaded to a slanting meadow with a cultivated vegetable garden. Through a cluster of boughs she saw two men carrying rakes and spades and talking in a mixture of Niçoise and Provençal. Attracted by their words and gestures she caught the sense:

"I took her behind the vines there."

"She doesn't care—neither does he. It was that sacred dog. Well, I laid her down here——"

"You got the rake?"

"You got it yourself, you clown."

"Well, I don't care where you laid her down. Until that night I never had a woman since I married—twelve years ago. And now you tell me——"

"But listen about the dog——"

Nicole watched them through the boughs; it seemed all right what they were saying—one thing was good for one person, another for another. Yet it was a man's world she had overheard; going back to the house she became doubtful again.

Dick and Tommy were on the terrace. She walked through them and into the house, brought out a sketch pad and began a head of Tommy.

"Hands never idle—distaff flying," Dick said lightly. How could he talk so trivially with the blood still drained down from his cheeks so that the auburn lather of beard showed red as his eyes? She turned to Tommy saying:

"I can always do something. I used to have a nice active little Polynesian ape and juggle him around for hours till people began to make the most dismal rough jokes——"

She kept her eyes resolutely away from Dick. Presently he excused himself and went inside—she saw him pour himself two glasses of water, and she hardened further.

"Nicole—" Tommy began but interrupted himself to clear the harshness from his throat.

"I'm going to get you some special camphor rub," she suggested. "It's American—Dick believes in it. I'll be just a minute."

"I must go really."

Dick came out and sat down. "Believes in what?" When she returned with the jar neither of the men had moved, though she gathered they had had some sort of excited conversation about nothing.

The chauffeur was at the door, with a bag containing Tommy's clothes of the night before. The sight of Tommy in clothes borrowed from Dick moved her sadly, falsely, as though Tommy were not able to afford such clothes.

"When you get to the hotel rub this into your throat and chest and then inhale it," she said.

"Say, there," Dick murmured as Tommy went down the steps, "don't give Tommy the whole jar—it has to be ordered from Paris—it's out of stock down here."

Tommy came back within hearing and the three of them stood in the sunshine, Tommy squarely before the car so that it seemed by leaning forward he would tip it upon his back.

Nicole stepped down to the path.

"Now catch it," she advised him. "It's extremely rare."

She heard Dick grow silent at her side; she took a step away from him and made a flag of her hand as the car drove off with Tommy and the special camphor rub. Then she turned to take her own medicine.

"There was no necessity for that gesture," Dick said. "There are four of us here—and for years whenever there's a cough——"

They looked at each other.

"We can always get another jar—" then she lost her nerve and presently followed him upstairs where he lay down on his own bed and said nothing.

"Do you want lunch to be brought up to you?" she asked.

He nodded and continued to lie quiescent, staring at the ceiling. Doubtfully she went to give the order. Upstairs again she looked into his room—the blue eyes, like search-lights, played on a dark sky. She stood a minute in the doorway, aware of the sin she had committed against him, half afraid to come in. . . . She put out her hand as if to rub his head, but he turned away like a suspicious animal. Nicole could stand the situation no longer; in a kitchenmaid's panic she ran downstairs, afraid of what the stricken man above would feed on while she must still continue her dry suckling at his lean chest.

In a week Nicole forgot her flash about Tommy—she had not much memory for people and forgot them easily. But in the first hot blast of June she heard he was in Nice. He wrote a little note to them both—and she open-

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ed it under the beach parasol, together with other mail they had brought from the house. After reading it she tossed it over to Dick, and in exchange he threw a telegram into the lap of her beach pajamas:

Dears will be at Gausses tomorrow unfortunately without mother am counting on seeing you Rosemary

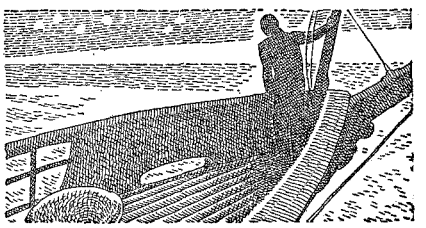
"I'll be glad to see her," said Nicole, thinking grimly.

XII

But she went to the beach with Dick next morning with a renewal of her apprehension that Dick was contriving at some desperate solution. Since the evening on Golding's yacht she had sensed what was going on. So delicately balanced was she between an old foothold that had always guaranteed her security, and the imminence of a leap from which she must alight changed in the very chemistry of blood and muscle, that she did not dare bring the matter into the true forefront of consciousness. The figures of Dick and herself, mutating, undefined, appeared as spooks caught up into a fantastic dance. For months every word had seemed to have an overtone of some other meaning, soon to be resolved under circumstances that Dick would determine. Though this state of mind was perhaps more hopeful, the long years of sheer being had an enlivening effect on the parts of her nature that early illness had atrophied, that Dick had not reached—through no fault of his but simply because no one nature can extend entirely inside another—it was still disquieting. The most unhappy aspect of their relations was Dick's growing apathy, at present personified by too much drink; Nicole did not know whether she was to be crushed or spared—Dick's voice, throbbing with insincerity, confused the issue; she couldn't guess how he was going to behave next upon the tortuously slow unrolling of the carpet, nor what would happen at the end, at the moment of the leap.

For what might occur thereafter she had no anxiety—she expected that that would be the lifting of a burden, the unblinding of eyes. Nicole had been designed for change, for flight, with money as fins and wings. The new state of things would be no more than if a racing chassis, concealed for years under the body of a family limousine, should be stripped to its original self. Nicole could feel the fresh breeze already—the wrench it was she feared, and the dark manner of its coming.

The Divers went out on the beach with her white suit and his white trunks very white against the color of their bodies. Nicole saw Dick look about for the children among the confused shapes and shadows of many um-



brellas, and as his mind temporarily left her, ceasing to grip or hold her, she was able to look at him with detachment, and she decided that he was seeking his children, not protectively but for protection. Perhaps it was the beach he feared, a deposed ruler secretly visiting an old court. She had come to hate his world with its delicate jokes and politenesses, forgetting that for many years it was the only world open to her. Let him look at it—his beach, perverted now to the tastes of the tasteless; he could search it for a day and find no stone of the Chinese Wall he had once erected around it, no footprint of an old friend.

For a moment Nicole was sorry it was so: remembering the glass he had raked out of the old trash heap, remembering the sailor trunks and sweaters they had bought in a Nice back street—garments that afterward ran through a vogue in silk among the Paris couturiers, remembering the simple little French girls climbing on the breakwaters crying "Dites donc! Dites donc!" like birds, and the ritual of the morning time, the quiet restful extraversion toward sea and sun—many inventions of his, buried deeper than the sand under the span of so few years . . .

Now the swimming place was a "club," though, like the international society it represented, it would be hard to say who was not admitted.

Nicole hardened again as Dick knelt on the straw mat and looked about now for Rosemary. Her eyes followed his, searching among the new paraphernalia, the trapezes over the water, the swinging rings, the portable bathhouses, the floating towers, the searchlights from last night's fêtes, the modernistic buffet, trite with a hackneyed motif of endless handlebars.

The water was almost the last place he looked for Rosemary, because few people swam any more in that blue paradise save for children and one exhibitionistic valet who punctuated the mornings with spectacular dives from a fifty-foot rock—most of Gausse's guests stripped the concealing pajamas from their flabbiness only for a short hangover dip at one.

"There she is," Nicole remarked.

She watched Dick as his eyes followed Rosemary's track from raft to raft; but the sigh that rocked out of her bosom was something left over from five years ago.

"Let's swim out and speak to Rosemary," he suggested.

"You go."

"We'll both go." She struggled a moment against his pronouncement, but eventually they swam out together, tracing Rosemary by the school of little fish who followed her, taking their dazzle from her as from the shining spoon of a trout hook.

Nicole stayed in the water while Dick hoisted himself up beside Rosemary and the two sat dripping and chatting, exactly as if they had never loved or touched each other. Rosemary was beautiful—her youth was a shock to Nicole, who rejoiced, however, that the younger girl was less slender by a hairline than herself. Nicole swam around in little rings listening to Rosemary, who was acting amusement, joy, and expectation—infinitely surer of herself than she had been five years ago.

"I miss Mother so, but she's meeting me in Paris Monday."

"Five years ago you came here," Dick said. "And what a funny little thing you were, in one of those hotel peignoirs!"

"How you remember things! You always did—and always the nice things."

Nicole saw the old game of flattery beginning again and she dove under water, coming up again to hear:

"I'm going to pretend it's five years ago and I'm a girl of eighteen again. You could always make me feel some, you know, kind of, you know, kind of happy way—you and Nicole. I feel as if you're still on the beach there, under

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one of those umbrellas—the nicest people I'd ever known, maybe ever will."

Swimming away, Nicole saw that the cloud of Dick's heartsickness had lifted a little as he began to play with Rosemary, bringing out his old expertness with people, perhaps a tarnished objet d'art; she guessed that with a drink or so he would have done his stunts on the swinging rings for her, fumbling through stunts he had once done with ease. She noticed that this summer, for the first time, he avoided high diving.

Later, as she dodged her way from raft to raft, Dick overtook her.

"Some of Rosemary's friends have a speed boat, the one out there. Do you want to aquaplane? I think it would be amusing."

Remembering that once he could stand on his hands on a chair at the end of a board, she indulged him as she might have indulged Lanier. Last summer on the Züggersee they had played at that pleasant water-game, and Dick had lifted a two-hundred-pound man from the board onto his shoulders and stood up. But women marry all their husbands' talents and naturally, afterwards, are not so impressed with them as they may keep up the pretense of being. Nicole had not even pretended to be impressed, though she had said "Yes" to him, and "Yes, I thought so too."

She knew, though, that he was somewhat tired, that it was the mere closeness of Rosemary's exciting youth that prompted the impending effort—she had seen him draw the same inspiration from the new bodies of her children and she wondered coldly if he would make a spectacle of himself. The Divers were older than the others in the boat—the young people were polite, deferential, but Nicole felt an undercurrent of "Who are these Numbers anyhow?" and she missed Dick's easy talent of taking control of situations and making them all right—he had concentrated on what he was going to try to do.

The motor throttled down two hundred yards from shore and one of the young men dove flat over the side. He swam at the aimless twisting board, steadied it, climbed slowly to his knees on it—then got on his feet as the boat accelerated. Leaning back he swung his light vehicle ponderously from side to side in slow, breathless arcs that rode the trailing side-swell at the end of each swing. In the direct wake of the boat he let go his rope, balanced for a moment, then back-flipped into the water, disappearing like a statue of glory—and reappearing as an insignificant head while the boat made the circle back to him.

Nicole refused her turn; then Rosemary rode the board neatly and conservatively, with facetious cheers from her admirers. Three of them scrambled egotistically for the honor of pulling her into the boat, managing, among them, to bruise her knee and hip against the side.

"Now you, Doctor," said the Mexican at the wheel.

Dick and the last young man dove over the side and swam to the board. Dick was going to try his lifting trick and Nicole began to watch with smiling scorn. This physical showing-off for Rosemary irritated her most of all.

When the men had ridden long enough to find their balance, Dick knelt, and putting the back of his neck in the other's crotch, found the rope through the other's legs, and slowly began to rise.

The people in the boat, watching closely, saw that he was having difficulties. He was on one knee; the trick was to straighten all the way up in the same motion with which he left his kneeling position. He rested for a moment, then his face contracted as he put his heart into the strain, and lifted.

The board was narrow, the man, though weighing less than a hundred and fifty, was awkward with his weight and grabbed clumsily at Dick's head. When, with a last wrenching effort of his back, Dick stood upright, the board slid sidewise and the pair toppled into the sea.

In the boat Rosemary exclaimed: "Wonderful! They almost had it."

But as they came back to the swimmers Nicole watched for a sight of Dick's face. It was full of annoyance as she expected, because he had done the thing with ease only two years ago.

The second time he was more careful. He rose a little, testing the balance of his burden, settled down again on his knee; then, grunting "Alley oop!" began to rise—but before he could really straighten out, his legs suddenly buckled and he shoved the board away with his feet to avoid being struck as they fell off.

This time when the Baby Gar came back it was apparent to all the passengers that he was angry.

"Do you mind if I try that once more?" he called, treading water. "We almost had it then."

"Sure. Go ahead."

To Nicole he looked white-around-the-gills, and she cautioned him: "Don't you think that's enough for now?"

He didn't answer. The first partner had had aplenty and was hauled over the side, and the Mexican driving the motor boat obligingly took his place.

He was heavier than the first man. As the boat gathered motion Dick rested for a moment, belly-down on the board. Then he got beneath the man and took the rope, and his muscles flexed as he tried to rise.

He could not rise. Nicole saw him shift his position and strain upward again but at the instant when the weight of his partner was full upon his shoulders he became immovable. He tried again—lifting an inch, two inches—Nicole felt the sweat glands of her forehead open as she strained with him—then he was simply holding his ground, then he collapsed back down on his knees with a smack, and they went over, Dick's head barely missing a kick of the board.

"Hurry back!" Nicole called to the driver; even as she spoke she saw him slide under water and she gave a little cry; but he came up again and turned on his back, and "Chateau" swam near to help. It seemed forever till the boat reached them but when they came alongside at last and Nicole saw Dick floating exhausted and expressionless, alone with the water and the sky, her panic changed suddenly to contempt.

"We'll help you up, Doctor. . . . Get his foot . . . all right . . . now altogether . . ."

Dick sat panting and looking at nothing.

"I knew you shouldn't have tried it," Nicole could not help saying.

"He'd tired himself the first two times," said the Mexican.

"It was a foolish thing," Nicole insisted. Rosemary tactfully said nothing.

After a minute Dick got his breath, panting "I couldn't have lifted a paper doll that time."

An explosive little laugh relieved the

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tension caused by his failure. They were all attentive to Dick as he disembarked at the dock. But Nicole was annoyed—everything he did annoyed her now.

She sat with Rosemary under an umbrella while Dick went to the buffet for a drink—he returned presently with some sherry for them.

"The first drink I ever had was with you," Rosemary said, and with a spurt of enthusiasm she added, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you and *know* you're all right. I was worried—" Her sentence broke as she changed direction "that maybe you wouldn't be."

"Did you hear I'd gone into a process of deterioration?"

"Oh, no. I simply—just heard you'd changed. And I'm glad to see with my own eyes it isn't true."

"It is true," Dick answered, sitting down with them. "The change came a long way back—but at first it didn't show. The manner remains intact for some time after the morale cracks."

"Do you practise on the Riviera?" Rosemary demanded hastily.

"It'd be a good ground to find likely specimens." He nodded here and there at the people milling about in the golden sand. "Great candidates. Notice our old friend, Mrs. Abrams, playing duchess to Mary North's queen? Don't get jealous about it—think of Mrs. Abrams's long climb up the back stairs of the Ritz on her hands and knees and all the carpet dust she had to inhale. My opinion, the superior ones are the sponges and parasites and dead beats. They stay with it because they have to. They——"

Rosemary interrupted him. "But is that really Mary North?" She was regarding a woman sauntering in their direction followed by a small group who behaved as if they were accustomed to being looked at. When they were ten feet away, Mary's glance flickered fractionally over the Divers, one of those unfortunate glances that indicate to the glanced-upon that they have been observed but are to be overlooked, the sort of glance that neither the Divers nor Rosemary Hoyt had ever permitted themselves to throw at any one in their lives. The Divers were amused when Mary perceived Rosemary, changed her plans and came over. She spoke to Nicole with pleasant heartiness, nodded unsmilingly to Dick as if he were somewhat contagious—whereupon he bowed in ironic respect as she greeted Rosemary.

"I heard you were here. For how long?"

"Until tomorrow," Rosemary answered.

She too saw how Mary had walked through the Divers to talk to her, and a sense of obligation kept her unenthusiastic. No, she could not dine tonight.

Mary turned to Nicole, her manner indicating affection blended with pity.

"How are the children?" she asked.

They came up at the moment, and Nicole gave ear to a request that she overrule the governess on a swimming point.

"No," Dick answered for her. "What Mademoiselle says must go."

Agreeing that they must support delegated authority, Nicole refused their request, whereupon Mary—who in the manner of an Anita Loos heroine had dealings only with *Faits Accomplis,* who indeed could not have house-broken a French poodle puppy—regarded Dick as though he were guilty of the most flagrant bullying. Dick, chafed by the tiresome performance, inquired with mock solicitude:

"How are your children—and their aunts?"

Mary did not answer; she left them, first draping a sympathetic hand over Lanier's reluctant head. After she had gone Dick said: "When I think of the time I spent working over her."

"I like her," said Nicole.

Dick's bitterness had surprised Rosemary, who had thought of him as all-forgiving, all-comprehending. Suddenly she recalled what it was she had heard about him. In conversation with some State Department people on the boat, Europeanized Americans who had reached a position where they could scarcely have been said to belong to any nation at all, at least not to any great power though perhaps to a Balkan-like state composed of similar citizens—the name of the ubiquitously renowned Baby Warren had occurred and it was remarked that Baby's younger sister had thrown herself away on a dissipated doctor. "He's not received anywhere any more," the woman said.

The phrase disturbed Rosemary. Though she could not place the Divers as living in any relation to society where such a fact, if fact it was, could have any meaning, yet the hint of a hostile and organized public opinion rang in her ears. "He's not received anywhere any more." She pictured Dick climbing the steps of a mansion, presenting cards and being told by a butler: "We're not receiving you any more"; then proceeding down an avenue only to be told the same thing by the countless other butlers of countless Ambassadors, Ministers, Chargés d'Affaires . . .

Nicole wondered how she could get away. She guessed that Dick, stung into alertness, would grow charming and would make Rosemary respond to him. Sure enough, in a moment his voice managed to qualify everything unpleasant he had said:

"Mary's all right—she's done very well. But it's hard to go on liking people who don't like you."

Rosemary, falling into line, swayed towards Dick and crooned:

"Oh, you're so nice. I can't imagine anybody not forgiving you anything, no matter what you did to them." Then feeling that her exuberance had transgressed on Nicole's rights, she looked at the sand exactly between them: "I wanted to ask you both what you thought of my latest pictures—if you saw them."

Nicole said nothing, having seen one of them and thought little about it—but had only stared at the moving image for the secret of Dick's interest. But Dick had thought about it.

"It'll take a few minutes to tell you," he said. "Let's suppose that Nicole says to you that Lanier is ill. What do you do in life? What does anybody do? They *act*—face, voice, words—the face shows sorrow, the voice shows shock, the words show sympathy."

"Yes—go on."

"But, in the theatre, No. In the theatre all the best women comédiennes have built up their reputations by burlesquing the correct emotional responses—like fear and love and sympathy."

"I see." Yet she did not quite see.

Losing the thread of it, Nicole's impatience increased as Dick continued:

"The danger to an actress is in responding. Again, let's suppose that somebody told you: 'Your lover is dead.' In life you'd probably go to pieces. But on the stage you're trying to entertain—the audience can do the 'responding' for themselves. First the ac-

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tress has lines to follow, then she has to get the audience's attention back on herself, away from the murdered Chinese or whatever the thing is. So she must do something unexpected. If the audience thinks the character is hard she goes soft on them—if they think she's soft she goes hard. You go all *out* of character—you understand?"

"I don't quite," admitted Rosemary. "How do you mean out of character?"

"You do the unexpected thing until you've manœuvred the audience back from the objective fact to yourself. *Then* you slide into character again."

Nicole could stand no more. She stood up sharply, making no attempt to conceal her impatience. Rosemary, who had been for a few minutes half-conscious of this, turned in a conciliatory way to Topsy.

"Would you like to be an actress when you grow up? I think you'd make a fine actress."

Nicole stared at her deliberately and in her grandfather's voice said, slow and distinct:

"It's absolutely *out* to put such ideas in the heads of other people's children. Remember, we may have quite different plans for them." She turned sharply to Dick. "I'm going to take the car home. I'll send Michelle for you and the children."

"You haven't driven for months," he protested.

"I haven't forgotten how."

Without a glance at Rosemary whose face was "responding" violently, Nicole left the umbrella.

In the bathhouse, she changed into pajamas with an expression still hard as a plaque. But as she turned into the road of arched pines and the atmosphere changed, with a squirrel's flight on a branch, with the wind nudging at the leaves, with a cock splitting distant air, with the creep of sunlight transpiring through the immobility, then the voices of the beach receded. Nicole's face relaxed and she felt new and happy; her thoughts were clear as good bells—she had a sense of being cured and in a new way. Her ego began blooming like a great rich rose as she scrambled back along labyrinths in which she had wandered for years. She hated the beach, resented the places where she had played planet to Dick's sun.

"Why, I'm almost complete," she thought. "I'm practically standing alone, without him." And like a happy child, wanting the completion as soon as possible, and knowing vaguely that Dick had planned for her to have it, she lay on her bed as soon as she got home and wrote Tommy Costello in Nice a short provocative letter.

But that was for the daytime—toward evening with the inevitable diminution of nervous energy, her spirits flagged, and the arrows flew a little in the twilight. She was afraid of what was in Dick's mind; again she felt that some plan underlay his current actions and she was afraid of his plans—they worked well and they had an all-inclusive logic about them which Nicole was not able to command. She had given over the thinking to him, and in his absences her every action seemed automatically governed by what he would like, so that now she felt inadequate to match her intentions against his. Yet think she must; she knew at last the number on the dreadful door of fantasy, the threshold to the escape that was no escape; she knew that for her the greatest sin now and in the future was to delude herself. It had been a long lesson but she had learned it. Either you think—or else others have to think for you and take power from you, pervert and discipline your natural tastes, civilize and sterilize you.

They had a tranquil supper with Dick drinking much beer and being cheerful with the children in the dusky room. Afterward he played some Schubert songs and some new jazz from America that Nicole hummed in her harsh, sweet contralto over his shoulder.

"Thank y' father-r
Thank y' mother-r
Thanks for meetingup with one-another——"

"I don't like that one," Dick said starting to turn the page.

"Oh, play it!" she exclaimed. "Am I going through the rest of life flinching at the word 'father'?"

"—Thank the horse that pulled the buggy that night!
Thank you both for being justabit tight——"

Later they sat with the children on the Moorish roof and watched the fireworks of two casinos, far apart, far down on the shore. It was lonely and sad to be so empty-hearted toward each other.

Next morning, back from shopping in Cannes, Nicole found a note saying that Dick had taken the small car and gone up into Provence for a few days by himself. Even as she read it the phone rang—it was Tommy Costello from Monte Carlo, saying that he had received her letter and was driving over. She felt her lips' warmth in the receiver as she welcomed his coming.

She bathed and anointed herself and covered her body with a layer of powder, while her toes crunched another pile on a bath towel. She looked microscopically at the lines of her flanks, wondering how soon the fine, slim edifice would begin to sink squat and earthward. At twenty-nine—in about six years, but now I'll do—in fact I'll do as well as any one I know.

She was not exaggerating. The only physical disparity between Nicole at present and the Nicole of five years before was simply that she was not a young girl any more. But she was enough ridden by the current youth worship, the moving pictures with their myriad faces of girl-children, blandly represented as carrying on the work and wisdom of the world, to feel an unnatural jealousy of youth.

She put on the first ankle-length day dress that she had owned for many years, and crossed herself reverently with Chanel Sixteen. When Tommy drove up at one o'clock she had made her person into the trimmest of gardens.

How good to have things like this, to be worshipped again, to pretend to have a mystery! She had lost two of the great arrogant years in the life of a pretty girl—now she felt like making up for them a little; she greeted Tommy as if he were one of the many men at her feet, walking ahead of him instead of beside him as they crossed the garden toward the market umbrella. Attractive females of nineteen and of twenty-nine are alike in their breezy confidence; contrarywise the exigent womb of the twenties does not pull the outside world centrifugally around itself. The former are ages of insolence, comparable the one to a young cadet, the other to a fighter strutting after combat.

But whereas a girl of nineteen draws her confidence from a surfeit of attention, a woman of twenty-nine is nourished on subtler stuff. Desirous, she chooses her apéritifs wisely, or, content,

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she enjoys the caviare of potential power. Happily she does not seem, in either case, to anticipate the subsequent years when her insight will often be blurred by panic, by the fear of stopping or the fear of going on. But on the landings of nineteen or twenty-nine she is pretty sure that there are no bears in the hall.

Nicole did not want spiritual romance—she wanted an affair; she wanted a change. She realized, thinking with Dick's thoughts, that from a superficial view it was a vulgar business to enter, without emotion, into an indulgence that menaced all of them. On the other hand she blamed Dick for the immediate situation, and honestly thought that such an experiment might have a therapeutic value. All summer she had been stimulated by watching people do exactly what they were tempted to do and pay no penalty for it—moreover, in spite of her intention of no longer lying to herself, she preferred to consider that she was merely feeling her way and that at any moment she could withdraw. . . .

In the light shade Tommy caught her up in his white-duck arm and pulled her around to him, looking at her eyes.

"Don't move," he said. "I'm going to look at you a great deal from now on."

There was some scent on his hair, a faint aura of soap from his white clothes. Her lips were tight, not smiling, and they both simply looked for a moment.

"Do you like what you see?" she murmured.

"Parle français."

"Very well," and she asked again in French. "Do you like what you see?"

He pulled her closer.

"I like whatever I see about you." He hesitated. "I thought I knew your face but it seems there are some things I didn't know about it. When did you begin to have white crook's eyes?"

She broke away, shocked and indignant, and cried in English:

"Is that why you wanted to talk French?" Her voice quieted as the butler came with sherry. "So you could be offensive more accurately?——"

She parked her small seat violently on the cloth-of-silver chair cushion.

"I have no mirror here," she said, again in French, but decisively, "but if my eyes have changed it's because I'm well again. And being well perhaps I've gone back to my true self—I suppose my grandfather was a crook and I'm a crook by heritage, so there we are. Does that satisfy your logical mind?"

He scarcely seemed to know what she was talking about.

"Where's Dick—is he lunching with us?"

Seeing that his remark had meant comparatively little to him she suddenly laughed away its effect.

"Dick's on a tour," she said. "Rosemary Hoyt turned up, and either they're together or she upset him so much that he wants to go away and dream about her."

"Do you mind?"

Marius brought out melon and an ice pail, and Nicole, thinking irresistibly about her crook's eyes did not answer; he gave one an entire nut to crack, this man, instead of giving it in fragments to pick at for meat.

"Why didn't they leave you in your natural state?" Tommy demanded presently. "You are the most dramatic person I have known."

She had no answer.

"All this taming of women!" he scoffed.

"In any society there are certain—" She felt Dick's ghost prompting at her elbow but she subsided at Tommy's overtone:

"I've brutalized many men into shape but I wouldn't take a chance on half the number of women. Especially this 'kind' bullying—what good does it do anybody?—you or him or anybody?"

Her heart leaped and then sank faintly with a sense of what she owed Dick.

"I suppose I've got——"

"You've got too much money," he said impatiently. "That's the crux of the matter. Dick can't beat that."

She considered while the melons were removed.

"What do you think I ought to do?"

For the first time in ten years she was under the sway of a personality other than her husband's. Everything Tommy said to her became part of her forever.

They drank the bottle of wine while a faint wind rocked the pine needles and the sensuous heat of early afternoon created blinding freckles on the checkered luncheon cloth. Tommy came over behind her and laid his arms along hers, clasping her hands. Their cheeks touched and then their lips and she gasped half with passion for him, half with the sudden surprise of its force. . . .

"Can't you send the governess and the children away for the afternoon?"

"They have a piano lesson. Anyhow I don't want to stay here."

"Kiss me again."

A little later, riding toward Nice, she thought: So I have white crook's eyes, have I? Very well, then, better a sane crook than a mad puritan.

His assertion seemed to absolve her from all blame or responsibility and she had a thrill of delight in thinking of herself in a new way. New vistas appeared ahead, peopled with the faces of many men, none of whom she need obey or even love. She drew in her breath, hunched her shoulders with a wriggle and turned to Tommy.

"Have we *got* to go all the way to your hotel at Monte Carlo?"

He brought the car to a stop with a squeak of tires.

"No!" he answered. "And, my God, I have never been so happy as I am this minute."

They had passed through Nice following the blue coast and begun to mount to the middling-high Corniche. Now Tommy turned sharply down to the shore, ran out a blunt peninsula, and stopped in the rear of a small shore hotel.

Its tangibility frightened Nicole for a moment. She hovered, outwardly tranquil but miserable within, as he filled out the police blanks—his real, hers false. Their room was a Mediterranean room, almost ascetic, almost clean, darkened to the glare of the sea. Simplest of pleasures—simplest of places. Tommy ordered two cognacs, and when the door closed behind the waiter, he sat in the only chair, dark, scarred and handsome, his eyebrows arched and upcurling, a fighting Puck, an earnest Satan.

Before they had finished the brandy

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they suddenly moved together and met standing up; then they were sitting on the bed and he kissed her hardy knees. Struggling a little still, like a decapitated animal she forgot about Dick and her new white eyes, forgot Tommy himself and sank deeper and deeper into the minutes and the moment.

. . . When he got up to open a shutter and find out what caused the increasing clamor below their windows, his figure was darker and stronger than Dick's, with high lights along the rope-twists of muscle. She felt the nameless fear which precedes all emotions, joyous or sorrowful, inevitably as a hum of thunder precedes a storm.

Tommy peered cautiously from the balcony and reported.

"All I can see is two women on the balcony below this. They're talking about weather and tipping back and forth in American rocking-chairs."

"Making all that noise?"

"The noise is coming from somewhere below them. Listen."

"Oh, way down South in the land of cotton
Hotels bum and business rotten
Look away——"

"It's Americans."

Nicole flung her arms wide on the bed and stared at the ceiling; the powder had dampened on her to make a milky surface. She liked the bareness of the room, the sound of the single fly navigating overhead. Tommy brought the chair over to the bed and swept the clothes off it to sit down; she liked the economy of the weightless dress and espadrilles that mingled with his ducks upon the floor.

"You are all new like a baby," he said.

"With white eyes."

"I'll take care of that."

"It's very hard taking care of white eyes—especially the ones made in Chicago."

"I know all the old Languedoc peasant remedies."

"Kiss me, on the lips, Tommy."

"That's so American," he said, kissing her nevertheless. "When I was in America last there were girls who would tear you apart with their lips, tear themselves too, until their faces were scarlet with the blood around the lips all brought out in a patch—but nothing further."

Nicole leaned up on one elbow.

"I like this room," she said.

He looked around.

"I find it somewhat meagre. Darling, I'm glad you wouldn't wait until we got to Monte Carlo."

"Why only meagre? Why, this is a wonderful room, Tommy—like the bare tables in so many Cézannes and Picassos."

"I don't know." He did not try to understand her. "There's that noise again. My God, has there been a murder?"

He went to the window and reported once more:

"It seems to be two American sailors fighting and a lot more cheering them on. They are from your battleship off shore." He wrapped a towel around himself and went farther out on the balcony. "They have poules with them. I have heard about this now—the women follow them from place to place wherever the ship goes. But what women! One would think with their pay they could find better women! Why the women who followed Korniloff! Why we never looked at anything less than a ballerina!"

Nicole was glad he had known so many women, so that the word itself meant nothing to him; she would be able to hold him so long as the person in her transcended the universals of her body.

"Hit him where it hurts!"

"Yah-h-h-h!"

"Hey, what I tell you get inside that right!"

"Come on, Dulschmit, you son!"

"Yaa-Yaa!"

"YA-YEH-YAH!"

Tommy turned away.

"This place seems to have outlived its usefulness, you agree?"

She agreed, but they clung together for a moment before dressing, and then for a while longer it seemed as good enough a place as any. . . .

Dressing at last Tommy exclaimed:

"*My God,* those two women in the rocking-chairs on the balcony below us haven't moved. They're trying to talk this matter out of existence. They're here on an economical holiday, and all the American navy and all the whores in Europe couldn't spoil it."

He came over gently and surrounded her, pulling the shoulder strap of her slip into place with his teeth; then a sound split the air outside: Cr-ACK—*BOOM-M-m-m!* It was the battleship sounding a recall.

Now, down below their window, it was pandemonium indeed—for the boat was moving to shores as yet unannounced. Waiters called accounts and demanded settlements in impassioned voices, there were oaths and denials; the tossing of bills too large and change too small; passouts were assisted to the boats, and the voices of the naval police chopped with quick commands through all voices. There were cries, tears, shrieks, promises as the first launch shoved off and the women crowded forward on the wharf, screaming and waving.

Tommy saw a girl rush out upon the balcony below waving a napkin, and before he could see whether or not the rocking English women gave in at last and acknowledged her presence, there was a knock at their own door. Outside, excited female voices made them agree to unlock it, disclosing two girls, young, thin and barbaric, unfound rather than lost, in the hall. One of them wept chokingly.

"Kwee wave off your porch?" implored the other in passionate American. "Kwee please? Wave at the boy friends? Kwee, please. The other rooms is all locked."

"With pleasure," Tommy said.

The girls rushed out on the balcony and presently their voices struck a loud treble over the din.

"Bye, Charlie! Charlie, look *up!*"

"Send a wire gen'al alivery Nice!"

"Charlie! He don't see me."

One of the girls hoisted her skirt suddenly, pulled and ripped at her pink step-ins and tore them to a sizable flag; then, screaming "Ben! Ben!" she waved it wildly. As Tommy and Nicole left the room it still fluttered against the blue sky. Oh, say can you see the tender color of remembered flesh?—while at the stern of the battleship arose in rivalry the Star Spangled Banner.

They dined at the new Beach Casino at Monte Carlo . . . much later they swam in Beaulieu in a roofless cavern of white moonlight formed by a circlet of pale boulders about a cup of phosphorescent waters, facing Monaco and the blur of Mentone. She liked his bringing her there to the eastward vision and the novel tricks of wind and

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water; it was all as new as they were to each other. Symbolically she lay across his saddle-bow as surely as if he had wolfed her away from Damascus and they had come out upon the Mongolian plain. Moment by moment all that Dick had taught her fell away and she was ever near what she had been in the beginning, prototype of that obscure yielding up of swords that was going on in the world all about her. Tangled with love in the moonlight she welcomed the anarchy of her lover.

They awoke together finding the moon gone down and the air cool. She struggled up demanding the time and Tommy called it roughly at three.

"I've got to go home then."

"I thought we'd sleep in Monte Carlo."

"No. There's a governess and the children. I've got to roll in before daylight."

"As you like."

They dipped for a second, and when he saw her shivering he rubbed her briskly with a towel. As they got into the car with their heads still damp, their skins fresh and glowing, they were loath to start back. It was very bright where they were and as Tommy kissed her she felt him losing himself in the whiteness of her cheeks and her white teeth and her cool brow and the hand that touched his face. Still attuned to Dick, she waited for interpretation or qualification; but none was forthcoming. Reassured sleepily and happily that none would be, she sank low in the seat and drowsed until the sound of the motor changed and she felt them climbing toward Villa Diana. At the gate she kissed him an almost automatic good-bye. The sound of her feet on the walk was changed, the night noises of the garden were suddenly in the past but she was glad, none the less, to be back. The day had progressed at a staccato rate, and in spite of its satisfactions she was not habituated to such strain.

At four o'clock next afternoon a station taxi stopped at the gate and Dick got out. Suddenly off balance, Nicole ran from the terrace to meet him, breathless with her effort at self-control.

"Where's the car?" she asked.

"I left it in Arles. I didn't feel like driving any more."

"I thought from your note that you'd be several days."

"I ran into a mistral and some rain."

"Did you have fun?"

"Just as much fun as anybody has running away from things. I drove Rosemary as far as Avignon and put her on her train there." They walked toward the terrace together, where he deposited his bag. "I didn't tell you in the note because I thought you'd imagine a lot of things."

"That was very considerate of you." Nicole felt surer of herself now.

"I wanted to find out if she had anything to offer—that was the only way to see her alone."

"Did she have—anything to offer?"

"Rosemary didn't grow up," he answered. "It's probably better that way. What have you been doing?"

She felt her face quiver like a rabbit's.

"I went dancing last night—with Tommy Costello. We went——"

He winced as he interrupted her.

"Don't tell me about it. It doesn't matter what you do, only I don't want to know anything definitely."

"There isn't anything to know."

"All right, all right." Then as if he had been away a week: "How are the children?"

The phone rang in the house.

"If it's for me I'm not home," said Dick turning away quickly. "I've got some things to do over in the workroom."

Nicole waited till he was out of sight behind the well; then she went into the house and took up the phone.

"Nicole, comment va-tu?"

"Dick's home."

He groaned.

"Meet me here in Cannes," he suggested. "I've got to talk to you."

"I can't."

"Tell me you love me." Without speaking she nodded at the receiver; he repeated, "Tell me you love me."

"Oh, I do," she assured him. "But there's nothing to be done right now."

"Of course there is," he said impatiently. "Dick sees it's over between you two—it's obvious he has quit. What does he expect you to do?"

"I don't know. I'll have to—" She stopped herself from saying "—to wait until I can ask Dick," and instead finished with: "I'll write and I'll phone you to-morrow."

She wandered about the house rather contentedly, resting on her achievement. She was a mischief, and that was a satisfaction; no longer was she a huntress of corralled game. Yesterday came back to her now in innumerable details—details that began to overlay her memory of similar moments when her love for Dick was fresh and intact. She began to slight that love, so that it seemed to have been tinged with sentimental habit from the first. With the opportunistic memory of women she scarcely recalled how she had felt when she and Dick had possessed each other in secret places around the corners of the world, during the month before they were married. Just so had she lied to Tommy last night, swearing to him that never before had she so entirely, so completely, so utterly . . .

. . . then remorse for this moment of betrayal, which so cavalierly belittled a decade of her life, turned her walk toward Dick's sanctuary.

Approaching noiselessly she saw him behind his cottage, sitting in a steamer chair by the cliff wall, and for a moment she regarded him silently. He was thinking, he was living a world completely his own and in the small motions of his face, the brow raised or lowered, the eyes narrowed or widened, the lips set and reset, the play of his hands, she saw him progress from phase to phase of some story spinning out inside him, a story she only intermittently shared. Once he clenched his fists and leaned forward, once it brought into his face an expression of torment and despair—when this passed its stamp lingered in his eyes. For almost the first time in her life she was sorry for him—it is hard for those who have once been mentally afflicted to be sorry for those who are well, and though Nicole often paid lip service to the fact that he had led her back to the world she had forfeited, she had thought of him really as an inexhaustible energy, incapable of fatigue—she forgot the trouble she caused him at the moment when she forgot the troubles of her own that had prompted her. That he no longer controlled her—did he know that? Had he willed it all?—she felt as sorry for him as she had sometimes felt for Abe North and his bitter destiny, sorry as for the helplessness of infants and the old.

She went up putting her arm around

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his shoulder, and touching their heads together said:

"Don't be sad."

He looked at her coldly.

"Don't touch me!" he said.

Confused she moved a few feet away.

"Excuse me," he continued abstractedly. "I was just thinking what I thought of you—it wasn't much at the moment."

"Why not add this new classification to your book?"

"I have thought of it—'Furthermore and beyond the psychoses and the neuroses we have caninæ, male and female.'"

"I didn't come over here to be disagreeable."

"Then why *did* you come, Nicole? I can't do anything for you any more. I'm trying to save myself."

"From my contamination?"

"Well, my profession throws me in contact with questionable company sometimes."

She wept with anger at the abuse.

"You're a coward! You've made a failure of your life, and you want to blame it on me."

While he did not answer she began to feel the old hypnotism of his intelligence, sometimes exercised without power but always with substrata of truth under truth which she could not break or even crack. Again she struggled with it, fighting him with her small, fine eyes, with the plush arrogance of a top dog, with her nascent transference to another man, with the accumulated resentments of years; she fought him with her money and her faith that her sister disliked him and was really behind her now; with the thought of the new enemies he was making with his bitterness, with her quick guile against his wine-ing and dine-ing slowness, her health and beauty against his physical deterioration, her unscrupulousness against his moralities—for this inner battle she used even her weaknesses—fighting bravely and courageously with the old cans and crockery and bottles, empty receptacles of her expiated sins, outrages, mistakes. And suddenly, in the space of two minutes she achieved her victory and justified herself to herself without lie or subterfuge, cut the cord forever. Then she walked, weak in the legs, and sobbing coolly, toward the household that was hers at last.

Doctor Diver waited until she was out of sight. Then he leaned his head forward on the parapet. The case was finished. Doctor Diver was at liberty.

At two o'clock that night the phone woke Nicole and she heard Dick answer it from what they called the restless bed, in the next room.

"Oui, oui . . . mais à qui est-ce que je parle? . . . Oui . . ." His voice woke up with surprise. "But can I speak to one of the ladies, Sir the Officer? They are both ladies of the very highest prominence, ladies of connections that might cause political complications of the most serious . . . It is a fact, I swear to you . . . Very well, you will see."

He got up and, as he absorbed the situation, instinct told him that he would undertake to deal with it—the old fatal pleasingness, the old forceful charm, swept back with its cry of "Use me—use me!" He would have to go fix this thing he did not care about, because it had early become a habit to be loved, perhaps from the moment when he had realized that he was the last hope of a decaying clan. Almost at the same instant, back in Dohmler's clinic on the Zürichsee, when he had realized his power, he had made his choice, chosen Ophelia, chosen the sweet poison and drunk it. Wanting above all to be brave and kind, he had wanted, more than that, to be loved. So it had been. So it would ever be, he saw, simultaneously with the slow archaic tinkle from the phone box as he rang off.

There was a long pause. Nicole called "What is it? Who is it?"

Dick had begun to dress even as he hung up the phone.

"It's the poste de police in Antibes—they're holding Mary North and that Sibly-Biers. It's something serious—the agent wouldn't tell me; he kept saying 'pas des mortes—pas des automobiles' but he implied it was just about everything else."

"Why on earth did they call on *you*? It sounds very peculiar to me."

"They've got to get out on bail to save their faces; and only some property owner in the Alpes Maritimes can give bail."

"They had their nerve."

"I don't mind. However I'll pick up Gausse at the hotel——"

Nicole stayed awake after he had departed wondering what they could have done; then she slept; a little after three when Dick came in she sat up stark awake saying "What?" as if to a character in her dream.

"It was an extraordinary story—" Dick said. He sat on the foot of her bed, telling her how he had roused old Gausse from an Alsatian coma, told him to clean out his cash drawer, and driven with him to the police station.

"I don't like to do something for that Anglaise," Gausse grumbled.

Mary North and Lady Caroline, dressed in the costume of French sailors, lounged on a bench outside the two dingy cells. The latter had the outraged air of a Briton who momentarily expected the Mediterranean fleet to steam up to her assistance. Mary Minghetti was in a condition of panic and collapse—she literally flung herself at Dick's stomach as though that were the point of greatest association, imploring him to do something. Meanwhile the chief of police explained the matter to Gausse who listened to each word with reluctance, divided between being properly appreciative of the officer's narrative gift and showing that, as the perfect servant, the story had no shocking effect on him.

"It was merely a lark," said Lady Caroline with scorn. "We were pretending to be sailors on leave, and we picked up two silly girls. They got the wind up and made a rotten scene in the lodging house we took them to."

Dick nodded gravely, looking at the stone floor, like a priest in the confessional—he was torn between a tendency to ironic laughter and another tendency to order fifty stripes of the cat and a fortnight of bread and water. The lack, in Lady Caroline's face, of any sense of evil, except the evil wrought by cowardly Provençal girls and stupid police, confounded him; yet he had long concluded that certain classes of English people lived upon a concentrated essence of the anti-social that, in comparison, reduced the diets of New York and Hollywood to the sensualities and petulances of a child contracting indigestion from too much ice cream.

"I've got to get out before Hosain hears about this," Mary pleaded. "Dick, you can always arrange things—you always could. Tell 'em we'll go right home, tell 'em we'll pay anything."

"I shall not," said Lady Caroline dis-

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dainfully. "Not a shilling. But I shall jolly well find out what the Consulate in Cannes has to say about this."

"No, no!" insisted Mary. "We've got to get out tonight."

"I'll see what I can do," said Dick, and added, "but money will certainly have to change hands." Looking at them as though they were the innocents that he knew they were not, he shook his head: "Of all the crazy stunts!"

Lady Caroline smiled complacently.

"You're an insanity doctor, aren't you? You ought to be able to help us—and Gausse has *got* to!"

At this point Dick went aside with Gausse and talked over the old man's findings. The affair was more serious than had been indicated—one of the girls whom they had picked up was of a respectable family. The family were furious, or pretended to be; a settlement would have to be made with them. The other one, a girl of the port, could be more easily dealt with. There were French statutes that would make conviction punishable by imprisonment or, at the very least, public expulsion from the country. In addition to the difficulties, there was a growing difference in tolerance between such townspeople as benefited by the foreign colony and the ones who were merely annoyed by a consequent rise of prices. Gausse, having summarized the situation, turned to Dick. Dick called the chief of police into conference.

"Now you know that the French Government wants to encourage American touring—so much so that in Paris this summer there's an order that Americans can't be arrested except for the most serious offenses."

"This is serious enough, my God."

"But look now—you have their cartes d'identité?"

"They had none. They had nothing—two hundred francs and some rings. Not even shoe-laces that they could have hung themselves with!"

Relieved that there had been no cartes d'identité Dick continued.

"The Italian Countess is still an American citizen. She is the granddaughter—" he told a string of lies slowly and portentously, "of John D. Rockefeller Mellon. You have heard of him?"

"Yes; oh heavens, yes. You mistake me for a nobody?"

"In addition she is the niece of Lord Henry Ford and so connected with the Renault and Citroen companies—" He thought he had better stop here. However the sincerity of his voice had begun to affect the officer, so he continued: "To arrest her is just as if you arrested a great royalty of England. It might mean—War!"

"But how about the Englishwoman?"

"I'm coming to that. She is affianced

to the brother of the Prince of Wales—the Duke of Buckingham."

"She will be an exquisite bride for him."

"Now we are prepared to give—" Dick calculated quickly, "one thousand francs to each of the girls—and an additional thousand to the father of the 'serious' one. Also two thousand in addition, for you to distribute as you think best—" he shrugged his shoulders, "—among the men who made the arrest, the lodging-house keeper and so forth. I shall hand you the five thousand and expect you to do the negotiating immediately. Then they can be released on bail on some charge like disturbing the peace, and whatever fine there is will be paid before the magistrate tomorrow—by messenger."

Before the officer spoke Dick saw by his expression that it would be all right; the man said hesitantly, "I have made no entry because they have no cartes d'identité. I must see—give me the money."

An hour later Dick and M. Gausse dropped the women by the Majestic Hotel, where Lady Caroline's chauffeur slept in her landaulet.

"Remember," said Dick, "you owe Monsieur Gausse a hundred dollars apiece."

"All right," Mary agreed, "I'll give him a check tomorrow—and something more."

"Not I!" Startled they all turned to Lady Caroline, who, now entirely recovered, was swollen with righteousness. "The whole thing was an outrage. By no means did I authorize you to give a hundred dollars to those people."

Little Gausse stood beside the car, his eyes blazing suddenly.

"You won't pay me?"

"Of course she will," said Dick.

Suddenly the abuse that Gausse had once endured as a bus-boy in London flamed up and he took a step through the moonlight toward Lady Caroline.

He whipped a string of condemnatory words about her, and as she turned away with a frozen laugh, he took a step after her and swiftly planted his little foot in the most celebrated of targets. Lady Caroline, taken by surprise, had her hands flung up like a person shot, and the sailor-clad form sprawled forward on the sidewalk.

Dick's voice cut across her raging: "Mary, you better quiet her down! or you'll both be in leg-irons in ten minutes!"

On the way back to the hotel old Gausse said not a word, until they passed the Juan-les-Pins Casino, still sobbing and coughing with jazz; then he sighed forth:

"I have never seen women like this sort of women. I have known many of the great courtesans of the world, and for them I have much respect often, but women like these women I have never seen before."

Dick and Nicole were accustomed to go together to the barber, and have haircuts and shampoos in adjoining rooms. From Dick's side Nicole could hear the snip of shears, the count of changes, the Voilàs and Pardons. The day after his return they went down to be shorn and washed in the perfumed breeze of the fans.

In front of the Carleton Hotel, its windows as stubbornly blank to the summer as so many cellar doors, a car passed them and Tommy Costello was in it. Nicole's momentary glimpse of his expression, taciturn and thoughtful and, in the second of seeing her, wide-eyed and alert, disturbed her. She wanted to be going where he was going. The hour with the hair-dresser seemed one of the wasteful intervals that composed her life, another little prison. The coiffeuse in her white uniform, faintly sweating lip-rouge and cologne reminded her of many nurses.

In the next room Dick dozed under an apron and a lather of soap. The mir-

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ror in front of Nicole reflected the passage between men's and women's shops, and Nicole started up at the sight of Tommy entering and wheeling sharply into the men's shop. She knew with a flush of joy that there was going to be some sort of showdown.

She heard fragments of its beginning.

"Hello, I want to see you."

". . . serious."

". . . serious."

". . . perfectly agreeable."

In a minute Dick came in to Nicole's booth, his expression emerging annoyed from behind the towel of his hastily rinsed face.

"Your friend has worked himself up into a state. He wants to see us together, so I agreed to have it over with. Come along!"

"But my hair—it's half cut."

"Never mind—come along!"

Resentfully she made the staring coiffeuse remove the apron. Feeling messy and unadorned she followed Dick from the hotel. Outside Tommy bent over her hand.

"We'll go to the Café des Alliés," said Dick.

"Wherever we can be alone," Tommy agreed.

Under the arching trees, central in summer, Dick asked: "Will you take anything, Nicole?"

"A citron pressé."

"For me a demi," said Tommy.

"The Blackenwite with siphon," said Dick.

"Il n'y a plus de Blackenwite. Nous avons que le Johnny Walkair."

"Ca va."

"Your wife does not love you," said Tommy suddenly. "She loves me."

The two men regarded each other with a curious impotence of expression. There can be little communication between men in that position, for their relation is indirect, and consists of how much each of them has possessed or will possess of the woman in question, so that their emotions pass through her divided self as through a bad telephone connection.

"Wait a minute," Dick said. "Donnez moi du gin et du siphon."

"Bien, Monsieur."

"All right, Tommy—excuse me."

"It's very plain to me that your marriage to Nicole has run its course. She is through. I've waited five years for that to be so."

"What does Nicole say?"

They both looked at her.

"I've gotten very fond of Tommy, Dick."

He nodded.

"You don't care for me any more," she continued. "It's all just habit. Things were never the same after Rosemary."

Unattracted to this angle, Tommy broke in sharply with:

"You don't understand Nicole. You treat her always like a patient because she was once sick."

They were suddenly interrupted by an insistent American, of sinister aspect, vending copies of *The Herald* and of *The Times* fresh from New York.

"Got everything here, Buddies," he announced. "Been here long?"

"Cessez cela! Allez Ouste!" Tommy cried and then to Dick, "Now no woman would stand such——"

"Buddies," interrupted the American, "you think I'm wasting my time—but lots of others don't." He brought a gray clipping from his purse—and Dick recognized it as he saw it. It cartooned millions of Americans pouring from liners with bags of gold. "You think I'm not going to get part of that? Well, I am. I'm just over from Nice for the Tour de France."

As Tommy got him off with a fierce "allez-vous-en," Dick identified him as the man who had once hailed him in the Rue de St. Anges, five years before.

"When does the Tour de France get here?" he called after him.

"Any minute now, Buddy."

He departed at last with a cheery wave and Tommy returned to Dick.

"Elle doit avoir plus avec moi qu'avec vous."

"Speak English! What do you mean 'doit avoir'?"

" 'Doit avoir?' would have more happiness with me."

"You'd be new to each other. But Nicole and I have had much of happiness together, Tommy."

"L'amour de famille," Tommy said.

"If you and Nicole married won't that be 'l'amour de famille'?" The increasing commotion made him break off; presently it came to a serpentine head on the promenade and a group, presently a crowd, of people sprung from hidden siestas, lined the curbstone.

Boys sprinted past on bicycles, automobiles jammed with elaborate betasselled sportsmen slid up the street, high horns tooting to announce the approach of the race, and unsuspected cooks in undershirts appeared at restaurant doors as around a bend the procession came into sight. First came a lone cyclist in a red jersey, toiling intent and confident out of the westering sun, passing to the melody of a high chattering cheer. Then three together in a harlequinade of faded color, legs caked yellow with dust and sweat, faces expressionless, eyes heavy and endlessly tired.

Tommy was facing Dick, saying: "I think Nicole wants a divorce—I suppose you'll make no obstacles?"

A troupe of fifty more swarmed after the first bicycle racers, strung out over two hundred yards, a few were smiling and self-conscious, a few obviously exhausted, most of them indifferent and weary. A retinue of small boys passed, a few defiant stragglers, a light truck carried the dupes of accident and defeat.

They were back at the table. Nicole wanted Dick to take the initiative, but he seemed content to sit with his face half-shaved matching her hair half-washed.

"Isn't it true you're not happy with me any more?" Nicole continued. "Without me you could get to your work again—you could work better if you didn't worry about me."

Tommy moved impatiently.

"That is so useless. Nicole and I love each other, that's all there is to it."

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "since it's all settled, suppose we go back to the barber shop."

Tommy wanted a row: "There are several points——"

"Nicole and I will talk things over," said Dick equitably. "Don't worry—I agree in principle, and Nicole and I still understand each other. There's less chance of unpleasantness if we avoid a three-cornered discussion."

Unwillingly acknowledging Dick's logic, Tommy was moved by an irresistible racial tendency to chisel for an advantage.

"Let it be understood that from this moment," he said, "I stand in the position of Nicole's protector until details can be arranged. And I shall hold you strictly accountable for any abuse of the fact that you continue to inhabit the same house."

Again Dick nodded, and walked off

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toward the hotel with Nicole's whitest eyes following him.

"He was fair enough," Tommy conceded. "Darling, will we be together tonight?"

"I suppose so."

So it had happened—and with a minimum of drama; she felt outguessed, realizing that from the episode of the camphor-rub, Dick had anticipated everything. But also she felt happy and excited, and the odd little wish that she could tell Dick all about it faded. But her eyes followed his figure until it became a dot and mingled with the other dots in the summer crowd.

The day before Doctor Diver left the Riviera he spent all his time with his children. He was not young any more with a lot of nice thoughts and dreams to have about himself, so he wanted to remember them well. The children had been told that this winter they would be with their aunt in London and that soon they were going to come and see him in America. Fräulein was not to be discharged without his consent.

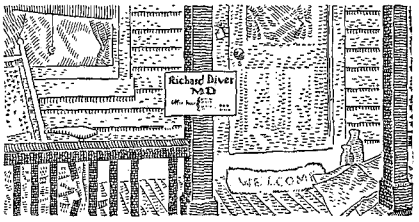
He was glad he had given so much to the little girl—about the boy he was more uncertain—always he had been uneasy about what he had to give to the ever-climbing, ever-clinging, breast-searching young. But, when he said good-bye to them, he wanted to lift their beautiful heads off their necks and hold them close for hours.

He embraced the old gardener who had made the first garden at Villa Diana six years ago; he kissed the Provençal girl who helped with the children. She had been with them for almost a decade, and she fell on her knees and cried until Dick jerked her to her feet and gave her three hundred francs. Nicole was sleeping late, as had been agreed upon—he left a note for her, and one for Baby Warren, who was just back from Sardinia and staying at the house. Dick took a big drink from a bottle of brandy three feet high, holding ten quarts, that some one had presented them with.

Then he decided to leave his bags by the station in Cannes and take a last look at Gausse's Beach.

The beach was peopled with only an advance guard of children when Nicole and her sister arrived that morning. A white sun, chivied of outline by a white sky, boomed over a windless day. Waiters were putting extra ice into the bar; an American photographer from the A. and P. outfit worked with his equipment in a precarious shade and looked up quickly at every footfall descending the stone steps. At the hotel his prospective subjects in darkened rooms slept late upon their recent opiate of dawn.

When Nicole started out on the beach she saw Dick not dressed for



swimming sitting on a rock above. She shrank back in the shadow of her dressing-tent. In a minute Baby joined her, saying:

"Dick's still there."

"I saw him."

"I think he might have the delicacy to go."

"This is his place—in a way, he discovered it. Old Gausse always says he owes everything to Dick."

Baby looked calmly at her sister.

"We should have let him confine himself to his bicycle excursions," she remarked. "When people are taken out of their depths they lose their heads, no matter how charming a bluff they put up."

"Dick was a good husband to me for six years," Nicole said. "All that time I never suffered a minute's pain because of him, and he always did his best never to let anything hurt me."

Baby's lower jaw projected slightly as she said:

"That's what he was educated for."

The sisters sat in silence. Nicole wondering in a tired way about things; Baby considering whether or not to marry the latest candidate for her hand and money, an authenticated Hapsburg. She was not quite *thinking* about it. Her affairs had long shared such a sameness, that, as she dried out, they were more important for their conversational value than for themselves. Her emotions had their truest existence in the telling of them.

"Is he gone?" Nicole asked after a while. "I think his train leaves at noon."

Baby looked.

"No. He's moved up higher on the terrace and he's talking to some women. Anyhow there are so many people now that he doesn't *have* to see us."

He had seen them though, as they left their pavilion, and he followed them with his eyes until they disappeared again. He sat with Mary Minghetti, drinking anisette.

"You were like you used to be that night," she was saying, "except at the end, when you were horrid about Caroline. Why aren't you nice like that always? You can be."

It seemed fantastic to Dick to be in a position where Mary North could tell him about things.

"Your friends still like you, Dick. But you say awful things to people when you've been drinking. I've spent most of my time defending you this summer."

"That remark is one of Doctor Eliot's classics."

"It's true. Nobody cares whether you drink or not—" She hesitated. "Even when Abe drank hardest, he never offended people like you do."

"You're all so dull," he said.

"But we're all there is!" cried Mary. "If you don't like nice people, try the ones who aren't nice, and see how you like that! All people want is to have a good time and if you make them unhappy you cut yourself off from nourishment."

"Have I been nourished?" he asked.

Mary was having a good time, though she did not know it, and had sat down with him only out of fear. She again refused a drink and said: "Self indulgence is back of it. Of course, after Abe you can imagine how I feel about it—since I watched the progress of a good man toward alcoholism——"

Down the steps tripped Lady Caroline Sibly-Biers with blithe theatricality.

Dick felt fine—he was already well in advance of the day; he was where a man should be at the end of a good dinner, yet he showed only a fine, considered, restrained interest in Mary. His eyes, for the moment clear as a child's, asked her sympathy, and stealing over him he felt the old necessity of convincing her that he was the last man in the world and she was the last woman.

Then he would not have to look at those two other figures, now a man

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and a woman, black and white and metallic against the sky.

"You once liked me, didn't you?" he asked.

"*Liked* you—I *loved* you. Everybody loved you. You could've had anybody you wanted for the asking——"

"You say that, because there is always something between you and me."

She bit eagerly. "Is there, Dick?"

"Always is—I knew your troubles and how brave you were about them." But the old interior laughter had begun inside him and he knew he couldn't keep it up much longer.

"I always thought you knew a lot," she said enthusiastically. "More about me than any one has ever known. Perhaps that's why I was so afraid of you when we didn't get along so well."

His glance fell soft and kind upon hers, suggesting an emotion underneath; their glances married suddenly, bedded, strained together. Then, as the laughter inside of him became so loud that it seemed as if Mary must hear it, Dick switched off the light and they were back in the Riviera sun.

"I must go," he said. As he stood up he swayed a little; he did not feel well any more—his blood raced slow. He raised his right hand and with a papal cross he blessed the beach from the high terrace. Faces turned upward from several umbrellas.

"I'm going to him." Nicole got to her knees.

"No, you're not," said Tommy, pulling her down firmly. "Let well enough alone."

Nicole kept in touch with Dick after her new marriage; there were letters on business matters, and about the children. When she said, as she often did, "I loved Dick and I'll never forget him," Tommy answered, "Of course not—why should you?"

Dick opened an office in Buffalo, but evidently without success. Nicole did not find what the trouble was, but she heard a few months later that he was in a little town named Batavia, N. Y., practising general medicine, and later that he was in Lockport, doing the same thing. By accident she heard more about his life there than anywhere: that he bicycled a lot, was much admired by the ladies, and always had a big stack of papers on his desk that were known to be an important treatise on some medical subject, almost in process of completion. He was considered to have fine manners and made a good speech once at a public-health meeting on the subject of drugs; but he became entangled with an eighteen-year-old girl who worked in a grocery store, and he was also involved in a law-suit about some medical question; so he left Lockport.

After that he didn't ask for the children to be sent to America and didn't answer when Nicole wrote asking him if he needed money. In the last letter she had from him he told her that he was practising in Geneva, N. Y., and she got the impression that he had settled down, with some one to keep house for him. She looked up Geneva in an atlas and found it was in the heart of the Finger Lakes Section and considered a pleasant place. Perhaps, so she liked to think, his career was biding its time, again like Grant's in Galena; his latest note was post-marked from Hornell, N. Y., which is some distance from Geneva and a very small town; in any case he is almost certainly in that section of the country, in one town or another.

IN THE NEXT NUMBER

BEGINS

A ROMANCE OF THE EIGHTIES

by JAMES BOYD

author of "Drums," etc.

TO BE PUBLISHED

IN FOUR LARGE INSTALMENTS

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *will continue to present a varied and unusual array of fiction, including stories by Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner, Langston Hughes, Marjorie Rawlings, Erskine Caldwell, Grace Flandrau, Struthers Burt, Nancy Hale, and others.*

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THE INCENDIARY MAHAN Continued from page 268

works seeking to justify imperialism did appear in the eighties but none had the forthright quality—a plain and unabashed defence of oversea expansion and imperialistic conflict—that the temper of the times required. Seeley's *Expansion of England* (1883), Froude's *Oceana* (1886) and Dilke's *Problems of Greater Britain* (1890), the chief of these, were good enough in their way: interesting and almost convincing dialectical exercises that either on the grounds of political theory, racial and national right or social amelioration mustered up arguments to support a redirection of national policy. But only clergymen and schoolmen could be really carried away by Seeley's labored efforts to prove that English destiny was coupled with the greater state; that because the hearts of Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and Englishmen beat as one it was necessary to bind them all in a physical as well as an emotional union.

Even the customary English cant about bringing civilization to the heathen was a little too much to swallow by hard-bitten fellows like Rhodes and Chamberlain when it was put in language like the following:

"The dominion of Rome over the western races was the empire of civilization over barbarism. Among Gauls and Iberians Rome stood as a beacon light; they acknowledged its brightness and felt grateful for the illumination they received from it. The dominion of England in India is rather the empire of the modern world over the mediæval. The light we bring is not less real, but it is probably less attractive and received with less gratitude. It is not a glorious light shining in darkness, but a somewhat cold daylight introduced into the midst of a warm, gorgeous twilight."

So wrote Seeley, who had also been the author of a sentimental life of Christ. Froude, never forgetting his long association with Carlyle and like him passionately hating industrialism, was no better: to him colonies were important chiefly because they could be utilized as escapes into an idyllic pastoral and agricultural existence. And as for Dilke, who had once been a Liberal statesman like Chamberlain, his argument largely ran to the effect that "Greater Britain" was an inevitability because of the superior racial and national characteristics of the English.

This was indeed thin fare for the common appetites of late-Victorian bourgeois Englishmen: for the coal magnates, cotton and iron and steel manufacturers, bankers and investment brokers, retired civil servants looking for ten per cent, concession hunters, mining prospectors, careerists, generals, admirals, and statesmen: all of whom needed only the smallest encouragement (but it would have to be in terms they could honestly understand) to let them sit down to a barbecue of imperialistic gorging.

It was Alfred Thayer Mahan's peculiar destiny to be able, in a thoroughly satisfactory fashion, to dissolve the doubts and strengthen the resolutions of all these good Englishmen.

V

To none was Mahan's support more timely than to the admirals, for no English institution had suffered more cruelly from the indifference of the Cobdenites than the nation's naval arm. The English navy had not only been neglected financially and its personnel reduced to a skeleton force; worse still, no real thought had been given to the possibility of evolving new ships and weapons of naval warfare in keeping with the modern age of steam and steel. Patriots sat looking on in dismay while Frenchmen and Italians floated one mightier ship-of-the-line after another.

The battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads in 1862 had sounded the death knell of the wooden fighting ship. The little *Monitor*—with its iron hull, its freeboard so low that the ship's superstructure appeared to be floating on the water, its steam engines and its battery of two 11-inch shell guns in a revolving turret sheathed with iron—ridiculous as it looked, had proved to all those who could see in what direction true naval progress lay. The naval future was to belong to ships with steam engines, iron (and later, steel) hulls protected by armor, and big rifled guns mounted in turrets and firing percussion shells instead of the old solid shot. But England slept on and as late as 1880 her navy—it was called by a plain-spoken seaman "a menagerie of unruly and curiously assorted ships"—contained more than twice as many unarmored vessels as armored. The unarmored warships were nothing less than a riot of fancy; in this group were to be found iron frigates, iron corvettes, steel dispatch boats, steel and iron corvettes, composite corvettes, composite sloops of war, and composite gunboats: all carrying every spar and sail of the wooden sailing ships to which they correspond.

It was not until the Conservatives were once more in power that the Naval Defence Act of 1889, as a result of a noisy agitation, was passed. This measure both modernized and standardized the English fleet. The main reliance of the naval arm were to be the heavily armored battleships, some of which were to be armed on the turret and some on the barbette systems. Cruisers were to correspond to the old frigates and were to be used for scouting, intelligence, and the like; and there was to be a whole new array of auxiliary craft. The estimates called for the construction of seventy new warships and set up an appropriation of about $100,000,000 to be expended over four and one-half years. While the Naval Defence Act marked a victory of the navy men over the civilians, the cause was not yet won, and the admirals could only regard with misgivings the possible action of future Parliaments.

This was something of the nature of the English world upon which the *Influence of Sea Power upon History* burst in 1890. The remarkable reception it received is not at all surprising.

VI

The year 1885, in Europe, saw the curtain raised on a scene of turbulence and grave uncertainty; in the United States the prospect could not have been more serene. Seated on a continent whose resources were limitless and which seemed capable of engaging the energies of a population as great as India's or China's; saved, because of the presence of the free lands of the West which drained off the freer spirits, from

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the need of treating and compromising with a dissatisfied working class; in its surplus agricultural products possessing the key commodities which permitted it to import necessary raw materials, finished goods and capital; supported by a compliant government which granted subsidies, charters, and concessions and did not frown on monopoly practices: in this happy state the American middle class, its energies released by the defeat of the Southern slavocracy, marched on to glory. A railroad net was spun over the country: to open up the nation and leave permanently established on the backs of their fellow men a whole horde of millionaires and their heirs. Oil, coal, steel, natural gas, aluminum, cotton and woollen goods, merchandising, banking: all furnished similar open doors for fortunate, perhaps unscrupulous, young men who knew a good thing when they saw it and could salve their consciences later by endowing missionary societies, colleges, hospitals, and settlement houses.

Possibilities for exploitation, expansion, and consolidation were endless in the United States in the thirty years before the World War; why, indeed, worry about the European example and scour the four corners of the earth when golden opportunities lay around in one's very front yard? Of course the statesmen—the Roosevelts, Lodges, Hays and Roots—could have their aggressive foreign policy: with colonies, threatening gestures at England and Germany, a small war with Spain, military occupations in the Caribbean, a growing navy: but the real masters of America were content with their domestic schemes. In other words, while superficially the United States seemed to be embarking on an imperialistic career, what we find is only the shell: the substance and the body of imperialism were not there for the simple reason that industrialists and financiers as yet had found no need for oversea outlets for their surpluses. American capitalism did not become an important factor in the Caribbean, for example, until the years of the World War; the proof that it never played a significant part in the Philippines is to be found in the recent decision to let the islands go.

These are the reasons why Alfred Thayer Mahan was less than a prophet in his own country. While the English, and a little later the Germans, hung on his every word, his counsels and dire forebodings were listened to with indifference in the United States. In fact, most of his more important essays were written for English magazines and were never republished in his own country; and it was not until he had been on the retired list for ten years that America tardily recognized him with the commission of rear-admiral. The doctrine of sea power meant nothing to the United States while its capitalism was still on the make.

VII

"He who seeks, finds, if he does not lose heart; and to me, continuously seeking, came from *within* [italics mine] the suggestion that control of the sea was an historic factor which had never been systematically appreciated and expounded. Once formulated consciously, this thought became the nucleus of all my writings for twenty years then to come. . . ."

So wrote Mahan in his autobiography years after the revelation had occurred. One can easily believe that *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* was conceived as simply as all that: for without any other intellectual equipment than a passing familiarity with the political and naval histories of England and France and with the writings of Napoleon and the military strategists Jomini and Hamley (he knew nothing of economic and social history and theory, confessing, for example, that he had first learned of the mercantilistic system in 1885), Mahan set out to establish the thesis that the rise and fall of modern nations have been inseparably linked with the commercial and military control of the sea.

From this leading idea of the overpowering rôle of the sea in human affairs Mahan also saw stemming three corollaries, namely, that England's might was associated with her dependence upon and her rule over the sea; that the United States could hope for a like splendid place among nations if she cultivated her foreign commerce through an increase of production and a merchant marine, provided a powerful navy to protect it, and established a system of oversea colonies for trading and military bases; and that proper military control of the sea was based upon certain laws of strategy which had been fully established as a result of long years of naval combat.

Writing in 1902 in the English *National Review* Mahan was to give in a couple of sentences that definition of sea power which he failed to incorporate into any of his sea-power histories. How he was able to link successfully past and present in a single chain of common motives—disregarding, for example, the fact that mercantilism was commercial in its origins and imperialism capitalistic (later he was to indicate that he knew better)—nothing can more aptly show than the following:

"Beyond the seas, now as then [in the seventeenth century, when England fought Holland], are to be found regions scantily populated where can be built up communities with wants to be supplied; while elsewhere are teeming populations who may be led or manipulated to recognize necessities of which they have before been ignorant, and stimulated to provide for them through a higher development of their resources, either by themselves or, preferably, through the exploitation of foreigners. . . .

"It seems demonstrable, therefore, that as commerce is the engrossing and predominant interest of the world today, so, in consequence of its acquired expansion, oversea commerce, oversea political acquisition, and maritime commercial routes are now the primary objects of external policy among nations. The instrument for the maintenance of policy directed upon these objects is the navy of the several states. . . ."

It is true, as has already been pointed out, that the greater portion of *The Influence of Sea Power* was not much more than a naval history of the years 1660–1783: a record of the many wars in which England was engaged with the Dutch, Spanish and French in the hundred-odd years that saw the English colonial power consolidated in North America and India. That is to say, all but the first eighty-nine pages of a large book constitute such a chronicle; but in these preliminary pages, in what we can today regard as a crude introduction to human geography, Mahan endeavored to throw together those general principles which have affected the sea power of nations. He found the following six: their geographical position, physical conformation, extent of territory, num-

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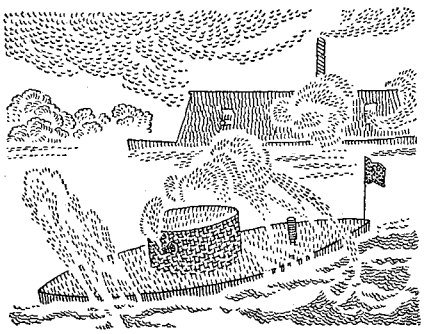
ber of population, character of the people, and their national institutions.

Within such a loose framework there is room naturally for a great variety of random observations. For example: that peoples who have sought wealth by "thrift, economy, hoarding" (*e.g.*, the French) are not destined for maritime greatness, while those who have done so through trade (*e.g.*, the English) are; that nations capable of "planting healthy colonies" have been mighty upon the sea; that the English colonist has been successful because he has immediately identified himself with his new land and because he "at once and instinctively seeks to develop the resources of the new country in the broadest sense"; that the American national character is fitted for sea power because Americans have an "instinct for commerce, bold enterprise in the pursuit of gain, and a keen scent for the traces that lead to it"; etc., etc.

Interspersed throughout the text of the main narrative are remarks of a similar general nature with particular reference to the success of English maritime policy. One might almost say that the main theme of *The Influence of Sea Power* is oh, the greatness! and ah, the wisdom! of the English nation which ever kept the sea lanes open for the ships and commerce of her own people. She acquired colonies, she assiduously cultivated the arts of war, and she never hesitated to use the second to protect and obtain more of the first. Her naval statesmen, both admirals and lords of the admiralty, had also learned the essential laws of naval strategy: and this we may consider a kind of secondary theme of the book. The chief law of sea strategy was that the command of the sea must be decisive, that is to say:

"It is not the taking of individual ships or convoys, be they few or many, that strikes down the money power of a nation; it is the possession of that overbearing power on the sea which drives the enemy's flag from it, or allows it to appear only as a fugitive; and which, by controlling the great common, closes the highways by which commerce moves to and from the enemy's shores. This overbearing power can only be exercised by great navies. . . ."

And how is this supremacy acquired? By the concentration of the naval forces of the nation at decisive points, their whole object being the final destruction of, or total mastery over, the enemy's fleet. By using fleets for offensive purposes and fighting actions to decisive issues. By placing a nation's chief reliance upon its ships-of-the-line, that is to say, its great battleships. By carrying on a close blockade of the enemy's harbors and, contrariwise, by keeping open the communications between its own ports. By maintaining, for the proper service of its ships at sea, a long line of naval



bases. And finally, by keeping command of the sea even in the face of the protestations of neutrals.

It is hardly necessary to elaborate on the astounding historical errors into which Mahan fell. His confusion of the motives of late nineteenth-century imperialism with those of seventeenth and eighteenth century mercantilism was the most glaring. His inability to understand that English sea power and the humbling of her European rivals were effects of antecedent events, that is to say, the triumphant emergence of her middle class and the early start of her industrial revolution, and not to the vague generalizations he advanced, was another. His failure to appreciate the growing rôle of finance capitalism and the over-emphasis he placed on the significance of oversea commercial activity in the life of his times was still a third. The erection of his whole theory of naval strategy on the principle of command of the sea by fleets of battleships as against the single activities of commerce-destroying cruisers and torpedo craft, merely because such tactics had proved successful in the warfare of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was a fourth error and from the viewpoint of the naval programs of modern nations the most lamentable.

To regard Mahan seriously as a great historian or thinker is therefore an absurdity; and yet his was one of the major influences of his day. Why was this? By appealing to the precedents of the past—faulty though they might be in themselves and inapplicable as they were to the conditions of the present—Mahan was able to present such an overpowering picture of the glory that once was England's, because she employed an aggressive oversea policy, that he fortified with wise saws and instances the minds and resolutions of the middle-class masters of late-Victorian England. It is idle to believe that the imperialistic rivalry between England and Germany could have ended in any way other than war. But Mahan's preachments gave conscious direction to the foreign and naval policies of the chief antagonists. By attributing earlier English greatness to her success on the sea, by linking this with oversea expansion, by insisting upon the outstanding influence of the ship-of-the-line and the use of fleets for offensive purposes: in short by so persuasively arguing that colonial dominion and the preparation for and the waging of war were inevitable to the healthy growth of nations: Mahan equipped with impenetrable armor the big navy men, the expansionists, the war-mongers, the munition makers—all the patriots—who guided the destinies of European peoples. From the appearance of *The Influence of Sea Power,* it may be said justly, there were no divided counsels among the ruling classes: the lessons of the past made the aspect of the future an open book.

Mahan followed up his first volume two years later with its sequel *The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire*. In purpose and treatment the book was similar to its predecessor except that its moral was so much more overwhelming: Napoleon, by subordinating the action of his fleets to the attack of posts, waging only defensive naval war, avoiding decisive engagements and abandoning all idea of control of the sea, had doomed his cause to defeat from the beginning. Could any single sentence have stirred high-minded Englishmen more than this one of Mahan's: "Nelson's storm-tossed ships, on which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world"?

VIII

The reception and the effect of both works were truly extraordinary. There were generous reviews in all the impor-

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tant service journals of the world; the English periodicals were particularly kind. The books were "impartial, just, dignified"; they displayed "throughout a splendid apotheosis of English courage and English endurance, of English skill and English power." Naval strategists revised their opinions about the usefulness of the fleet exclusively as a defensive arm and came to see that England must build up a "navy invincible against any combination." Militarists stopped their agitation for a conscript army. Statesmen began to nod their heads understandingly when higher naval estimates were spoken of. The land was suddenly filled with a whole new crop of Mahan devotees who organized a navy league, wrote articles, pamphlets and books, and dreamed, talked and lived nothing but English "command of the sea."

One of these youthful enthusiasts added the inevitable capstone to the structure: he sentimentalized navalism and in a chapter of one of his many books, which he piously called "The Blessings of Naval Armaments," he was able to point out how big fleets, big ships and big guns not only protected the nation's big bourgeoisie ("During the last century it was the navy by its active work which opened up to the British trader his predominating sphere of activity in Japan, in China and throughout the Far East," etc.) but contributed to the material, physical, and spiritual well-being of England's masses, not to speak of the rest of the world. How? Why, by creating jobs in ship yards and armament works. By teaching blue jackets setting-up exercises and to drink beer instead of grog. And by spreading the gospels of "popular representative government, of the balance of law and liberty" and of "administrative efficiency" in every port where the White Ensign put in. Could anything be more conclusive than the following?

"Considering the manifold blessings of naval armaments enjoyed by all the British peoples, it ill becomes us to wring our hands because in the competition for these benefits we are compelled to pay a high price. Naval rivalry is keen because the blessings which may be derived from naval armaments are so great."

The response in other lands was equally flattering. There were French, German, Japanese, Russian, Spanish, and Italian translations. The Japanese, so eager to learn the ways of the West, entered into a voluminous correspondence with Mahan and consulted him on the building of navies, the size of guns, and the erection of missionary stations. A French writer compared the influence exercised by the concept of sea power as being comparable only to the effects of the ideas of natural selection and evolution.

It was in Germany, however, that Mahan's significance was as clearly understood as it was in England. The young Kaiser and his chief naval adviser von Tirpitz not only "devoured" (the Kaiser's own word) Mahan's two books but ordered them translated so that they could be available to all German naval officers; Count Reventlow and other leaders of the *Flottenverein* learned the correct passages by heart; and armed with Mahan's arguments, big navy men and imperialists were able to convert hesitating industrial, financial and military support to the modernization and strengthening of the German navy. The lesson of history was irrefutable: sea power was essential to world power and the naval arm was the tie that bound both. Thus Germany, already turned from the Bismarckian ideal of a purely Continental Empire and embarked on a course of oversea expansion, could close its mind, too, to all hesitancies and doubts.

An anonymous Englishman, writing in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1898, had a flash of clairvoyance. (It is significant to note that outside of distinctly radical circles this is one of the very few questioning comments that appeared.) Mahan's work this writer called admirable; for had he not "praised, justified and glorified" the English as "a heroic, seafaring people"? Yet the books on sea power were "the most incendiary of modern times" and if he, this author, could have had his way he would have restricted their publication to a language only Americans and English could understand; confining them to an exclusive English public would have been even more satisfactory. True, the lessons of sea power, empire and a powerful fleet were then sorely needed by England and at the last moment Mahan had "put heart into the resolve of our governments to build a great navy and reign again at sea." But—and here was the very great misfortune attending Mahan's advice—"his teaching was as oil to the flame of 'colonial expansion' everywhere leaping into life."

Indeed it was. Curiously enough Mahan himself did not become fully alarmed about the ability of the Germans to con his texts with equal facility until the race in dreadnought construction had been launched. There was nothing to do about it in any case.

IX

Mahan had wanted to go on with the series and discuss the influence of sea power on the American War of 1812; but an obdurate navy bureaucrat could see no value in the writing of books by naval officers and ordered Mahan to sea. In 1893 therefore, after a shore duty lasting eight years, Mahan was once again on the bridge of an American man-of-war, this time as captain of the flagship *Chicago* of the European fleet. But how different the aspects of things were now! The last time he had been at sea he had been an obscure officer on an equally unimportant station and in charge of an ancient craft whose motor power, armor, and guns were smiled over patronizingly by the officers of the other fleets. Now he was a figure of world renown, more famous, of course, than the admiral he carried; and he commanded a ship for which no excuses were necessary. The *Chicago* had been one of the four vessels laid down in 1883 in conformity with Washington's determination to modernize the American navy. She was only an unarmored cruiser of 4500 tons; but with her modern armament, her neatly painted brown superstructure, and her shining white hull she made a brave picture. In this ship Mahan appeared in the Thames River on May 9, 1894, to receive the welcome he had been apprised his English admirers were preparing.

The diplomatic habits of the English ruling classes are the most corrupting in the world. Presumably a bluff, open-air people—they are farmers, sportsmen, Alpinists in their leisure moments—they have learned how to catch unfailingly their middle-class victims with that most poisonous of baits, snobbery. An American or European commoner is always lunched at an ancient club whose doors never before have been opened

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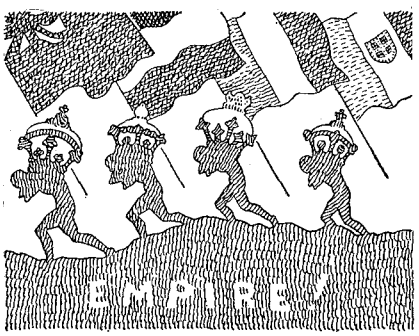
for a foreigner; as a special sign of distinction he is made the recipient of an honor which was last awarded two hundred years ago; at the dinners to which he is invited he takes in at least a countess and over the wine and cigars hobnobs with nobody but marquesses and earls. Very, very infrequently he is permitted a chat with royalty. Stronger and more important men than Henry Cabot Lodge have succumbed and his example is cited merely to indicate how the technique works. In 1895, being a United States Senator and publicly an Anglomaniac (he had a large Irish constituency in Boston), Lodge was taken in hand by the English during one of his periodic visits; with what success the following portion from a letter to his bosom companion Theodore Roosevelt indicates: "The pleasantest dinner I have been to was last night at Lord Grey's. He is most pleasant and so too was Lord Lansdowne who was there—who has been as you know Governor General of Canada and Viceroy of India." And then, in the same letter, this being an excellent example of wishful thinking (the poison has completely worked!): "The thing that has most impressed me here is the growth of the United States—you feel it here better than at home—and oh, how glad I am to be an American! How much better—and then, we are so much more interesting and amusing as a people."

The great banquet given for Mahan and his admiral at St. James's Hall in London on May 24, 1894, was of the same sort, though Mahan of course was already a convinced Anglophile. Lord George Hamilton was in the chair and in the company were the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Roberts, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Geoffrey Hornby, several cabinet ministers, England's most distinguished admirals and generals and what appeared to be at least one-half of Burke's Peerage. Toasts were drunk to the Queen, the President of the United States, the British Navy, the American Navy, the guest of honor, etc., etc. It was a memorable occasion whose splendor if anything was heightened by the London *Times'* fulsome tribute:

"To have talked of sea power even at the time the Naval Defence Act [1889] was passed would have been to use a new-fangled phrase for an idea which then had practically no existence. At this moment, on the contrary, the conception of sea power, its nature, sources, its responsibilities and its conditions already constitutes the whole basis of our naval thinking, and is fast coming to be recognized by the nation and its rulers as the only true foundation of our naval policy. This we owe directly to Captain Mahan and almost to Captain Mahan alone. Hence the entertainment to Captain Mahan . . . is invested with a rare suggestiveness—it is the spontaneous



welcome offered by the nation to the great writer who has told the splendid story of its naval achievements with a literary dignity worthy of his magnificent theme, with a philosophic and strategic insight which, while it explains the fate of nations in the past, goes far to determine it in the future, and with a potency of practical suggestion which has convinced Englishmen once for all that sea power is and must forever remain the *articulus stantis aut cadentis Imperii.*"

The pleasant round continued. There was a reception at the Royal Navy Club where Mahan was the lion (Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg took pains to let him know that "it was the first time any one other than a British subject had enjoyed the privilege of dining with this ancient institution"); there was an honorary degree of D.C.L. given in a public ceremony at Oxford and an LL.D. in a private one at Cambridge; there were dinners with the Queen at Buckingham Palace, with Prime Minister Lord Rosebery at Downing Street, with Her Majesty's Official Leader of the Opposition Lord Salisbury at his ancestral estate, and with Lord Rothschild, Lord Nelson, Sir Francis Jeune, Lord Radstock, Lord Stanley of Alderley and many other persons not noble enough to mention by name. There could be no question, as Mahan wrote to the family back home, "that our hospitable English friends were good to me to the end."

X

While in England Mahan had been collecting materials for a life of Nelson, and in 1897, a year after he had retired from active service in the American navy, this work appeared. Naturally its audience was almost exclusively an English one: that it was received with great salvos of applause is not difficult to understand in the light of Mahan's attitude toward his subject. Nelson was the embodiment of everything noble and English: of obscure station and with no formal education he had attained success by an unexampled devotion to duty; and he had died—O happy fate!—while still young and in the service of his country. If the book was pitched in a too lofty key, if its flights of rhetoric occasionally left the reader breathless, if the author was downright boorish in his attitude toward Lady Hamilton, at least it can be said that late-Victorian England liked its heroic literature exactly this way.

These three works made up Mahan's chief claim to recognition as an historian. It is true that in 1905 there appeared a fourth book in the sea power series, *Sea Power in Its Relations to the War of 1812,* but Mahan's failure to recognize any other than the traditionally accepted causes for the war, that is, the impressment of American seamen and the interference by England with the American carrying trade, vitiated the force of his argument.

From 1897 on we are to see another Mahan emerge, more splendid, more confident and more dangerous! Released, as a result of his retirement, from the hampering restrictions imposed upon a naval officer in active service, his merest utterance eagerly sought after by every English and many American magazine editors, and aware of the extraordinary influence he was wielding in the highest political quarters, Mahan put scholarship aside to assume the more satisfying rôles of publicist and propagandist. The whole globe was now his province and how assiduously he ranged over it may be noted from the fact that he published more than one hundred long articles in the twenty or so years that he played the part of Sir Oracle.

One may truthfully say that there was not an important event in the field of international affairs during these two decades that was not given the benefit of

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Mahan's earnest attention. He let the world know what he thought of the Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War; of the two Hague Conferences; of Great Britain's beneficent rule in Egypt and India; of the menace to England—and therefore to the world's stability—of a powerful Germany; of war in general; of navalism; and of naval strategy. He lectured American statesmen on the Panama Canal—before it was seized and after; on the War with Spain; on the Open Door; on the Yellow Peril; on Hawaii and the Philippine Islands; on the problems of the Caribbean; on the Monroe Doctrine; on war in the American scheme of things; on American navalism; and on American naval strategy. And in everything he did, wrote, and said—whether these were formal articles, or letters to newspaper editors, or introductions to other men's books—the messages he sought to drive home were always the same: that war was just because in its purifying fires nations were saved from their baser passions; that oversea expansion and imperialism were the destinies of modern peoples; that in England and in the United States, if it would only follow English example, were to be found the true custodians of Western civilization; and that sea power could be held only by big navies.

How remarkable a transformation the man underwent in the space of a few years he himself records. In 1884, before his call came to the Naval War College, he confessed that he had grown up in the "atmosphere of the single cruiser, of commerce destroying, defensive warfare, and indifference to battleships"; that he was an anti-imperialist "who for that reason looked on Mr. Blaine as a dangerous man." Not much more than ten years later he was "frankly an imperialist" who believed that the primary duty of a government to "its own people and to their prosperity" was to cultivate and husband opportunities for activity beyond the national borders; "that the providential movement of the world succeeds through the pressure of circumstances and that adverse circumstances can be controlled only by organization of means, in which armed physical force is one dominant factor"; and that "failure to act [*i.e.*, make war] when occasion demands may be as injurious as mistaken action, and indicates a more dangerous condition in that moral inadequacy means ultimately material decline."

Here was indeed language the Roosevelts, Chamberlains, Greys, Delcassés, Clemenceaus, von Bülows and von Tirpitzes—not to speak of the hidden hands that guided the puppets—could read and understand.

XI

Only twice was Mahan called upon to strut that stage of larger affairs on which he kept so close a watch; but on both occasions his parts were not particularly important. In 1898, when war broke out with Spain, he was summoned home from a vacation in Europe to sit in Washington on a naval board of strategy and plan the sea operations of the war. There was really little to be done: before the board had convened Dewey had already won his victory at Manila; while Cervera with the main Spanish squadron was doomed to defeat at any time and place that the Americans should find him.

In 1899 Mahan was appointed a member of the American Commission to the first Hague international peace conference. The delegation, which was headed by the earnest Andrew D. White, had been instructed to push two proposals, namely, the creation of an international tribunal of arbitration, and the writing of a multilateral convention exempting private property not contraband of war from seizure or destruction on the high seas. After laboring heroically for two and one-half months the distinguished representatives of twenty-six nations finally agreed to the establishment at The Hague of a court with such attenuated powers that it never succeeded once in adjudicating a dispute that really mattered. On the second American proposition, immunity of private property at sea, the conference was spared inevitable disagreement because of the refusal of some of the major delegations to permit the subject on the agenda.

Mahan watched the proceedings, and in particular the naïve enthusiasms of White, with a frigid hostility: he did not place much stock in international understandings and he was decidedly opposed to all attempts at hampering the rights of belligerents to conduct war when and how they pleased. At times, when driven out into the open, he did not disdain to resort to plainly disingenuous arguments rather than give in. Thus, in refusing to support the proposal for outlawing the use in war of asphyxiating gases, both on land and from the air, he could declare that there was no such invention anyway; that if there were, its use would be no more outrageous than that of the torpedo against warships; and besides, "asphyxiating men by means of deleterious gases was no worse than asphyxiating them with water." Because of Mahan's insistence the American Commission could not sign the convention; that it was agreed to by almost all the others present of course did not prevent the very same persons from employing the banned weapons when proper opportunities presented themselves. That poor White was painfully distressed by Mahan's stand-offishness goes without saying and he was compelled to labor long and hard over an official report to the Secretary of State that would indicate both his own eager faith in the future of international peace and Mahan's scornful dissent.

XII

Much as he may have been irritated by such humbug it would be idle to believe that Mahan's distrust of arbitration and international agreements was due to caprice. It was inevitable that as the glorifier of sea power he should be led to a reasoned defense of militarism not as a necessary evil but as a moral system. From 1899 almost to the day of his death Mahan occupied himself with the subject, not only writing at least ten long papers on it but permitting it to creep into his discussions of other matters. That he was making no apologies for his position may be seen from the titles he gave some of his articles: "The Moral Aspect of War," "War from the Christian Standpoint," "The Practical Aspect of War," "The Place of Force in International Relations," etc.

The progress of the race, insisted Mahan, had been achieved by the sword. It had freed the Dutch from Spain, the American colonies from England, and the Southern slaves from their masters; in the hands of the just, merciful, and charitable English it had given India and Egypt wise and beneficent rule—even if they did not know it. For the same reason the continued life and strength of civilization had demanded the ousting of the Spaniards from the

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Caribbean and the Philippines and the Boers from South Africa.

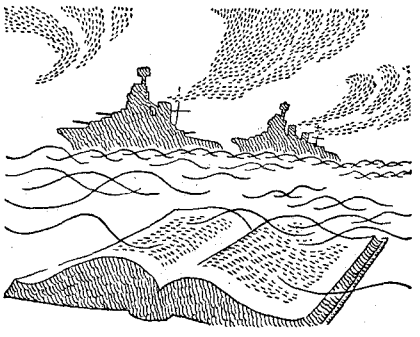
There was a particular duty that had been entrusted to great nations:

"Power, force, is a faculty of national life; one of the talents committed to nations by God. . . . This obligation to maintain right, by force, if need be, rests peculiarly upon the greater, in proportion to their means. Much is required of those to whom much is given. So viewed, the ability speedily to put forth the nation's power . . . is one of the clear duties involved in the Christian word 'watchfulness.' . . ."

None could quote a Biblical text to greater advantage than Mahan. War, he was sure, was not rejected by Christianity's highest exponents as necessarily evil. In fact, it was remedial: it was a cure for greater wrongs, particularly of a moral nature. As regards the injunctions of the Gospels concerning nonresistance, these commands were directed to "the individual Christian, as concerning his own individual rights and their vindication." They could not apply to nations and their rulers. And then followed the most amazing argument ever set forth by a good Christian in defense of force. Countries and statesmen, said Mahan, "have no personal rights. They are guardians, trustees, and as such are bound to do their best, even to the use of force, if need be, for the rightful interest of their wards."

Because war was a natural force, and a cleansing one, it was only right for nations to arm as a sign of national strength. Competition between nations, extended even to armament races, brought out therefore the best qualities of peoples. So, "only by the national force of the several states in active competition with one another, can the force of the whole be depended upon for maintaining itself, and thus ultimately reducing by assimilation the opposing external forces." The elimination of armament races would result in a "socialistic community of states in which the powers of individual initiative, of nations and of men, the great achievement of our civilization so far, will gradually be atrophied." Better, he counselled statesmen, spend your money on armies and navies than release those large sums to tempt demagogues to agitate for "socialistic measures" which would end in the demoralization of nations.

There was a link between armaments and imperialism. Because modern nations had modern engines of destruction they were in a position to secure for themselves "the unexploited or imperfectly exploited regions of the world." Then the characteristic hypocrisy with which all such arguments end: force must be used for the benefit of the community, of the commonwealth of the world.



"Those who will not move must be swept aside. They must be drawn into the movement by moral forces, as Japan has been; but if not they must be brought despite themselves into external conditions favorable to their own welfare and the general good, as has been done in India, in Egypt, and in the Philippines."

Naturally Mahan was opposed to any efforts at control of what he was pleased to regard as a natural force. It was silly to talk of humanizing war, for example, for the means were less than the end and therefore must be subjected to it. To make exceptions in the case of private property at sea was equally absurd. To this point, which will be recognized as the principle of "freedom of the seas," Mahan returned again and again in a number of places; because it jeopardized his own thesis of "command of the sea" he was implacably hostile toward it. He went out of his way to ridicule the idea in his history of the War of 1812 and he started a clamor against it in the English press in 1907 when the subject was being discussed in connection with the second Hague Conference. Property in transit, whether on land or sea, he argued, "is the life blood of national prosperity, on which war depends, and as such is national in its employment, and only in ownership private. To stop such circulation is to sap national prosperity, and to sap prosperity, on which war depends for its energy, is a measure as truly military as is the killing of the men whose arms maintain war in the field."

It is difficult to see how admirals, generals, and statesmen could have found more convincing proof of the righteousness of their ways. For the English to have protested to the high heavens, when the Germans launched their unrestricted submarine campaign early in 1915, particularly in the light of their eager support of Mahan's position in 1907, is only another elegant example of the aptness of that homely apothegm that the shoe pinches when it is on the other foot.

XIII

Thus Mahan justified war on the loftiest grounds of morality and the survival of the race. But there were other considerations, naturally more mundane, that were not to be lost sight of: war was an instrument of national policy, or, as he put it, "simply a political movement," with all of whose ramifications it was imperative that statesmen familiarize themselves. To prepare for war was therefore the initial lesson ambitious politicians had to learn. But how much preparation? So much, said Mahan, that your antagonist, upon the receipt of your just demands, would immediately yield: could it be plainer that such preparation was no more than a defensive act? Put more concretely: "It is not the most probable of dangers, but the most formidable, that must be selected as measuring the degree of military precaution to be embodied in the military preparations thenceforth to be maintained." Here was a simple enough first principle; the second was equally plain. "This idea is that, however defensive in origin or in political character a war may be, the assumption of a simple defensive in war is ruin. War, once declared, must be waged offensively, aggressively. The enemy must not be fended off, but smitten down."

As for naval war, the offensive was the function of the sea-going navy: it was to be so powerful that it could take to the sea immediately after the declaration of hostilities and be prepared to do battle with the largest force that the enemy could gather against it. Never for an instant did Mahan permit his listeners to lose sight of this, the central teaching of his naval philosophy. It was the function of a navy to fight—not to protect coasts, destroy the enemy's ship-

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ping, act merely as a complement to more important land operations—and because the navy was an offensive arm, the centre of its being was the big ship-of-the-line, the battleship. Battleships were to possess a maximum of fighting power and to be similar in type so as to facilitate uniformity of movement and evolution and make concentration possible. Other craft were for auxiliary or coast-defense purposes. The battleship was the monarch of the fleet and therefore of the sea and no expenditures, however burdensome, were too great to keep it at the height of efficiency. Build more battleships, build greater ones, make their guns bigger and their armor heavier: and so live in peace and security, Mahan told the rulers of modern nations.

Whenever possible he took occasion to belittle the importance of other fighting ships. In an article called "Torpedo Craft versus Battleships," published in 1904, he said with that pontifical air that was beginning to characterize all his utterances:

"No disappointment kills this expectation; experience is powerless against it, and is equally powerless to repress the theory, continually recurring, that some class of small vessel, with peculiarly redoubtable qualities, will be found to combine resistlessness with cheapness, and so put an end to supremacy, never before shaken, of the great ship of battle."

In this cavalier fashion the submarine —which might have saved Germany, indeed, defeated England!—was dismissed.

Mahan could see the submarine only as an auxiliary to the battle fleet: it could be useful in blockading; as the greater range of the torpedo was developed it could serve to keep enemy warships at greater distances from one's ports; essentially it was a weapon for coast defense. By 1914 he was prepared to minimize even these slight functions and after the war had broken out he wrote to an anxious English inquirer that the submarine would finally prove useful only for scouting and lookout. Mahan was so contemptuous of commerce-destroying warfare, so certain that command of the sea both from a military and a commercial viewpoint rested with the battleship, that the possibility of swift destruction at the hands of a weapon used only against merchant shipping never occurred to him. The submarine, he said, was a warship; ergo, its proper use (and it was an unimportant one) was against other ships of war. No single fact attests more to Mahan's extraordinary influence in the shaping of naval policy during the decade ending in the World War than the blind faith with which these dicta were obeyed.

It was not that the submarine had not proved its seaworthiness. Simon Lake had successfully tested his *Argonaut* in 1897; John P. Holland had finally perfected his *Holland No. 9* three years later and so satisfied had the American government been with its performance that it had acquired the ship. The French had been tinkering with the undersea craft since 1888 and by 1901 had definitely adopted the submarine as a unit of their fighting fleet. The British had launched a handful of such boats in 1903; the first German U-boat had appeared in 1905. But submarines were lightly regarded and the appropriations set aside for them in naval budgets were nothing less than niggardly. By the time the war had broken out England had considerably less than two hundred of these inexpensive craft attached to her fleets while the German total was less than one hundred and fifty.

Nothing was sounder than Germany's submarine strategy in the first year of the war. Had there been more U-boats at her disposal her plan of threatening England's line of communications with America and the Far East would have met with an amazing success: neutral ships would have been frightened away from English ports; that vital flow of foodstuffs, raw material, and war supplies upon which England lived would have been pinched off; the concentration of the English main fleet in the North Sea would have been ended and its warships distributed over the high seas as convoys and patrols. A really powerful German submarine force might have resulted in the release of German merchant shipping and such a marked reduction in the concentrated English fighting force that the German grand fleet could have ventured out of its hiding place to do it battle.

XIV

If Germany had had a large enough submarine flotilla! Can there be a more ironic conjecture in modern history? The blow would have been sudden, bewildering and—who knows?—perhaps decisive. Blindly emulating England, fanatically convinced that command of the sea could be obtained only by big ships and powerful armaments, believing that commerce-destroying warfare was in the end ineffectual and that it was the function of fleets of warships to meet each other in battle array and either win or be hopelessly defeated—reading, studying, implicitly obeying Mahan—the rulers of modern Germany put every penny they could raise from 1895 to 1914 into their proud battle fleet. In this period they had spent almost $1,500,000,000 for this purpose. Yet one-half of that gigantic sum would have given them at least one thousand undersea craft! Their mighty battleships were as useless against the English as a squadron of toy boats; their submarines, had they had them in ample numbers, would have given the Germans that command of the sea of which they had been dreaming ever since the day that the Kaiser had found and "devoured" Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon History*.

But Mahan had been saying ever since 1886, in his lectures on naval strategy, that the laws of sea fighting were immutable: and who was to gainsay him? "Based as naval strategy is upon fundamental truths, which, when correctly formulated, are rightly called principles, these truths, when ascertained, are in themselves unchangeable," he had proclaimed. Is there any wonder therefore that this should have been the unuttered thought that was silently written into every naval act England and Germany passed in the more than fifteen years in which they were engaged in their deadly naval race? The "fundamental truths" of command of the sea for military and commercial purposes, offensive warfare, fleets of powerful ships-of-the-line, big guns, heavy armor, force rather than speed. England's glorious history was linked with sea power: expand once more throughout the seven seas and build more battleships; Germany's destiny as a great nation lay overseas: build more battleships and create for yourself a place in the sun. To these devilish rhythms the life of Europe beat in the years before 1914.

The English navalists, despite their

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victory in the Naval Defence Act of 1889, had not succeeded in routing their Parliamentary foes. In 1893 Gladstone stood them off and rather than yield to their clamor retired from public life; his successor Lord Rosebery gave in however, and the estimates of 1894 called for the laying down of seven first-class battleships and six of the second-class. Under the Unionist government of the next ten years naval programs were pushed energetically, the Admiralty scoring a decided triumph over the Germans in 1905 with the laying of the keel of the first ship of the dreadnought type. The Germans entered the race in 1900 and such rapid progress did they make that whereas in 1898 the German-English ratio had been 1:6.3, by 1904 it had been reduced to 1:3.5. From 1897 to 1906 the British had built twenty-seven battleships and thirty-five armored cruisers to eighteen battleships and six armored cruisers for the Germans.

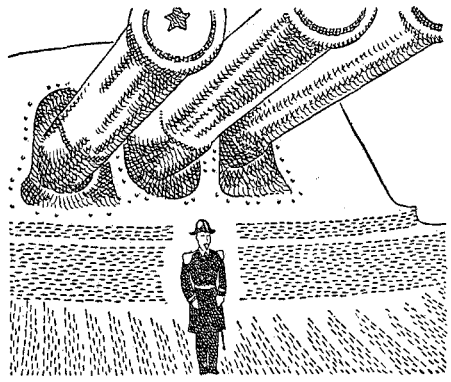
The dreadnought—the first all-big-gun battleship, which also combined great gun power with high speed—whose secret the English kept so effectively that the Germans could not begin constructing a similar ship until eighteen months had gone by, had been designed to give England supremacy at one stroke. Ironically enough it rendered obsolete all the earlier capital ships of both powers so that for the first time Germany and England were starting on equal terms. The German Naval Acts of 1906 and 1908 redoubled the German effort; the English countered with increased expenditures in 1909; another German act was passed in 1912; the English again pushed ahead of their rival in the same year. The race was taxing every English resource and just as surely forcing the German nation to the brink of bankruptcy: from 1900 to 1912 Germany had incurred debts amounting to nearly $200,000,000 for her naval establishment alone. What navies were costing the two countries may be seen from the following figures:

NAVAL EXPENDITURES

	1888–89	1913–14
England	$65,000,000	$230,000,000
Germany	10,000,000	115,000,000

Germany was straining every nerve to narrow the gap. Between 1905 and 1914 the English built thirty-nine battleships and battle cruisers and thirty-eight protected cruisers; the Germans twenty-six ships in the first group and sixteen in the second. By 1912 the ratio between the two had been reduced from 1:3, when dreadnought construction began, to 1:2.1. But this was as close as Germany could get to England.

Every agency of popular persuasion was enlisted by the navalists of both countries: navy leagues, under official



patronage and supported heavily by the armament makers, made both lands white with placards, pamphlets, and pictures in order to distract the minds of Englishmen and Germans from their growing tax burdens. In 1912—nothing is more indicative of the absurd lengths to which peoples can be pushed—German children, thanks to the thoughtfulness of the agents of the *Flottenverein,* were singing a patriotic ditty called *Deutschland sei Wach!* One of its stanzas ran:

"Du musst steigen oder sinken
Du musst herrschen und gewinnen
Oder dienen und verlieren
Leiden oder triumphieren
Amboss oder Hammer sein!"

While a popular English naval propagandist in the same year was warning his fellow men in a prose quite as frightening as the German verse:

"By her new Naval Law Amendment Act, Germany is directly, definitely and deliberately challenging our traditional claim to possess such a fleet as will ensure our naval supremacy afloat as a counter pose to our military weakness ashore. . . . The truth is that, while to us naval strength is an end in itself—a natural expression of our own essential need—to Germany it is merely a means to an end, and that end—if the Pan-Germans may be believed—is the destruction of the British Empire, the disruption of the French Republic, and the domination of the world."

All this Mahan carefully followed and encouraged—but from the English side-lines.

XV

In this period of struggle England could not have had a more solicitous friend. He explained English motives, justified English actions, pointed out the proper development of English policies. England was "the great and beneficent colonizer"; she had forged her empire "link by link, by open force or politic bargain, but always resulting from the steady pressure of a national instinct, so powerful and so accurate"; her seamen and her colonists, when they subjected backward peoples to their rule, "while conforming in the long run to the dictates of natural justice" permitted "no feeble scrupulosity" to impede "the nation's advance to power, by which alone its mission and the law of its being could be fulfilled."

As for England's presence in Egypt, whether it was "entirely clear of technical wrong" was "as little to the point as the morality of an earthquake"—"the general action was justified by broad considerations of moral expediency." The shameful despoiling of the Boers was proper: the war had been forced on the English; they needed the Cape as one of the vital centres in the network of communications of the empire; and the English victory had led at home to a "concentration upon great ideals." He also preached to the English on their policies regarding the Persian Gulf, Home Rule, Imperial Federation, and the Far East. The text in every case was the same: Nations which do not expand physically decay.

As early as 1902, addressing himself to Englishmen in the jingoist Maxse's *National Review,* Mahan had begun to beat the alarm: Germany was to be watched! Her industrial and commercial growth, her oversea ambitions, her naval rivalry were threatening English sea power: "the watchmen of the British press should cry aloud and spare not until all classes of their community realize it [*i.e.,* this danger] in its fundamental significance." With every facility available to him—in English and American periodicals, in letters to newspapers, in private communications to statesmen, in lectures at the Naval War

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College—it might almost be said that Mahan himself led the way.

As the years progressed his forebodings became darker and darker. He began to hint in 1909, for instance—it was a period of increasing labor unrest and radical agitation—that there must be something fundamentally wrong with English "social and political conditions": did it not seem "as if the national life of Great Britain were waning at the same time that that of Germany is waxing"? Perhaps the reason lay in the fact that Germany "inherits now a system of state control, not only highly developed but with a people accustomed to it—a great element of force. . . ."

But this was thin ice to be skating on; he himself had said that it was not the function of a naval statesman to be concerned with internal questions; the higher realm of world affairs was his true sphere. The next year therefore, in a book published in England, Mahan returned to the rivalry between the two powers and in a remarkably clear analysis indicated the basic causes of English-German imperialistic struggle. The German nation had been changed from an agricultural to an industrial economy; her people had great business genius; but because they had come on the world scene too late to get an adequate share of oversea possessions they were finding themselves restricted to what was not much more than a domestic market. "Thus handicapped at the outset, Germany has found impediment to her career concentrated in a rival so near at hand as to be constantly in sight; thus by propinquity keeping alive the sense of obstruction." And if Germany is permitted to build up to, perhaps beyond, English naval strength, then England, "which occupies the key of the international position," will find her supremacy endangered. Between every two lines it was possible to read his uneasiness: a war disastrous to England threatened unless the English overcame the proposed preponderance of the German navy.

On July 6, 1910, in a letter to *The London Daily Mail,* which its editor printed under the caption "Admiral Mahan's Warning," Mahan threw all caution to the winds and offered what to many Englishmen was nothing less than a gratuitously insulting piece of advice. The huge recent development of the German navy, he said, was a matter of the utmost importance to the world at large, but particularly to Englishmen. Yet England was not adopting the needed precautionary actions. Why was this? For one, Germany was better organized politically; and as between Germany and England "government in Germany is, as government, much more efficient for organized action." Also England, because of its insular position, was likely to feel a security it really did not possess. History, it appeared, had proved that "insular democracies are lax and inefficient in preparation for war, and in natural consequence their wars have been long and expensive." The lack of interest in naval strength; a willingness to see abandoned the Mediterranean, where for more than two centuries England had held the naval preponderance: what were these but signs of "the apparent indisposition and slackness of the new voters of the last half century [Mahan is referring to the British Labor Party] over against the resolute spirit and tremendous faculty for organizing strength evident in Germany?" Speaking as an onlooker Mahan was therefore moved to remark: "I have thought to see the growth of a spirit which threatens to leave Great Britain unprepared to hold her own, and to sustain her Empire in the very probable contingencies ahead." And there followed this portentous warning: "The clear reluctance to acquiesce in present naval requirements is ominous of a day when the Mediterranean may pass out of the sphere of British influence, centred round the British Islands exclusively. This will symbolize, if it does not at once accompany, the passing of the Empire. . . ."

England gave heed to Mahan and returned once more to the piling up of naval armaments. The estimates for 1910–11 showed an increase of $40,000,000 over the previous year; those for 1911–12 were $60,000,000 higher than for 1910–11; those for 1912–13 were again $60,000,000 greater. Germany could not keep up. The war broke out in 1914.

XVI

On August 3, 1914, the shadow of death already on him, Mahan looked out on a world for whose madness he, as much as any other single individual, was responsible. It was inevitable that the English-German imperialistic rivalry should have ended in struggle: it was this American's unenviable distinction however to have armed both foes, ideologically and physically, for the contest. He had written the texts, furnished the arguments, nagged on to greater efforts the faltering; he had made possible the breaking down of dissent and the regimentations of populations; and his teachings had converted a dark contest between two capitalist groups into a holy cause. A German holy cause as well as an English holy cause. He should have been satisfied with his achievement—yet strangely he was not.

On August 3, therefore, when Mahan called in the newspaper reporters—it was two days after the German declaration of war against Russia, the very day of the German declaration against France—he was full of venom against Germany and her Austro-Hungarian ally. The bitter words poured from his tongue: Austria had been egged on by Germany to open the European war before Russia had fully recovered from the effects of her war with Japan and before France had overcome her armament deficiencies; Germany was seeking to overwhelm both her continental enemies by "concentrated preparation and impetuous momentum"; if her arms succeeded on land she would gain a respite during which she could build up her sea force equal or superior to England's. And again the old distinction without a difference: "In that case the world will be confronted by the naval power of a state, not, like Great Britain, sated with territory, but one eager and ambitious for expansion, eager also for influence." England must strike! The day following, the invasion of Belgium serving as a pretext, England declared war on Germany. Mahan's work was finished.

Alfred Thayer Mahan died on December 1, 1914, at the ripe old age of seventy-four years. One of the many tributes paid him—this one was the work of a Protestant Episcopal bishop—contained an interesting sentence. "I shared with all the world [it ran] the admiration for his eminent services to his chosen profession and yet, beyond and above all that, I admired him for the beauty and charm of his Christian character."

One can speculate long over that simple last phrase.

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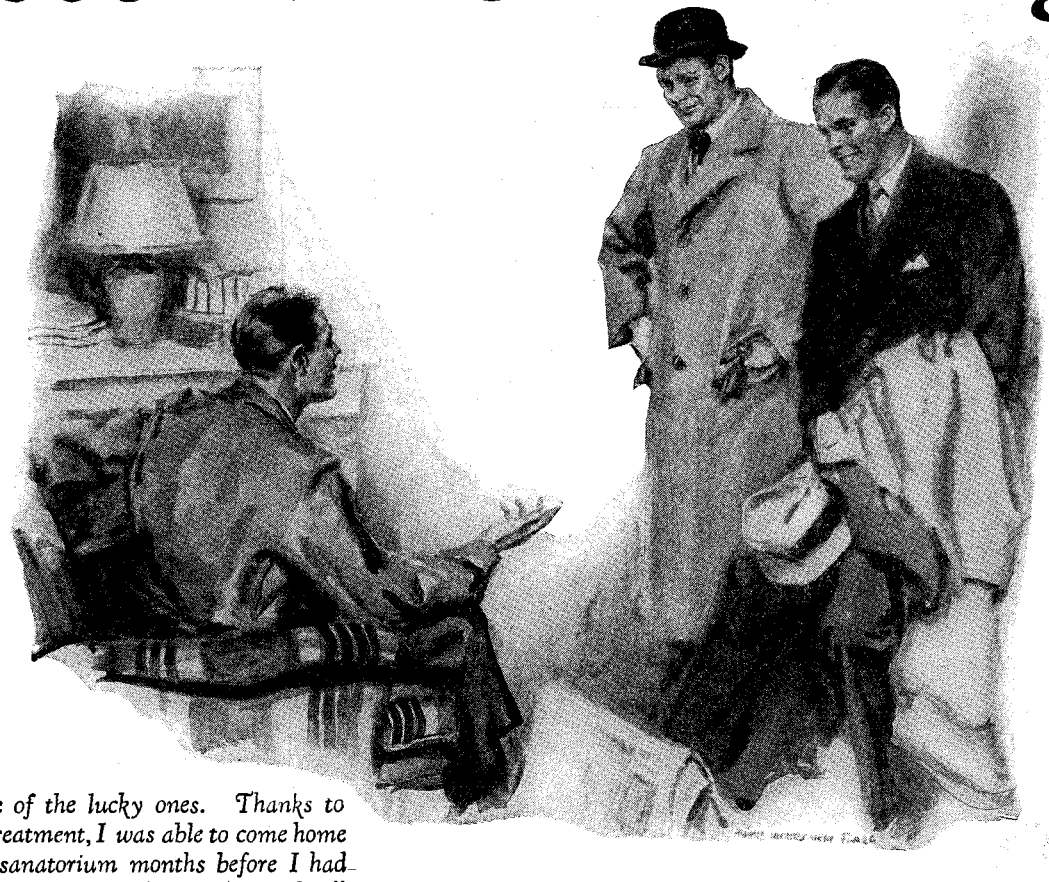
Rest for Sick Lungs



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It is frequently difficult to diagnose tuberculosis in the early stages when the usual symptoms—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—are absent. Often the only way to detect tuberculosis is by means of X-ray or fluoroscope. The sooner the diagnosis is made, the greater is the opportunity for proper treatment to bring about recovery.

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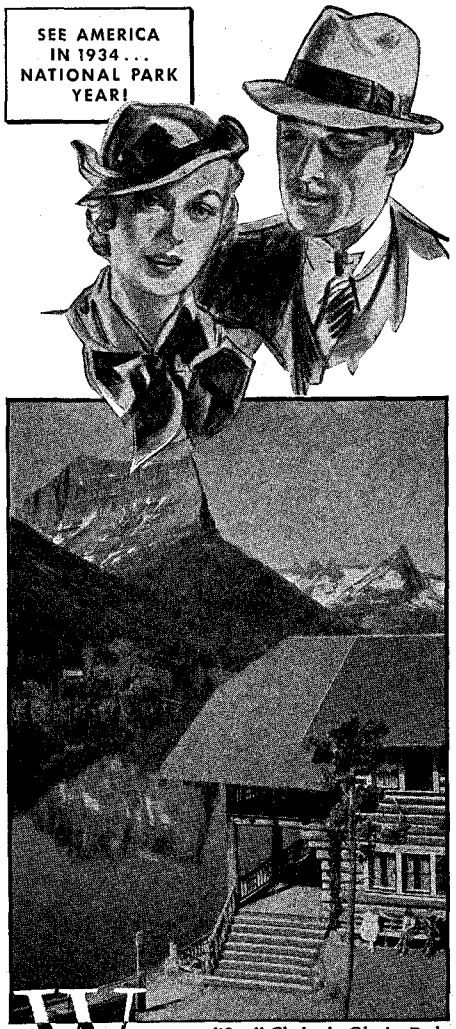

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BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

Louis M. Hacker was born in New York City in 1899 and was educated at Columbia, where he studied particularly history and economics. The author of "The Incendiary Mahan" is a non-academic historian who believes that the writer of American history should "know his economics and international relations as well as his national and political affairs. In a sense, he typifies a return to the middle period of American historical writing when history was the work of non-professionals." The difference is that, unlike them, he is a hard-working editor and journalist who writes for a living. He is assistant editor of the *Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences* and writes articles for a number of journals and magazines. He is at present at work on a book covering the period 1890–1917. With B. B. Kendrick he wrote *The United States Since 1865* and he is also the author of a John Day pamphlet *The Farmer is Doomed.* According to his own statement he "does not golf, play tennis or take long walks; has no hobbies; belongs to no clubs or societies for social betterment." He has one son, aged four.

The author of "If Judges Wrote Detective Stories" is deeply rooted in the law. **John Barker Waite's** grandfather was Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut; his uncle, Chief Justice of the United States; and his father, a judge on the county bench and in active practice in Toledo for exactly fifty years. He himself was graduated from Yale and took his law degree at the University of Michigan. He practised law for five years in Toledo and then went to teach it at Ann Arbor and has been ever since. For ten years he was editor of *The Michigan Law Review.* He is a member of the American Law Institute and its Advisory Committee on a Model Criminal Code. He is a member of the State Bar Association and chairman of its Committee on Criminal Justice. In 1927 he devoted several months to the problems and methods of the police in London, Paris, and Berlin, and has spent many years in close touch with the police organization of Detroit and has had occasional contacts with those in Chicago, New York, and Cleveland. When he discusses police methods and restrictions and suggests reforms, he knows his ground thoroughly.

Although **Bernard Iddings Bell** is now a canon of St. John's Cathedral in Providence, R. I., to those who heard him speak in various college chapels throughout the country when he was warden of St. Stephen's College, he will always carry the title "Dean" Bell, which is the name they know him by. He sums himself up: "For twenty-three years I've been a priest of the Episcopal Church. For the last fourteen, until last June, I was warden of St. Stephen's College and Professor of Religion in Columbia University. I resigned because the pressure of the *Zeitgeist* toward mediocrity and fuzzy-mindedness in colleges seemed too strong to be resisted. I am now a canon of St. John's Cathedral, Providence, and go about preaching and teaching pretty much all over the map. I might be a Socialist if I believed in the competence of the average man; but I don't. Many of my friends call me a Fascist. As a matter of fact, I don't believe much in social schemes at all. Bolshevism seems especially stupid to me, the result of oversimplification of man's problem. And finally, I am an Anglo-Catholic."

Roy S. Durstine was born in North Dakota when that State was still part of Dakota Territory. He went to Lawrenceville and Princeton and started out in the world as a reporter on *The New York Sun.* He left that paper in 1912 to do publicity for Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose campaign—a high-road which led him directly into advertising. In 1919 he and two other young men whom he had met in war work—Bruce Barton and Alex F. Osborn—organized the firm which in 1928 was to merge and become the firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn. Mr. Durstine is vice-president and general manager. He is the author of two books, *Making Advertisements* and *This Advertising Business,* and a third, *Red Thunder,* will be published late this spring. Both his book and "Moscow Zigzags" were written after a recent visit to Russia.

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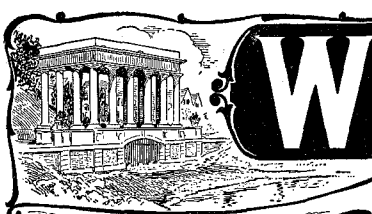

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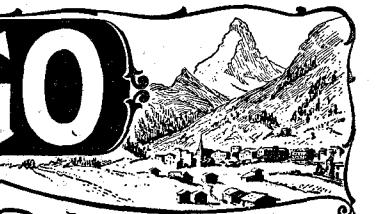

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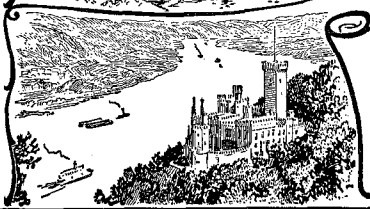

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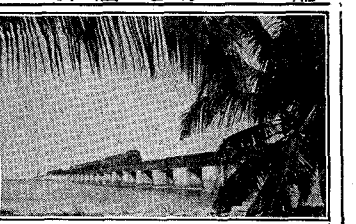

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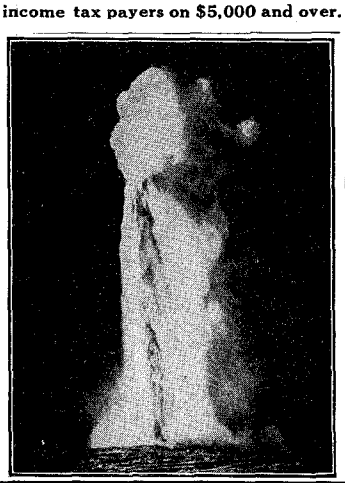

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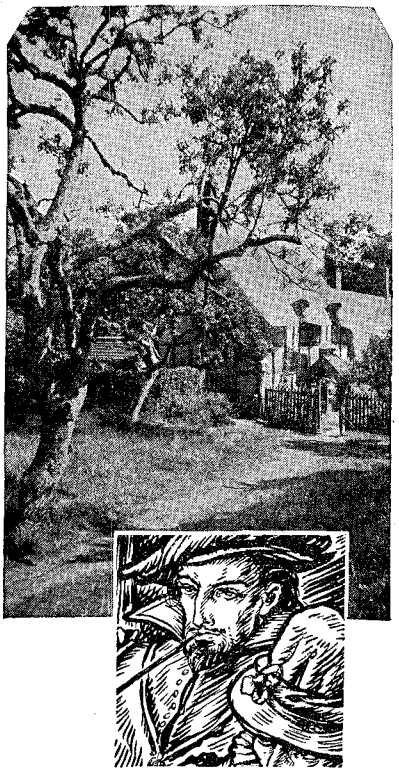
BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

Paul Hutchinson knows why he believes in "The White Man's Exit" from the East. He went to China in 1916 at the request of Bishop Bashford, one of the famous missionary bishops, to take charge of the Methodist publications in China. He was there until 1921 and spent his extra time studying conditions around him and writing for the American press and English-language periodicals published in the Far East. In 1921 he became ill and "had either to leave China or this vale of tears." In this country again, he did free-lance newspaper work, "some of the most satisfying to me," he says, "being the work I did for *The Christian Science Monitor* at the time of the crisis with Mexico when the oil companies almost persuaded Mr. Coolidge to get into a nice little war with Mr. Calles, and the extensive study I made for the same paper of the European situation in 1929." This was later reprinted in book form under the title *The United States of Europe*. He was a member of the American delegation to the First Session of the Institute of Pacific Relations, but "some remarks of mine," he writes, "as to the idiocy of holding such conferences without representation from Soviet Russia . . . operated to keep me from being considered a delegate to later sessions. . . . I grow more pessimistic as to the future of Western civilization every day, and more interested in it."

Gilbert Seldes, author of "Masculine Revolt," dislikes publicity about himself but likes, he says, publicity about his work, "especially when it mentions his astounding success as a fortune-teller, to wit: that he wrote a bad book in England explaining to the English why the United States did not enter the World War and the book was published the day the United States did enter the World War; and second, that he wrote what he considers a good book on *The Future of Drinking,* based on the certainty that America would annul, but never repeal, the Eighteenth Amendment." He is married and has two children; and although he lives in New York City, he has an address that nine out of ten New Yorkers cannot identify and he lives in a house. His house has a courtyard, a brick wall surrounding that, a gate in the wall,



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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

and a garage leading out of the dining room. Two Siamese cats, a Persian, a Sealyham, and a Scots terrier have been seen at times issuing from the house. An alabaster head of his son and bronze of his daughter, both by Gaston Lachaise, have been exhibited. Recently he made a moving picture which was originally entitled "This is America" and is now also being released under the name "The Mad Age."

Sara Haardt, whose other name is Mrs. H. L. Mencken, was born in Montgomery, Ala. She went to the Margaret Booth School there and to Goucher College in Baltimore; taught for four years at both places and hated teaching. In the midst of graduate work in psychology at Johns Hopkins 1922–24, she became ill with tuberculosis and began a long siege against it. "I emerged," she says, "at the end of ten years, with a great respect for the members of the medical and nursing profession whom I have known; an incurable interest in the lady-like amusements of the Victorian period; and a desire to put some of my recollections in prose."

In this issue **F. Scott Fitzgerald** writes the conclusion of "Tender is the Night," his first novel in eight years. With *This Side of Paradise* and *The Great Gatsby* he completes what might be called a trilogy, although he does not designate it as such. *This Side of Paradise* really created "the younger generation." In *The Great Gatsby* he pictured the post-war decade at its height in America, and in this novel he shows what happened to the remnants who gravitated to Europe attempting to escape the growing uneasiness and tension of American life.

Christian Gauss is Dean of the College and chairman of the Romance Language Department at Princeton University. He graduated from the University of Michigan, where he was also a distance runner. He taught at Lehigh for several years and in 1905 was called to Princeton under Woodrow Wilson and has been there ever since. Edmund Wilson, who studied under him, writes in the dedication of his book, *Axel's Castle:* "It was principally from you then that I acquired my idea of what

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BEHIND THE SCENES

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literary criticism ought to be—a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them," and speaks of him as "a master of criticism who has taught much by insisting little." It is as an historian of man's ideas that Mr. Gauss writes "The Decline of Religion." His enthusiasms include Vermont, golf, bridge, baseball (both college and professional), and football.

Isidor Schneider was born in Poland but came to this country so early that Poland is not even a memory to him. He is the author of a novel, *Dr. Transit,* and of a book of poetry, *Temptation of Anthony and Other Poems,* and has written numerous stories, reviews, and articles for various periodicals. He lives on Long Island and is with the Macaulay Co. publishing house.

HAS AN IDOL FALLEN?

Sirs: I have been looking through SCRIBNER's for February today and cannot let the article "Alfred E. Smith—Has an Idol Fallen?" pass without registering a protest. The author, Dorothy Dunbar Bromley has grossly insulted not only Governor Alfred E. Smith, but every person in this country who professes his faith and who like myself still has "the curse of Romanism" upon them. Where does she get that word "Romanism"? It savors of the horrors of the days of Cromwell in Ireland, and later of Know-Nothingism, "A. P. A-ism" and Ku Klux Klans. As for Tammany, is Governor Smith's connection with that group now any closer than that of Franklin D. Roosevelt's?

The entire article breathes intolerance, bigotry. The writer minimizes Governor Smith's intellectual attainments and insinuates that his associates of later days were inferior mentally to the friends upstate, and that the great American statesman was not qualified to hold the office to which he aspired. Perhaps *she* is better qualified to give us a story on Bishop Cannon, or Heflin, than the sorry distorted one on Alfred E. Smith. She appears to grudge him the roof over his head. Although the author knows a great deal about the public activities of the Governor, she conveys the idea that on some important national questions, he was deliberately vague and wilfully silent when he should have been voluble. This is not so; he is fearless and he has been ruggedly honest, speaking his mind always regardless of personal sacrifices.

Very truly yours,
ELLEN T. HOLLAND.

Lawrence, Mass.

In contrast to Miss Holland, Clarence Darrow writes:

"I especially enjoyed the article about Alfred E. Smith: 'Has an Idol Fallen?' by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, in the February SCRIBNER's; this woman certainly can write; the story is a wonderful analysis of the psychology of a politician. . . . I want to congratulate you on the improved appearance of your magazine, and the up-to-dateness of its contents."

Miss Blanche E. Hall of Omaha, Nebr., calls our attention to the fact that

In the article entitled "Alfred E. Smith—Has an Idol Fallen?" by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, the statement was made in effect—Alfred E. Smith polled the most votes of any defeated candidate.

The official returns of the 1928 election credited Mr. Smith with 15,016,443 votes, while official statistics show ex-President Hoover received 15,761,841 votes in 1932. Thereby showing that Mr. Hoover received 745,398 votes more than Mr. Smith, which gives Mr. Hoover the most votes of any defeated candidate. All official records and statistics prove this statement.

I'm sure all concerned wish this mistake corrected. The article concerning Mr. Smith was indeed fine and up to the usual standard. I do this with a sincere desire to help in any way possible to maintain SCRIBNER's as one of the best publications in U. S.

Mrs. Bromley's statement reads "If Alfred E. Smith had died soon after the presidential campaign of 1928 he would have been mourned by thousands or even millions as the lost hope of American democracy. . . . Nominated for the Presidency, he had waged a campaign notable for its courage, and although unsuccessful he had been rewarded with a popular vote of 15,000,000, the largest ever given a defeated candidate." We interpret this to mean, since she is plainly speaking of 1928, "the largest ever given a defeated candidate" *up to that time,* particularly since she says "had been rewarded" and not "was rewarded." Mr. Hoover did poll more votes in 1932, although 3,000,000 more votes were cast than in 1928 and of these Mr. Roosevelt received approximately 1,500,000 and Mr. Hoover 745,000. The figures are as follows:

1928		1932	
Hoover	21,392,190	Roosevelt	22,821,857
Smith	15,016,443	Hoover	15,761,841
	6,375,747		7,060,016

TOTAL

1932	39,816,522
1928	36,879,414
	2,937,108

Among the many editorials commenting on Mrs. Bromley's article is one which appeared in William Allen White's paper *The Emporia* (Kans.) *Gazette,* part of which we quote:

He never had any more light than he has today. He is what he was. He was never a progressive, who would fit a progressive era. He was and is and will be an intelligent, conscientious conservative, who hates injustice wherever he finds it. But he does not find it and never has found it, in Wall Street, nor in the circle of his privileged friends, who

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

have made their millions in Wall Street. If he had been elected he would have revealed himself.

He is not deserting his radical followers. His followers were following another man; a figment of their enthusiasm. Because he was brave, two-fisted, conscientious to a fault, and wise according to his environment, his background, and his rather limited experience, he made a charming public figure. But he was never what his radical followers thought he was. He was an honest rabble rouser, who never believed what the rabble thought he was thinking.

WELL BALANCED

Sirs: The best feature of the February issue was, of course, Lady Bromley's masterpiece on Alfred Emanuel. The finest thing about her piece was the absolute way in which she convicted Al with his own contradictory statements. She proved beyond doubt just how Al has dragged himself down since he lost touch with the fellow in the street. The whole article was painfully true.

In a future number I would like to see an honest, forthright analysis of the complete demise of the press as a moulder of public opinion in the United States since the advent of radio.

All in all, your February issue was well balanced. The article by John Strachey was a capital communistic doctrine that could not offend the most sublime of Conservatives.

Best of luck to you!

Sincerely,
ROY L. ALBERTSON.

Buffalo, N. Y.

AN UNUSUAL IMPRESSION

Dear Sirs: I consider the article on Al Smith the best thing in the February number, because it covers the development of the man in recent years and does a very sound dissection. It seems to me entirely fair, exact and truthful; and besides, it's well written.

I liked Mr. Grace's piece on industry and the recovery act, because I never knew that the steel business contained an open, flexible mind within its entire kingdom. This is indeed new —and old Judge Gary must be raging in his grave. None of your softies in those days. He probably would have used Hunkies and Polaks to keep the furnaces in fuel, if need be. I wonder if Mr. Grace really means it, or whether he is making a polite gesture. I never can quite believe that the big, bad wolves of finance and industry are turning into genial house pets over night. Nevertheless, I am surprised in reading what he has to say, especially about labor.

John Strachey's "The Education of a Communist" must have struck a sharp, clear note in the minds of many of my generation *i.e.*, the war one. For, while we may not have turned Communist, or anything else in particular, God help us, we have turned a distance away from what we were. Many here have probably travelled more or less the same road that he did, have deviated just as far from their early environment and teachings, because we learned that the one was stagnant, the other false. Therefore, striking so close into experience, his article made an unusual impression. It extends, in significance, beyond its title. But, the Communist party in the USA will have to get a better line up before I'd consider joining.

Very truly yours,
ALBERT L. HOSKINS.

Boston, Mass.

CONSUMER INTEREST

Sirs: The discussion of the Recovery Act by Mr. Eugene G. Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, which appeared in the February issue of your magazine, in our opinion, would have been very much strengthened if the position of the consumer had been emphasized together with that of industry and labor. As in most current discussions on the NRA the consumer has been neglected. It seems to us that no well balanced picture of this program can be presented without adequate consideration of the one who ultimately pays the bill—the consumer.

Mr. Grace appears to be under the impression that the consumer is well satisfied with the steel industry as it operates under the present codes. For instance, he states, ". . . I believe it may be said that the steel industry occupies a better position before the public today than at any time in its history."

We do not believe that the people accept this statement, particularly in view of (1) the Administration pressure necessary to speed the signing of the steel codes, (2) the charges of collusion by Railroad Administrator Eastman against various steel companies, and (3) the open defiance toward the National Labor Board recently displayed by the Weirton Steel Company.

Originally the NRA was to have embodied the idea of equal representation of the interests of consumers, labor, and industry. However, in Mr. Grace's article his basic assumption seems to be that the NRA is for the benefit of industry primarily, with labor receiving secondary consideration. Again may we quote, "The theory of purging business of vicious activities and policies to the end that there might be a *fair* return on investment and a *satisfactory* compensation for labor is a goal which it should achieve." (The italics are ours.)

Perhaps Mr. Grace was unfortunate in his choice of adjectives. If so, then unconsciously he has expressed the reactionary motives of business. *Satisfactory* compensation from whose point of view? The laborer or the employer? How much more comforting to labor if the statement had read, "*Fair* compensation to labor and *satisfactory* return on investment."

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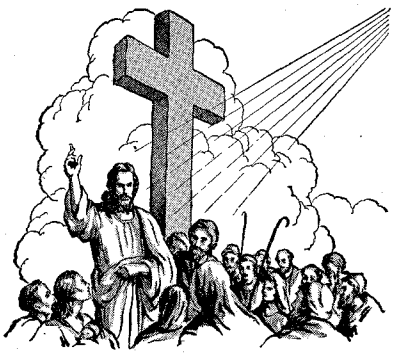

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Or, how pleasing to the consumer to have been assured of even *satisfactory* consideration!

To quote Mr. Grace further, "High wages must be maintained yet high wages cannot last for long if they are obtained by dipping into surplus."

Frankly, this statement does not conform to the spirit of the NRA, particularly when one views industry's record during the past few years. For dividends were paid from surplus while wages were cut, in many instances even before dividends were reduced.

Unquestionably the NRA has been beneficial both to labor and to industry. But before permanent consolidation of these gains can be made the consumer's welfare must be vigorously championed. This must necessarily mean that industry will receive a smaller profit for its services, labor and the consumer receiving an equity in the benefits resulting from this reduced compensation to industry.

Cordially,
E. F. Harford.
H. R. Dittmar.

Wilmington, Del.

MEN AND MACHINES

Dear Sir: Mr. Berle's article in your current issue impresses me as a rather flagrant illustration of the loose and inaccurate thinking which underlies the passage of some exceedingly unfortunate legislation. For the most part the article is so filled with broad generalizations as to render it difficult of analysis but the fallacious nature of his conclusions is readily to be discovered by study of the one paragraph in which the author is specific.

". . . The illegitimate profits may be defined as those in which a business transaction results in a profit to an individual at a greater expense to the community at large. For instance, I may install a machine, for, say, $10,000 which will do the work of 200 men. This saves me money, and my profits increase. The 200 men are thrown out of work; it takes them, let us say, two years to learn a new trade or to find new jobs; and the aggregate of their losses is greater than my profit. This is not a real profit—only an illusory one. What I win, some one else paid—the men themselves, if they have savings; the community if they go on a relief line. . . ."

The statements are inaccurate and the conclusion misleading.

1. There are no records of any machines for sale at a price of $10,000 which will do the work of 200 men. Such a reduction in working force, at current wage scales, implies a payroll saving of $160,000 to $200,000 per annum, or a return upon the $10,000 investment of 1600 to 2000 per cent per annum. This is a manifest absurdity and virtually an impossibility. We have here in our files many audits of machine performance, the best of which reveals a return on the investment of less than one-tenth that implied by your author. The mildest criticism of Mr. Berle is that he is extremely ignorant of practical industrial affairs.

2. Mr. Berle's point that the aggregate saving in payroll is more than offset by the resultant idleness of the displaced workers is equally as inaccurate and misleading. The purchasing price of most machinery normally represents from 80 to 85 per cent labor in one form or another. The remainder is composed of taxes, capital charges, and sometimes net profits. Thus, in the case of Mr. Berle's $10,000 machine, $8000 to $8500 actually goes to workers on the payroll of the machinery manufacturer. Mr. Berle's ignorance or his haste to establish his point leads him to omit

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BEHIND THE SCENES
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mention of this fact, which of course renders his argument entirely false.

3. In most plants, new machinery is considered commercially efficient if it pays for itself in three to five years. In a moderate percentage of cases, a machine will return its cost in two years—in rare instances in one year; in exceptional installations where it replaces very obsolete equipment, in less than one year. The average is three years or more.

Thus, savings over a three year period are composed of an average of 35 to 65 per cent labor, the remainder in savings of electric power, spoilage of material and reduction of rejects of finished goods, fire and accident losses, etc. Assuming that labor savings are the maximum average or 67 per cent of the total savings, then on a $10,000 machine, the labor saving is $6700 in three years or $2233 per annum. This represents, depending on the industry, the average annual wage of but two to four workers. I find from reference to our files that this figure coincides with actual experience coming under our observation in some thirty different industries. Any $10,000 machine which would better this showing would be considered an unusually good "buy" in any industry—so also would a million dollar machine showing proportionate savings to the investment. In broad terms, industry must invest $3000 to $5000 in equipment to displace one worker. The peculiar fact, easily demonstrable, is that the firms with the heaviest investments are usually those employing an increasing and not a diminishing number of workers.

Summed up:

(*a*) A $10,000 machine may replace a wage cost of $2233 per annum;

(*b*) The purchase of that machine would add at least $6700 to the earnings of workers in the machine tool industry;

(*c*) That sum would alone offset three years' idleness on the part of the workers displaced, and there would be no net loss to the community.

As a matter of actual fact, practically no industrialist buys machinery merely to reduce his payroll—his purchases are motivated by the necessity of reducing the labor cost *per unit of output*, a very different motive from that implied by Mr. Berle. Such is an absolute essential if costs and selling prices are to be brought down to the point where the product can be sold in volume, or economically speaking, where the purchaser exchanges for the product no more than an equivalent value produced by his own labor.

It is difficult to see the social harm of the machine when as late as 1930 we were still compelled to employ some 10.1 million minors, married women and aged persons over 65 years to produce and distribute our goods. From years of analysis and study of this subject I am convinced that the average magazine article is superficial and misleading; there is scarcely a writer on economic subjects who does not blandly assume the machine to be a creator of extremely serious unemployment and then base upon that conclusion any number of misleading comments.

ALLEN W. RUCKER.

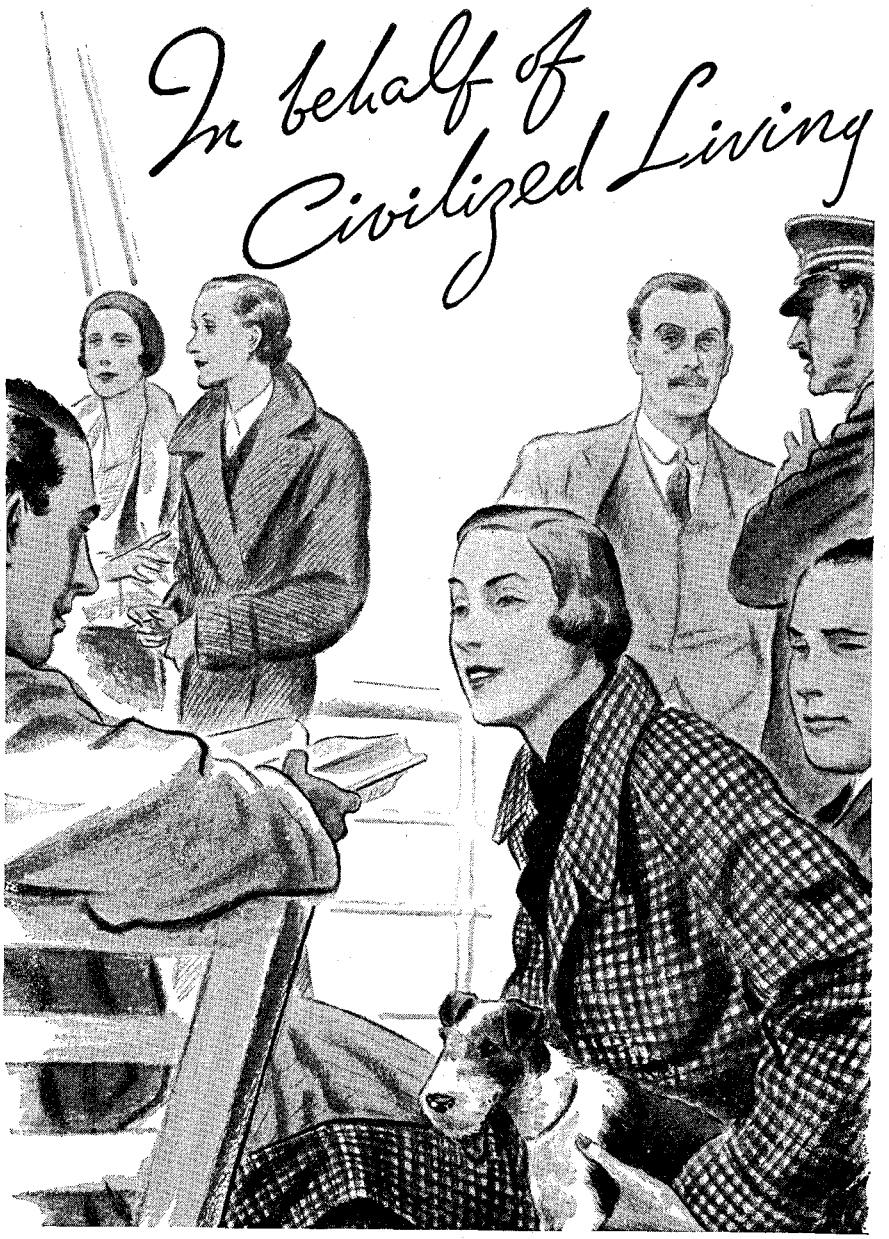
Cambridge, Mass.

THESE LIAR FATHERS

Sirs: I have greatly enjoyed the article in the current issue of SCRIBNER'S entitled "Fathers Are Liars." The man who wrote this article knew what he was talking about. I quite agree with him that it is too bad there has to be so much fiction in life.

W. R. JILLSON.

Frankfort, Ky.



THE French, be it said, know how to live. But their precise formula is elusive, perhaps because there *is* none. . . . It is almost entirely a matter of spirit, of atmosphere. And nowhere do you find this more beautifully demonstrated than aboard a French Line ship.

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BEHIND THE SCENES
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Continued

A MYSTERY STORY WRITER REPLIES TO PROFESSOR WAITE

To the Editor: I was very much interested in reading proofs of the article, "If Judges Wrote Detective Stories," by John Barker Waite. I have no thought of using your columns as a gladiatorial arena. But, certain answers come instantly to my pen which, I think, you will want to lay before your readers in the interests of accuracy.

Among other things, Mr. Waite implies, in his criticism of my book, *Death on the Limited,* that I have allowed my police authorities illegal privileges in permitting them to cross-question suspects without getting warrants for their arrest and in permitting them to search the baggage of train passengers without a warrant.

Taking the second point first, let me quote from page 65 of the book. In response to a detective's request to examine certain luggage, the Commissioner of Police says, "I'll have a search warrant within half an hour," and, again, on page 70, before the actual examination of several suitcases, the narrative states, "The search warrant had been secured."

As for the detaining of suspects, we find the following outburst from one of the train passengers and the husband of another: "Look here, you're going to have some tall explaining to do. You haven't a thing in the world to hold us on. So far, we've answered your questions because Wallis (the murdered man) was a friend of ours. . . ." And again, in reply to a question, the same man says (page 83), "I refuse to discuss it. The matter has no relation whatever to Wallis' death. You can't force me to explain unless you want to charge me with murder in which case I'll want to 'phone my lawyer in Boston."

On page 126, another suspect, being rather severely interrogated by the police, has this to say, "I came here of my own accord. I haven't seen any warrants—yet."

Space limitations prevent me from quoting other and similar instances in which both the letter and the spirit of the laws of police procedure are cognized and observed.

My chief reason for replying to Mr. Waite, however, is not to defend my book but, rather, to make one important point which will, I think, explain the attitude of mystery novel authors, myself included, toward such matters. Mr. Waite himself seems about to phrase it when he says, "The fact that these judge-made limitations are commonly and persistently ignored by the police does not negative their existence, whatever it may suggest as to their practical wisdom." Whatever "limitations are commonly and persistently ignored by the police" should, I think be similarly treated by an author who plays fair with his readers and attempts to give them a true to life story in preference to one hedged about with the ifs, ands, and buts of legal technicality in which the reader is not interested.

I think I can clinch the point. Before writing *Death on the Limited,* I was confronted with the question of how an average detective would proceed if he were delegated to greet a train arriving in his city on which a murder had been committed. I went to a precinct police station in New York City and asked two detectives. (Notice that I did not ask a judge or District Attorney). Their replies stringently governed my treatment of that episode in my book and for any consequences of such police action, real or hypothetical, such detectives, themselves, should be made to answer. An author, I think, should hold the mirror up to Life—not to Law.

ROGER DENBIE.

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Books for your Library

Pengelly. Against this setting is projected the autobiography of the author. Easily, nonchalantly and without blushing he tells his story. He presumes nothing at all upon the personal nature of the experiences. Where he sees clearly what happened he relates it with a healthy frankness, but only to the limits of his knowledge. When the years between cloud the images invoked, and sentimentality would be a natural refuge, Mr. Dennis is all restraint. Sincerity, there is the key to the novel; faith of the author that his reader prefers truth; trust of the reader in the accuracy of the author's memories and the honesty of his desire to portray artistically the inner life of a small Yorkshire school of thirty years ago.

One watches Abel Yeo carry his physical cowardice and moral courage through the changing days which come to Queen Mary's with understanding. He is a commentary upon the boyhood we have known and know. Deliberately his story passes from crest to crest of interest, rounding to a mature unity in an ending all poignancy, yet inevitable. It is in this unerring use of his material that Mr. Dennis carries one on and on, confident in the reward the story promises. No recent novel better redeems its pledges.

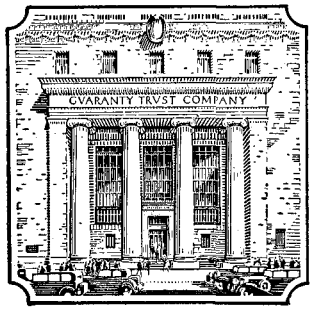
IRVIN ANTHONY.

BREDON AND SONS, BY NEIL BELL. *Little, Brown.* $2.50.—Another English family novel, in which Neil Bell recounts the lives of several generations of Bredons, shipbuilders of a little Suffolk village. Fine, full-bodied stuff though not so good as *Andrew Ottway* which still, this reviewer thinks, marks Mr. Bell's talent at its height.

THE LIFE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, BY SIGNE TOKSVIG. *Harcourt, Brace.* $3.—Miss Toksvig is sensible and tender. She can use the lancet and the caress. She sees how wonderful Andersen was and how silly. Such an attitude was needed in the instance of Andersen, for he had about him the primitiveness and the inconsistency of that childlike thing, the sky. Andersen is definitely important as a writer because of that rare ease with which he could live in, and deal with, the quietly supernatural. The only successful latterday maker of folklore is given biographer's justice by Miss Toksvig.

RAIN ON THE MOUNTAIN, BY GREEN PEYTON. *Little, Brown.* $2.—This isn't so much of a novel. It is too languorous even for the languorous Virginia where its action takes place. And Mr. Peyton's characters are too much under his foreseeing control and too little under their creative own. The writing is unassumingly discerning. The character-conflict among the hazy Virginia mountains, of Hunter Armistead and Cabell Blake, over Joan Randolph and the world that goes with her is told clearly and with some effect. There could have been more.

BELLY FULLA STRAW, BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG. *Knopf.* $2.50.—The story of an immigrant family from Holland, and of their experiences in the New World. Noteworthy, besides its forthright style, for the fact that here is an immigrant family that doesn't "take root."



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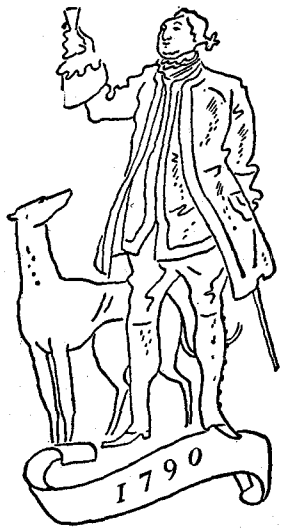

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Books for your Library

Without Armor, by James Hilton. *Morrow.* $2.50.—It begins with the death of a misfit Britisher who became a secret service operator in Czarist Russia, ran afoul of the police, was sent to Siberia, lived there for many years, was freed when the Soviets took over, became a Commissar, and then chucked the whole business to save first a duchess and then a little princess. His life winds up when, back in England he meets the little princess again and knowing her identity—of which she is entirely ignorant—falls in love with her. There are few novelists writing today who can tell a story as brilliantly as Mr. Hilton, and in this book his invention is running at top speed.

Cloud Howe, by Lewis Grassic Gibbon. *Doubleday, Doran.* $2.50.—The trials and tribulations of a young cleric and his wife in an all too real Scottish village. The man fails in the end so far as changing the flinty hearts of the villagers but in the true sense he succeeds. There are a few novels that may be said to "burn." This is one of them. The reader will even forget the baffling dialect that sprinkles its pages.

Cinnamon Seed, by Hamilton Basso. *Scribners.* $2.25.—Especially noteworthy for its vivid and lively characterizations is this novel of life in rural Louisiana of today—a today whose youth is still under the spell of the yester-year of the old folks. Dekker Blackheath, sensitive, hating the lush acres of his ancestors and yet bound to them by ties that he cannot understand, let alone break, is the hero, and a politico named Brand—and nicknamed the "King Frog"—is one of the most colorful near-villains of the piece. *Cinnamon Seed,* which is Mr. Basso's third book, his most recent being a biography of General Beauregard, comes closer to *realizing* the new South than many recent novels in either the Old or the New "Traditions" of Southern novelists. It is neither magnolias and strumming guitars nor perversions and lynching parties, but a mean which if it is not entirely golden approaches the auriferous to more than a legal extent.

Blue Blaze, by Jane Harvey Houlson. *Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.—Miss Houlson was the secretary and general companion in the adventures of Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, explorer and author of several books on Central America and other wild countries. Her tale of life, ancient and modern, animal and human, in the Islas Bahia of the Caribbean Sea is good "escape" reading.

Village Tale, by Phil Stong. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.—Phil Stong here writes the story of a village strong man—strong, that is, in the way that he looms above the people of Brunswick, Ioway. They are an interesting lot of sinners and saints, portrayed in Mr. Stong's usual homespun manner. The fact that Slaughter Somerville, the hero, casually purloins his neighbor's wife in the end is just one of those things that happen in popular novels. Those who enjoyed *State Fair* and *Stranger's Return* will find this cut out of the same piece of cloth.

Mr. Thompson in the Attic, by Anna Gordon Keown. *Morrow.* $2.50.—You can't keep most English writers from trying whimsy once in a while. Miss Keown in this book tells the story of an odd fish who taught mathematics, etc., in a second or third grade English Public School where most of the boys were morons, the teachers failures, and the only bright spot the beautiful wife of the headmaster, with whom Mr. Thompson falls in love. It makes delightful reading.

The Fool of Venus, by George Cronyn. *Covici-Friede.* $3.—Mr. Cronyn has obviously put the results of an enormous amount of research into his novel of Peire Vidal, the greatest of the troubadours, who married the daughter of a Byzantine Emperor and whose son, but for his tragic death, would have mounted the throne of the Cæsars. Sometimes the learning behind the book obtrudes too much into its pages, but, excepting these occasional odors of the lamp it is a remarkably good and entirely readable historical novel of life in Provence, of the Crusaders in New Rome, and of the Holy Land. There is, fortunately, a glossary which explains all the outlandish terms of the troubadours and other medievalisms.

The Life of Cardinal Mercier, by John A. Gade. *Scribners.* $2.75.—As one is able to view the outstanding figures of the World War with better perspective it becomes increasingly apparent that perhaps the greatest of them all was Désiré Joseph Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, born in 1851 in the little village of Braine l'Alleud and dying, after a life filled with drama, hard work, and simple holiness in 1926. The second part of Mr. Gade's excellent life of the great Cardinal will perhaps appeal more to the general reader than the opening chapters in which the Cardinal's ecclesiastical, philosophical, and scholarly progress is described, but the early background is needed to understand the actions of the man during the four years when he was a fighting prelate in a conquered land. Mr. Gade has had the assistance of those closest to Cardinal Mercier in preparing his work and though the author is a non-Catholic the book bears the imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes of New York. It was the March selection of the Religious Book Club.

The Beauty of England, by Thomas Burke. *Robert McBride.* $3.00.—The author of *Limehouse Nights,* etc., writes a glowing guide book to practically all of England. Scotland and Ireland, of course, are omitted. With rates of exchange what they are it is quite possible that reading this book will be even more pleasant than a trip to Albion itself.

William Carlos Williams: Collected Poems, 1921–1931. *Objectivist Press.* $2.—The poems of Williams belong to the history of American Poetry and therefore, Literature. This is not meant to be a highfalutin' statement; it may be wrong but it's careful. Of late, Williams has written inferior things; but a man's work is his whole work. In this book, "The Red Wheelbarrow" is as good as the author says it is: it is mystical, physical, and musical; and gives you a good case of poetic shivers. And many other things of Williams get to heaven and caves at once. Again carefully: in the person of William Carlos Williams of Rutherford, N. J., now with us we have a better poet than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow or James Russell Lowell. Williams is big time—any time in American Poetry.

The Long Whip, by Eugene Campbell. *Scribners.* $2.—A new twist is here given to the "shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" motif in American family novels. The progenitor of the Fortescus was an English blacksmith who left his native isle raging because a sprig of the nobility had struck him for an ill-shod horse. He vowed that if America spelled dollars to him no penny of his should ever go back to Albion. How the Fortescu fortune finally *did* cross the seas is the plot of this full-bodied and eventful story.

A Warning to Wantons, by Mary Mitchell. *Doubleday, Doran.* $2.50.—Bespangled tripe about a little minx who upsets a graustarkian barony somewhere in Europe. It tries to be naughty but doesn't succeed very well.

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WE GIVE YOU THE HOTELS

Personal Service Is Full of Practical Magic

●"The guest is always right." Such is the watchword of the modern hotel. Incredible queries are answered; strange requests are taken care of without the flicker of an eyelash on the part of the hotel employees, or a single ripple on the surface calm of the hotel management. It is all a part of what is known in the hotels as "personal service."

A gentleman wants to know how long a course he has to take before he can practice as a licensed masseur in the State of Illinois. A lady wants a maid to come in every morning and wash her back. The confident mother of a six-months' old baby sends down his bottles to be sterilized in the hotel kitchen and please will they make up the attached formula for him every day? Each demand is promptly and effectively taken care of and if some one spent a bad fifteen minutes with the Medical Society of New York or if the caps on the baby's bottles presented a serious problem until the big Italian chef with a dexterous turn of the wrist slipped them on with a "I haf nine *bambini* at home," the would-be masseur and the young mother never knew it. My guess is that the hotel manager's desk is the nearest thing we have to Aladdin's Lamp.

●At the **Gotham,** for instance, a very important lady telephones from Washington that she is coming to New York, is anxious to stay at the **Gotham,** and must have a quart of fresh goat's milk every day. Mr. Max Haering, the manager, who is a Swiss, brought up on goat's milk, thought that was easy and assured the lady that it would be on hand. "Then," he told me, "began as bad a twenty-four hours as I've had in a long time." He called up all the big milk companies in New York. Nothing doing. One after another he called the farms that supply the hotel with other necessaries, all with the same result. People don't keep goats any more. By this time I was breathless. Remembering *Heidi* and the rosy cheeks her Alpine goat's milk and cheese had given her, I knew that the sick woman *must* have what the doctor prescribed and the time was getting short. "What *did* you do?" I asked. Finally, after hours at the telephone he had found a little farm in the centre of New Jersey that kept a goat or two, and the farmer agreed to bring in the precious quart every day. By this time I had become so old-worldish that I half expected Mr. Haering to tell me that the farmer had sent it in in a dog cart with a little boy running along beside it, but apparently it was driven in by the usual Ford and even at that took over an hour each way. And the lady was much obliged, but not a great deal more.

●**Delmonico's** idea of personal service (which is pretty general) is to treat the guests of the hotel exactly as if they were guests in a private home. Maids are asked to report illnesses, anniversaries and birthdays that may come to their attention and flowers or cakes or both are sent in to the guest as the case seems to require. If a lady is ill, the housekeeper always goes in to see her and find out if there is anything she can do. If it's a man, the assistant manager, very properly, goes to offer his services. A certain anonymous lady who comes to the hotel frequently, sleeps on her right side. At first sight, this seems unimportant enough. But since the lady also cannot sleep facing a window this means that whenever she comes to the hotel she must be given a room where the bed faces a blank right wall. Things like that are almost automatic, Mr. Martin, the manager, tells me. A card index is kept of every guest and of each request the guest makes, so that at **Delmonico's** one never asks for a thing like that twice. Mr. Martin's favorite story (and mine) is this. A lady who had an apartment in the hotel had gone to Florida for a few weeks. One day the as-

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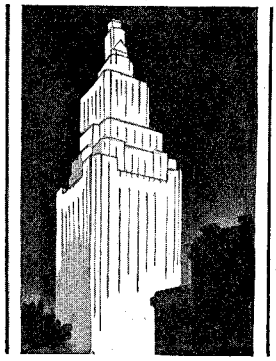

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VIEW FROM GUEST ROOMS

sistant manager, walking by, heard a victrola playing in the supposedly empty apartment. He walked in and there sat one of the hotel maids complacently playing the lady's victrola. On being severely reprimanded she explained serenely and truthfully that she had been instructed to come in every day during the lady's absence and play three classical records for the canary. He was used to it, it started him singing and kept him in voice. Fact.

● When Balbo and his ninety-five men were staying at the **Ambassador,** the whole hotel went Italian pretty thoroughly. Four Italian-speaking operators were on the switchboard day and night and all the operators were taught to count up to sixteen so that they could take the room calls. The elevator boys all had to learn to count, too, so that they could let the men off at the right floors—and all this just as a matter of course to make it easier for the Italian visitors. "As a matter of fact," said Miss Catherine Bourne, the **Ambassador's** agreeable and competent telephone supervisor, "all our girls could practically speak Italian by the time the fliers left. Of course they're used to lots of languages on the board." It usually takes them a little while to work out expressions that the English use, but they soon learn that "boots" means "bootblack," "motor" means "car" and "chemist," "druggist." Every possible human need goes over the wires of the hotel switchboard. Some one called the radio man at the **Ambassador** the other day to ask him to fix the radio so that it wouldn't run so fast.

● At the **Savoy Plaza,** Miss Helen Roche, the supervisor of telephones, told me some of the problems she and her staff have had to unravel. Once a woman called her and wanted her to help locate a maid that she had had seven years before. It took her about three hours and the maid was in the guest's room the next day. Gold star for the **Savoy Plaza.** Another guest who lives there was spending the winter in Paris. She called Miss Roche from Paris and gave her specific directions as to how to measure several pieces of furniture in her apartment. She was buying very expensive brocades for re-upholstering them and wanted exact measurements. Responsible jobs like that are just part of the day's work to the seasoned hotel operator. Locating people that guests know vaguely are in "some hotel in New York," and putting through long-distance calls for the Joneses "who are in some big hotel in Chicago" is almost as much a routine job as putting in a house call, and costs the hotel guest no more for extra service.

● Who hasn't heard of Richard and Holling Lowe of Franklin, Idaho, who wrote the General Electric Company asking to exchange their collection of birds' eggs and various other precious objects for a Frigidaire for their mother, and of their resulting trip, as the guests of the same G. E. Co., to New York? There was one incident connected with that trip that I hadn't heard until Mr. O'Connell of the **Biltmore** told it to me a day or two ago. The two boys were put up at the **Biltmore** with their mother, in no less a place than the Presidential Suite, and I don't doubt that the G. E. Co. and the Hotel thought they'd done pretty well by the family from out of the West. They had barely closed the doors on them, however, when the telephone at the desk rang. It was one of the boys. Apparently Mrs. Lowe couldn't find a rocking chair in the whole of the Presidential Suite, and would it be possible to find her one? So, quick as a flash, a comfortable old-fashioned one was dragged out of the storeroom, dusted off, and sent up to Mrs. Lowe who from then on seemed to have nothing left to wish for.

The **Biltmore** is a mine of information on personal service. One man who comes there often, has his own mattress with his own name tag—the very kind your mother hopefully sewed on your handkerchiefs when you went away to college—stitched on it. The mattress is kept in the store-room and carefully brought out each time the gentleman comes to town. He just can't sleep on anything else. Another man must have every bulb in the room changed till they're all 60-watt. And he goes around and looks at the mark on each to make sure. Still another man *must* have eight blankets on his bed regardless of the season. These may seem definitely odd requests, but woe unto the hotel manager who overlooks them. He even learns to keep calm when guests ask, as they often do at the **Biltmore** when chartering plane passage, to have the hotel guarantee them perfect safety on the flight.

These generalizations I gathered at the **Biltmore** too. There is very much less lost since the depression—two-thirds less, in fact. People seem to be holding on to what they have. Men usually leave inexpensive stuff. Women can be expected to leave anything from jewels down. Men demand bodily comfort from a hotel; women color and atmosphere. Most women dislike orchid and green, and men, for the most part, like red in furniture and drapes.

● The **Park Lane** is a residential hotel which for that very reason is able to give a special personal touch to its service for transient visitors. People are names and not numbers. Mrs. X. likes a very particular brand of Canadian bacon and likes to buy it herself, but leaves the cooking of it confidently to Georges Goneau, the chef, who fixes it just to her taste. He does the same with ducks which another lady has sent down to her in season. There are at least three people who insist on having their own particular Sanka pots. I can't help wondering whether it's because they think the coffee tastes differently or if they just like the familiar feel of the handle. Several people who live at the **Park Lane** have their meals served with their own linen and silver which the hotel keeps for them in special cupboards. The hotel likes rendering gracious little services like that.

● Mr. George Brown, one of the managers at the **Plaza,** who has been there twenty-seven years, tells me of a problem that faced him last fall. A gentleman who had been coming to the hotel for years, came back last November with an injured foot, wanting more than anything else in the world a rattan porch chair to lie on. Now Mr. Brown had known this gentleman a long time and was personally interested—as I think he is in all who come and go through the **Plaza's** doors—in seeing that he got what he wanted, and though the rattan-porch-chair season had bloomed and gone to seed with the summer zinnias, he took one of the hotel boys, hailed a taxi and set out to see what he could do. As he feared, at the first three stores he approached, he got the same answer. Absolutely nothing in stock. Not again till next summer. Then he went to Macy's. Pushed way off in a corner somewhere he saw just what he was after. "But we are very sorry," said the Department Superintendent, "that chair is a sample and cannot be sold." Mr. Brown could not be thwarted now. He took the elevator straight to the office of Mr. Straus himself, knowing that Mr. Straus had been a friend of the **Plaza** for years, and within fifteen minutes Mr. Brown and the boy and the rattan porch chair were speeding up the Avenue in the taxi, having accomplished the impossible.

● A story that I'd heard around town for a long while I finally tracked down to the **Pierre.** I'd heard that when the King of Siam was here all the floors of his hotel, above his own, had to be cleared out be-

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cause of some old Oriental custom or something. Mr. Pierre laughed and explained it so that any Occidental could understand it. The King and the twelve people in his entourage had the Imperial Suite on the 17th floor. The King was very tired and nervous after his long voyage and had to rest, as you remember, for the operation on his eye. So to keep the Suite entirely quiet the whole floor above was cleared out. But that was only part of the service. Ten secret service men were in the hotel all the time. No one was permitted to go near the floor without being questioned by these men. Telephone calls were as rigorously censored. Entertaining royalty is not simple, customs, or no customs, but the **Pierre** takes it in its stride.

● The **Waldorf-Astoria** has a special personal service department called the "About the City" Bureau. This department, as its little folder will tell you, can do anything from doing the shopping for you for the folks back home to telling you where to have your suit invisibly mended. It supplies guides in several languages and can tell you where Helen Morgan is singing now or when Noel Coward is coming to town.

One day a gentleman from Quebec rushed up to the desk at 3:30 in the afternoon. He had a letter from a Canadian Bishop to an eminent dignitary of the church in New York and had to have an answer from the latter gentleman's office before his train left at 9:30 that night for Canada. He was at that moment bound for Wall Street and would return in an hour to see what Miss Eva McAdoo, who is in charge of the Bureau, had been able to accomplish. Now the **Waldorf-Astoria** has many connections around town and through this person and that things were arranged so that when the distraught young man returned from Wall Street he was informed of the exact hour of his appointment with the Eminent Dignitary's private secretary. "This means emeralds in your tiara when you get to heaven, young woman!" was the remark Miss McAdoo heard as he dashed off.

At 8:30 one evening one of the assistant managers of the hotel was hastily summoned by the Information Clerk. The lady in Suite 21 has spilled something on the dress she was to wear to the Ball at the hotel tonight and she must have another before ten o'clock! What was a mere man to do? It was after hours and the Bureau was closed, but the manager reached Miss McAdoo at home, got the name of a costumer, with supreme courage called him, gave the lady's size and color preference, and by ten o'clock five dresses were in Suite 21.

One morning the telephone of the Bureau rang. To Miss McAdoo's polite good morning a woman's voice said crisply "Weather?" "Outside, you mean?" said Miss McAdoo stalling for time. "Certainly, certainly! What kind of a day is it? Will I need a warm coat today?" Another voice, a man's this time, asked simply, "Where is the black panther?" He meant Frank Buck's black panther of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame, but just after one's morning coffee, who would ever think of that? The panther was found through Mr. Buck's agent. Another man wanted two little bears that wouldn't grow up to be big bears as they were to be for pets.

Part of Miss McAdoo's duties is to write discouraging answers to letters written in by young men who want to come to the big city as escorts for ladies who want to go places. One hopeful letter was from a lad out West somewhere who gave among other recommendations about himself, such as what college he had attended and what books he had read, the fact that he had had excellent experience riding the range and canning pineapples. What references for a New York gigolo! Pray heaven he is still riding the range.

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON.

To the Ladies

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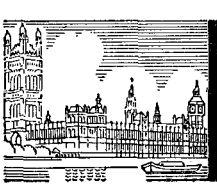

FLYING SCOTSMAN ROYAL SCOT GOLDEN ARROW
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NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S OFFICE

Henry F. Pringle, whose biography of Theodore Roosevelt won the Pulitzer Prize, is doing a series of three articles for us on great American editors. Our biographies have met with such hearty response that they will continue.

We can't help being pleased at the group of short stories which we have scheduled for the next few numbers. The writers sound like a roll call of top-flight American writers: Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, Langston Hughes, Grace Flandrau, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Struthers Burt, Nancy Hale.

Leland Stowe, Paris correspondent of *The Herald Tribune,* dropped in and had many interesting things to say about the French situation and how the poilu-in-the-street looks at it. It was his first visit to the United States since 1929 and he was cheered up by what he saw. He prefers it to the country he left in boom times.

Roy Harris, brilliant young American composer, came in to leave some biographical information in connection with his article "America's Future Music" which we shall publish soon. He tells us that Columbia is recording as its first selection of modern American work his symphony played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"Don't look for too much advice. Make a magazine *you* like. Keep on the way you are going," writes one correspondent, in response to a request for his reaction to the magazine. It is cheerful to find such faith and support and it is quite true that a magazine cannot be edited by popular referendum. Yet remarks from our readers are invaluable. The brick bats they send are healthy for us, and there's nothing that begins an editor's day more pleasantly than intelligent letters from pleased readers.

Ben Ray Redman, whose "Obscenity and Censorship" appears in the May SCRIBNER'S, wrote an article four years ago for us called "Is Censorship Possible?" His answer was in the negative. Much has happened to prove his thesis since then. He now inquires among other things, will greater literature result from greater freedom?

It is not often that we find space for reminiscence or memoirs, but Stephen Bonsal's account of John L. Sullivan's battles with Charley Mitchell in France and the Emperor William's funeral in Berlin, both happening in the same week and both covered by him for James Gordon Bennett's *Herald* with Arthur Brisbane as rival reporter on the Sullivan story, is a gem. We shall publish it in two numbers, beginning May. Mr. Bonsal was special foreign correspondent for *The Herald* from 1884 to 1906, when he went to Russia to cover uprisings there for *The New York Times.* Some time ago we published Will Irwin's "A Job of Reporting" which told the story of how his newspaper classic "The City That Was," written at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, came into being. Mr. Bonsal here tells how he happened to scoop the world on the meeting between John L. and the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII).

Albert Jay Nock, whose *A Journal of These Days* has just been published—and a most interesting book it is, will let loose a blast against the powers that be in an early number. It is called "Life, Liberty and . . ."

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